RAILWAY MATTERS.

Present Through Rates on Wool, Salmon and Hops.

Walla Walla Expects No Help from the Northern Pacific this Season—Guess as to the Coeur D'Alene Road.

No special rates have yet been made by the transcontinental lines on wool, salmon or hops, and it is impossible to learn how soon they will be made, if at all. The only answer that [illegible] from the East to repeated inquiries [illegible] tient." That is good advice, but wool [illegible] want to know. The new east-bound rates [illegible] force, and it is possible that these wi[illegible] only rates for the season. So the rate [illegible] to-day is $3 35 per hundred to Chicago (the transcontinental lines make rates no farther east than Chicago), and 55 cents from Chicago to Boston; total, Portland to Boston, $3 90. Rates from interior points in Oregon and Washington are the same. Salmon to Chicago is $1 [illegible] to New York about 15 cents more: total, $[illegible] Last year's rate, 92c. Hops to Chicago, [illegible] to New York, about $2 55. Last year's rate, $1 22.

The Boise City *Statesman* of the 30th has the following:

J. S. Fordyce, who wintered 10,000 sheep in the Snake river valley, near Mountain Home, and who has been in this city for some time, left Wednesday for the Payette to [illegible] the Eastern markets. He will, [illegible] for purchases, drive the sheep [illegible] to Nebraska, where they will be [illegible] Mr. Fordyce says that the new schedule of freight rates between the West and [illegible] increased from 65 cents to $1 25, and [illegible] people are getting stirred up about it [illegible]

There will be one good result for the enforcement of the interstate commerce [illegible] time, will prove the national [illegible] more wisely than they knew, [illegible] will make the erection of manufact[illegible] West an economic necessity. Inst[illegible] shipped to the East at the cost of [illegible] being the same shipper buying his own w[illegible] shape of clothing and flannels, woolen [illegible] tories will be erected in the West. The result will be true of other trade channels. The law will do more to build up the interior than [illegible] that congress has done for many years. In other words, it will develop the West by compelling the West to take care of itself.

This would be the result if manufacturers were satisfied that the interstate law would be permanent, and that the present restrictions of traffic would remain unchanged.

NO RELIEF TO WALLA WALLA.

The Walla Walla *Journal* says: The expected letter of President Harris to the [illegible] of the Walla Walla wheat freight contract [illegible] arrived. It is not encouraging to hope of [illegible] action in the direction of railroad [illegible] from this place to a junction with the [illegible] Pacific. Further than this the trustees do not think a publication of the letter's contents advisable for the present.

Apparently we shall have to get in and build our own railroad, if we are to have a competing outlet to the seaboard. A company of citizens might be formed to take hold of [illegible] matter and it is probable that grain producers would be willing to grade and tie the [illegible] surveyed line to Ainsworth, or another to Wa[illegible]

BRANCH LINES IN EASTERN WASHINGTON.

A system of lines that will add greatly to the transportation facilities of Eastern Oregon and Washington branches off from the Spokane & Palouse at a point eight miles south of Pullman, and runs westerly parallel with the Snake river to Riparia. At this point [illegible] the line crosses the Eureka flat, thence east [illegible] to the neighborhood of Alta, thence south [illegible] Hollow, a branch continuing on [illegible] creek to Dixie, thence east of the O. R. & N. line along the foothills to Milton, and thence to Wallula. Branches run from Milton to Weston and Centerville. Another proposed line will leave Wallula Junction, go up Vansycle canyon to Helix, and fork, one branch for Pendleton and another for Centerville. These proposed roads go right into the wheat raising country and drain much of the trade enjoyed by the O. R. & N. company. Any wheat or other freight intended for the O. R. & N. company will have to cross the new lines to reach that company. From Waitsburg to Walla Walla the proposed line has the advantage over the O. R. & N., being twelve miles further east into the grain region. —Walla Walla *Statesman.*

THE CŒUR D'ALENE ROAD.

P. Zhaner, the well-known engineer, has returned from completing preliminary [illegible] from Farmington to Mullen, in the Cœur d'Alene country, and from Farmington to Spokane for the Washington & Idaho Railroad company. Mr. Zhaner reports having found a practicable route around the south and east sides of Cœur d'Alene lake, and thence on up the Cœur d'Alene and South Fork rivers to Mullen, near the Idaho and Montana line. It is said that the O. R. & N. Co. is back of the W. & I. Co., but from various indications it is thought that the Manitoba system are the real instigators of this good work, says the Walla Walla *Statesman.* It will be noticed that the line has not been run merely to tap the mines, but has been extended on eastward through the mining region about to the summit of the Bitter Roots. From there the line can be readily run down the St. Regis river and up the Missouri river to Missoula, M. T., where a corps of Manitoba engineers were reported to have arrived recently. This undoubtedly is where Hill is quietly working to spring his line on to the Northwest, and likely by the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern to the Sound.

ST. JACOBS OIL

FOR NEURALGIA.

After a lapse of years statements confirming the efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil and its permanent cures, are given below.

Neuralgia and Paralysis—Nov., 1880—Cured.

Springfield, Tenn.

My wife suffered 13 months with neuralgia and paralysis. I had to move her in bed, and could find no relief. [illegible] she had used two-thirds of a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil she could walk. JOS. P. MURPHY.

From Same 6 Years Later—Permanent Cure.

Springfield, Tenn. [illegible]

My wife was paralyzed and could not walk a step. Before I used a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil she was about the house. She is now entirely well; does all the house work and milking too. JOS. P. MURPHY.

From a Sciatic Sufferer—Nov., 1880—Cured.

Scott Depot, Putnam Co., W. Va.

When I got St. Jacob's Oil I was in bed with sciatica; now I am [illegible] the room with ease. Before [illegible] I could not be moved. [illegible] to-day. THOMAS [illegible]

From Same 6 Years Later—Permanent Cure.

Scott Depot, Putnam Co., W. Va. [illegible]

I was twelve days on my back with rheumatism in the hip. [illegible] me till I got a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil. Three times rubbing and I was able [illegible] and it finally cured me. THOS. TORMEY.

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Spasms, Cured.

Tower Hill, Appomattox Co., Va., [illegible]

I had suffered years with neuralgia and rheumatism day and night [illegible] pains and spasms. I was [illegible] Jacob's Oil, which caused all pains to leave and the system to revive. ROBERT B. KYLE.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

[illegible] All persons using St. Jacobs Oil or Red Star Cough Cure, [illegible] a history of their case, [illegible]

RED STAR COUGH CURE

FREE FROM OPIATES AND POISON.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS [illegible]

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

[illegible] S D [illegible]

CURE CONSTIPATION.

To enjoy health one should have regular [illegible] every twenty-four hours. [illegible]

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION

[illegible]

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WOOD! WOOD!! WOOD!

Slab wood—$1 50 [illegible] Orders left at [illegible] will be promptly attended to. [illegible]

The Sunday Oregonian.

VOL. 6—NO. 16. PORTLAND, OREGON. SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1887. PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE BULL RING.

A Portland Man Attends a Mexican Bull Fight.

A Graphic Description of an Exciting but Horrible Performance—The Audience Applauds an Enraged Bull for Killing a Man.

(Written for the Sunday Oregonian.)

CITY OF MEXICO, March 5.—The subject of this sketch may be ancient and unattractive. At least acres of paper have been wasted in describing bull fights by travelers in Spain and [illegible]. Yet, hoping the story of the death of "El Nino" may have a claim upon your readers' interest, I will try to relate the particulars of that tragedy.

The walls of buildings in the Mexican cities bear almost invariably the legend "It forbids to fix notices," which is literal English of the original "*se prohibe fijar anonces.*" There are very limited opportunities for the bill-poster, therefore, so one must usually go directly to the theater door if he wishes to see what is on the boards. Usually, however, on Saturday mornings, one sees here and there a "mammoth-sheet" poster, in red or yellow, stuck upon a barren wall. This paltry display of printing will be surrounded before the paste is dry by a gaping crowd, far greater in number than all the gorgeous representations of Barnum could attract in an American city. Our [illegible] posters are a species of delusive hieroglyphics, which even the illiterate comprehend; [illegible] of ten in the crowd surrounding this flaring announcement of the *gran combate* [illegible], cannot read; and except the very obscure and battered engraving of a charging bull at the corner, all the remainder is unintelligible as so much Greek would be. Somebody who can read, however, gets to the front and recites the substance of the announcement to his wondering countrymen.

The "bill" states that there will be a grand bull fight at Tlanapantla. To quote its dazzling [illegible]: "The celebrated Senor Don Manuel Pacobrino de Sevilla y Mendoza y Quarles, (engaged by this management at a cost of $10,000 for twelve classic exhibitions in this arena,) assisted by Guzman de——, Lorenzo ——, etc., and numberless *banderilleros, picadores,* etc., will have the honor to present themselves for the first time before the citizens of [illegible] in a grand combat against five fierce [illegible] bulls from the hacienda of his excellency —— (we will omit this gentleman's name as it is so extensive that half at least of it would necessarily be "continued in your next.")"

The trains to Tlanapantla leave Mexico on this jolly excursion at 2 P. M. Most of the spectators have been faithful to their morning religious duties, and the bull fight is a more distinctive feature of Sunday than the mass, which you can hear any day in any church in Mexico. Buy your ticket *a la sombra* if you are wise. It places you on the shady side of the amphitheater, and costs, including railroad fare $1 75. The right to sunny side, or *al sol,* costs one-half price.

Tlanapantla lies ten miles north of the city, and can be reached by the M. C. railroad, or by street cars. The latter is the more interesting, as it takes the traveler along the splendid "paseo" leading to Chapultapec for some distance, passes beside the stone aqueduct of over a mile length, and crossing more than one thousand arches, each fifteen feet in breadth. From this line one can also see the spot where Alvarado leaped across the canal (doubtless with a vaulting pole), the suburbs of San [illegible], Popatla, and other very interesting places. In Popatla stands an old cedar with a gnarled and disfigured trunk of immense thickness, called "the tree of the *noche triste,*" where Cortez is said to have gathered his little band after being driven out of Mexico by the Aztecs; and the tree bears its lugubrious name because the man of iron wept beneath its shade as he thought how many of his *bravos* had been crushed by the weight of their armor in the canal, believing Mexico lost to him forever. I believe this legend implicitly. It comes down from the simple Aztecs who were a people unaccustomed to invent such tales, and had no motive in representing Cortez in such a tender frame of mind. Without these harmless legends what would be the interest of travel in a hundred charming regions of the world? Surely nothing is to be gained by disputing the claims of the tree of the *noche triste,* and I would rather see the whole world more credulous concerning such legends than cheated of all romance by matter-of-fact disputants whose mission is only to destroy credulity quite as authentic doubt.

Tlanapantla lies a little below the capital, in a beautiful valley. An old church tower peers above the treetops, glistening white against the blue of the mountains westward. The fields around the town are mostly given to the cultivation of maguey. The dwellers in Tlanapantla are mostly of the poorer class, and unless the fragrant street beggars are gathered from the metropolis one would hesitate to take up his residence in the bull-fighting town for fear of infection by the plague. The canals are all covered with green, stagnant water plants, and a sickening smell fills the region.

At the corner of the principal streets, surrounding the amphitheater, are beggars by dozens and venders of Mexican lunches, the tortilla, a very neat ragout of red pepper and minced chicken or pork wrapped in corn husk, being the favorite. Hundreds are crowding the entrance to the *plaza de toros,* and we mingle with the stream after a lunch of Chili pepper and tamales. The arena is a circle about 100 feet in diameter, walled at its margin to a height of six feet, and surrounded by the circling benches, half in the sun which burns and blinds those toward the north and east, while the other side is in cool shadow. A military band, playing splendid music, is stationed at the west side, and a distinguished-looking box is placed in the upper rank of seats for the governor of the bull-fights.

Five minutes after the time set a trumpet sounds and the "quadrilla" enters through a gate in the western side. This *quadrilla* is an imposing spectacle. It is the entire company of performers—*matadores, banderilleros,* [illegible] and chulos—the procession being followed by two mules of surprising speed [illegible], led by two men, one at each side of them. The first event was the frantic stampede of these mules, dragging their plucky drivers, who vainly endeavored to bring them to a halt before the governor's box, flying through the gate in a cloud of dust to their stable in the [illegible]. The principal part of the quadrilla marches only to the wall of the arena beneath the governor's box, and the principal *matador* [illegible] his hat and extended it to receive the key [illegible] at the northern side, which admits the bull into the ring. A lady in the governor's party drops a [illegible] into the ring, a gage which the most distinguished *matador* takes up and puts into his embroidered shirt front. The supernumeraries retire through the gate whence they entered and the battle is set, wanting only the redoubtable bull himself.

The bull gate flies open and *el toro* comes in with a bound, having had a *banderilla* with its iron thrust into his hide as he passed beneath by some one in the beams under which he came rushing into the arena. The *banderilleros* and certain of the *matadores* have the first [illegible] of the fray. They are all light and active young fellows, dressed elegantly in old Spanish style. Their legs are clad to the knee in tight silk stockings, with light shoes. Their "trunks" are of black satin or velvet, embroidered richly, and [illegible] in spangles of silver and gold. [illegible] decorated and embroidered jackets and vests, and the three-cornered hats, such as gentlemen wore in the last century, complete the costume of the "toreros." They are extremely active, [illegible] at every moment they are likely to be called to the full exercise of their powers.

The bulls are far different creatures from the slow-lumbering bulls of our country. The [illegible] bred for these arenas are light in [illegible] and remarkably light of foot. Their horns, unlike the massive, blunt weapons of the Devons and Shorthorns, are long and sharp, curving forward, and the whole appearance of the animal is that of the wickedest wild beast of the mountains. They are in color and marking almost exactly like Holstein cattle, black, with a patch of white here and there.

There is no time for description of the bull as he enters the ring, for as he passes through the gate to the arena he has singled out the flaming red cloth in the hands of a daring matador, who stands unarmed in the center of the ring. The bull rushes upon him, but in the nick of time he leaps adroitly aside and the bull passes like a thunderbolt under the cloth which flaps his face and passes over him. He may return and charge again and again upon the same red cloth, but usually as he finds himself at the end of his mad charge he selects one of the three other combatants, who have each a cloth like the first, about six feet square, one being blue, another yellow, and the fourth purple. There is fierce and sharp attack upon the part of the bull, and nimbleness, skill and grace upon the part of the tempters with the fluttering cloths. Sometimes as the bull passes his horns catch the evasive bunting and he tears it from the *matador's* hand and gores it furiously as it falls upon the sand. Often he rushes quickly back upon a man whom he has charged the previous moment, and it is a hot race occasionally to the nearest shelter—a stout screen of plank set about two feet from the wall of the amphitheater, behind which the flying man retreats, with the bull only a foot or two behind him, and the cruel horns clash vainly at the timbers. So close are these pursuits and the escapes so narrow that we saw the faces of even the bravest *matadores* pale as this paper in their fear; but in a moment more they would rush out again, tempting the bull and death with their gay cloths.

This parrying is kept up for a few minutes only, and then a *picador*, mounted upon a blindfolded horse, and armed with a lance, spurs his "*viejo*" at the bull. The latter seems delighted at the prospect of an antagonist more substantial than the evasive banners, and we hear a sickening thud as he dashes his armed brow at the chest or shoulder of the blindfolded horse. This is the most cruel spectacle imaginable. The horses so doomed are poor beasts that have served mankind all their days of usefulness, and in their last days, instead of being mercifully shot and killed in a moment, they are driven blindly upon those furious cruel horns. Often in this first shock the horse and his rider are overthrown, the latter usually escaping behind a screen described above, while the poor, struggling horse is gored and torn by the bull. Several times I saw a horse lifted bodily from the ground upon the bull's horns.

The first bull slew two horses and then for a moment stood motionless in the center of the ring, as if selecting a new victim. His horns were crimsoned with the blood of his enemies, and his shoulders with his own from the lances of the *picadores.* A bugle sounds in the governor's box and from one of the screens emerges a *banderillero*, stepping as gaily toward the bull as to his partner at a dance. In his hands he carries two iron darts, about two feet long, wound with colored wreaths of tissue. It is his pleasant duty to plunge these darts into the bull's shoulders, and he watches his chance as the bull rushes at him to step quickly aside and plunge the two darts into the brute's hide as he flashes past. If he succeeds there is a shout of appreciation from the crowd—"*Bravo, Sancho!*" or, "*Bien hecho,* (well done) *Manuel!*" If he fails—and simple as the task may seem not one in a hundred of your readers could do it—then he is hissed with a thousand "*carrambas.*"

Again the bugle sounds, and the hero *par excellence* of the combat, the *espada* himself, appears. He is richly and beautifully dressed, steps with the grace and pride of a confident athlete, and practically has the field to himself, the bearers of the cloths being ready to distract the bull's attention in case of accident. The *espada* carries a scarlet banneret about the size of a large handkerchief, and a firm, straight Toledo sword. With the waving flag he tempts the maddened bull, and in a moment *el toro* dashes at him. The *espada* leaps aside, reserves the fatal blow, and again and again lures the bull back to the mark he has overshot. This stage of the grim game is wonderfully exciting. Men unused to the spectacle will sit pale and trembling, grasping their canes as if *they* were in the place of the valiant *espada*, who seems the least disturbed of the whole throng. The fatal moment comes. The bull eyes his wary enemy a moment, pawing the sand in handfuls over his back, and then stoops his gallant crest to his last charge. With a thrust so skillful and so lightly done that the spectator scarce detects it, the good Toledo is driven to its hilt in the shoulder of the charging bull, and usually with such consummate skill and might that the sword pierces his heart. Even then he makes a wild charge or two, with the true game instinct, even as he is doomed. The crowd shouts wildly, as their teachers, the Romans, did before them, "He hath it!" The gentlemen throw a hundred superb hats into the ring upon the proud *matador* whose sword (*espada*) has proved his skill once more. Probably thousands of bulls have met their fate at this one man's hands, and his own scars prove that he has not always won in the conflict. The air resounds with *bravas* and *bien, biens.* The stricken bull dies hard. He stalks again to the center and paws the sand. The boys flout him; the *banderilleros* rush out from their screens at him with the maddening banners. He lowers his stately head at them to charge again, but weakness fixes him to his place. He makes no sound. You notice a little tremor in his fore legs. He sinks slowly upon his knees, and after a moment rolls upon his side and dies. The spectacle may be a cruel one, but any man with the love of contest and battle in him will admire both man and bull for their quiet, intense courage.

So dies the first bull. He has killed two horses and hurt one of their riders. The trio of mules comes bounding in with a rope tied in a loop which is thrown over the head of the bull and he is dragged out at a keen run, his gallant horns tearing up the sands as he disappears. So after him are dragged out the dead horses, and the second act begins. The band is playing glorious music while the arena is being cleared, and soon the bull-gate opens for a new *toro.* This one is not so active as his predecessor, yet the *matador* who tries his sword upon him strikes a shoulderblade in his first thrust and the sword is left in the wound while the bull charges past. It is recovered after much trouble and danger (and after gibes and taunts from the *muchachos* sitting in the sun) by Manuel, the *espada*, who must snatch it from the wound as the brute rushes at him. A second thrust is better directed, and the bull falls, but we see that the first thrust, which struck the bone, gave Manuel a badly sprained wrist.

The third bull was a wild fellow, light, powerful and vicious. He had killed one horse and hurt his rider, when "El Nino," one of the *matadores*, ran with his red cloth to tempt the bull from the fallen man. Immediately the bull left the dying horse and his rider and ran swiftly at "El Nino." (His name, "El Nino," signified "the lad." He was brave and handsome as any man of four and twenty could be.) Poor lad! This quick leap aside has not saved him. The bull returns upon him, swift and furious. He makes a few swift paces toward the screen. It is but six yards away, yet he knows he must turn and face his relentless foe. He turns and his flaring banner trails along the sand. The bull is upon him and the cruel horns pass through the cloth and one of them strikes El Nino in the thigh and throws him to the ground. His companions haste to save him, but too late. His red defiant banner has wrapped about him in his fall, and as he strives to writhe to his feet again the bull dashes a fearful blow at him. Alas, poor boy! A coat of mail could not have saved you then. One horn passed through his ribs and pierced his brave young breast too deep for any surgeon's help. My companion, who is not a man of weak nerves, leaped to his feet, crying, "My God!" His words were drowned in the shout of "*Bravo toro!*" from the crowd. Not one within our hearing showed a sign of feeling for the fallen youth, who was handed out over the enclosure of the arena to the surgeons outside, limp and lifeless, by his fellow *matadores*, the bull having rushed upon another horse and disemboweled him when he saw that El Nino struggled no more. (The bull seems always to spare the object of his rage when he believes it dead or sees it lying perfectly still before him.)

This awful tragedy seemed only to whet the furious passion for blood in the audience. They cried "*mas de caballos!*" (more horses!), and by their shouts urged on the only *picador* remaining in the arena to spur forward at the bull, though he had first ridden to the gate and begged to leave the ring as his horse was hurt. The crowd cried "coward!" and at that hateful word the *picador*, negro though he was, turned and faced the bull, and in the shock as the bull's horns smote his horse's breast, both horse and rider were fairly thrown into the air. The struggling and plunging of the fallen horse, fortunately, occupied the bull's attention and while he tore the horse the man limped to a screen and was safe.

This bull, I heard the *senores* about me say, was a finer one than they had seen for years. His treatment of El Nino seemed to win the profound respect of the remaining combatants, and they all fought shy of him until the last, when a *matador*, famous even "in fair Sevilla," faced him with his sword and pierced him in a moment to the heart. Still another bull fought his way to death, and the net results of that hour were four dead bulls, ten horses, one dead and two wounded men.

After the tragedy came the farce, when a big bull was let into the arena with great balls of felt bound to the points of his horns. The bull knew nothing of this trick, apparently, for he meant to do as much mischief as his brethren before him. The bullfighters scorned to meet this "clown bull," but a hundred gamins piled over the wall of the arena to do a little amateur bull fighting, tempting the bull with their dirty *serapes*, getting in each others way as they tried to escape, and being knocked left and right like pins in a bowling alley when that huge brute struck them. I saw two of these boys trodden upon by this clown bull, but as they were able to limp off we don't count them among the casualties.

As we left the amphitheater to take the train returning to Mexico, the *senors* were congratulating each other upon an excellent hour's sport. Perhaps half a dozen American and English ladies witnessed this horrible scene. I know by their clenched hands and set teeth that their curiosity was fully satisfied. So was that of the party from the hotel Guardiola—myself and my Pennsylvanian friend. I think you could hardly get us to see another bull fight if you would promise us the church of Guadalupe.

K.

MUST TRADE UNIONS GO, TOO?

Henry George Says they are Monopolies. Mostly Founded on Unlawful Violence.

From Henry George's *Standard:* Judge Brown's opinion is, we are inclined to think, good law, and, what is still more important, it is certainly good sense. As an abstract proposition, nothing can be clearer than that any combination to interfere with the perfect freedom of any one to manage a lawful business, or by means of threat of injury or loss, or by interference with property or traffic, to dictate how such business shall be conducted, ought to be punished by law. It is time for the labor associations to face this fact and to consider it soberly.

The strike, the boycott, all the methods by which labor associations and combinations endeavor to carry out their objects, are methods of coercion—do involve interference with the liberty of others to conduct their own lawful business in their own way. When they do not proceed to the use of actual force and the actual destruction or injury of material things, they only stop short of this as a matter of degree. Without the power to in some way inflict injury or loss, the regulations of a trades union would be as futile as a law without a penalty.

The mere cessation of work on the part of a strict trades union of glass blowers may inflict such damage and loss upon employers as to compel them to accede to terms. But

A STRIKE OF UNSKILLED LABORERS,

When there are thousands of unemployed men eagerly pressing for employment, must be backed either by some coercion to prevent others from taking their places, or by some means of inflicting such injury and loss upon employers as will make them afraid to employ men outside of the association.

Now, it is the tendency of constantly increasing labor-saving invention to dispense with special skill on the part of the mass of workmen, and to reduce skilled labor to the status of unskilled; and the extension of labor organizations, which has been so rapid of late years, has been in the direction of the less skilled occupations.

Now, if the labor movement is to go in this direction, every man who looks ahead must see that it will at last come to violence. This, at least, is clearly evident; that the labor associations must make up their minds either to defy the law or be ground to powder.

What the labor combinations are attempting to do is to secure for themselves a monopoly in supplying labor, and the real cause and only justification of this effort is the existence of monopolies in the things vitally necessary to the use of labor.

Conscious of the coercion those who have only labor to sell are subjected to, though without fully realizing its cause, there are active men in the labor organizations who have dreamed of so fully organizing all kinds of laborers in

MUTUALLY SUPPORTING COMBINATIONS

As to make labor, by the stopping of all work, master of the situation. But this dream is hardly capable of realization. For, putting aside all the difficulties of inducing so many diverse trades to act in concert with any persistence, and putting aside the surety that there must remain outside of any possible combination a body of laborers pressed by the direst necessity to take work on any terms, the great fact is that laborers as a class live from hand to mouth. They therefore are of all classes the least able to maintain a contest of endurance, and would quickest and most severely suffer by any general stoppage of the machinery by which the community is fed and its necessary wants are from day to day supplied.

Labor, surrounded by law-made and law-supported monopolies of all kinds, is virtually told by the law that the only coercive force it can apply to fight off the coercion to which it is subjected is to stop work and starve. But our laws are based upon universal suffrage, and laborers are in the majority. Can not they change the law? The power to do so is in their own hands. To exert it is only necessary that they should agree as to just what changes in the law they want.

Suppose that by properly applying their voting power workingmen were to succeed in giving to the labor associations just such a legal monopoly of supplying labor as is now given by our laws to

MONOPOLISTS OF THINGS NECESSARY

To the exertion of labor. The trades union idea would then be realized. No one could then go to work without permission of a trades union, just as now no mere laborer can go to work without the permission of a landowner or capitalist.

But if this were practicable, would not the placing of such power in the hands of the managers of trades unions lead to tyranny and abuse of the kind which, as experience has shown, always attend the concentration of power? And outside of the trades unions or labor organizations would there not remain or grow up a class deprived by one set of monopolists of access to the natural means of employing labor, and deprived by another set of monopolists of the power to sell their labor to those who could give them no opportunity to use it?

The true line to follow for the emancipation of labor is not the multiplication of restrictions, but the sweeping away of restrictions—not the creating of new monopolies, but the abolition of all monopolies. And the fundamental and most important of monopolies is the legalized monopoly of the earth itself.

Out of the multiplying and menacing labor difficulties of our time there is but one way of escape, and that is by the restoration to all men to the natural and unalienable rights, to the use upon equal terms of the element on which and from which all men must live—the land.

This can easily be obtained by the ballot.

The Future of Rome.

Accident News.

Londoner (in Rome)—It is a great pity that such places as the Colosseum, the Celian Hill, the Aventine and the gardens of Nero have got to go down before the vandalism now rampant here.

Chicagoan—Yes; it's too bad to pull down these old places, but I can tell you one thing—Rome will never amount to much until it is done.

Marcellus—Lodemia, can you tell me why your mother's consent to our marriage is like our marriage itself?

Lodemia—I am sure I can't imagine why.

Marcellus—Because we both thank her for it. See? Both thank her—both hanker—for it.

Lodemia (stiffly)—Ah; that reminds me, Mr. Hankinson; can you tell me why our marriage is like the color of your nose?

Marcellus—No, dearest; I give it up.

Lodemia—Because I have about come to the conclusion that it can't come off. See? Can't come off. Come off!—Chicago Tribune.

Omaha wife—Isn't Miss Blank lovely? Cautious husband (who has praised women before)—Well, I wasn't particularly impressed with her. "You weren't?" "No, I thought she was the commonest, homeliest, ugliest——" "O, you brute! She's a perfect picture of me." "O, you mean that Miss Blank. Yes, she's angelic."—Omaha World.

THE LAST BUFFALO HUNT.

An Interesting Account of the Pursuit of the Pronghorn.

The True Inwardness of an Exploit—A Bucking Broncho and a Dead Buck—The Extermination of the Antelope.

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

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IV.

If you will promise not to betray me, I will tell you how I began my career as an antelope hunter. Up to this moment not a living soul besides myself knows the true inwardness of that exploit, and I wouldn't have the boys find it out for the world. So mum's the word now.

On our way to the buffalo country we saw no antelope until two days' travel from Miles City, which shows how fast they are being exterminated. When the first bunch was sighted of course we were all eagerness to get some fresh meat out of it, and it fell to me to take the shot. I stalked the bunch very cleverly, I must admit, with the rear sight of my Winchester elevated to 300 yards, as being the supposed distance from my chosen firing point to the herd. Well, when I finally looked over the brow of the hill, I found I was within one hundred yards of my game. In my eagerness to get a pair of savory antelope hams, as well as to let the men see that I could shoot, even though all hands were gaping at me, I totally forgot the elevation I had given my sight. It was a beautiful chance, for the antelope stood perfectly still and looked absorbedly at the wagon, away off to the right. I drew up carefully, aimed for the finest buck and banged away. I suppose my bullet flew about a foot above his shoulders—possibly two, and away went our intended hams.

There was no secret about that in all conscience. It was a palpable, disgusting, humiliating failure, and all the boys saw it. It was in the retrieving of my reputation that there hangs a tale.

We camped that night at the Red Buttes, the only water for fifteen miles around, and therefore a good place for antelope. As we pulled out the next morning, and headed straight for the buttes, I saw the soldier who was riding in advance suddenly dismount from his mule and beckon wildly for me to come on. Putting my horse at a gallop I soon reached him, and then he told me there were two antelope on the other side of the butte. Thinking more of retrieving my reputation than of meat, I quickly dismounted, left my horse and stole up the steep, rocky side of the butte Private Moran indicated. "No more nonsense with elevated sights now, if you please!" I said to myself severely. To fail this time would be disaster.

I reached the top and peered cautiously over the rocks toward the north, but saw no antelope. Too bad. I looked west; no antelope. I looked east, but—great guns! there they were in full view, standing on the level top of a butte as high as mine looking straight at me, and only a hundred and fifty yards away. One of them stood broadside on, offering a beautiful mark, and in an instant my rifle was at my shoulder pointing at his. Aiming for his heart region, just behind his fore leg, I fired. Down he dropped upon the bare rock, right in his tracks, with the traditional "dull thud," just like a sack of wheat.

"Good shot!" cried Private Moran from below.

Descending with the air of a conqueror I went to my dead antelope, which was a young buck, and proceeded to gloat a few gloats over him. "Now," thinks I, "I've done it. That was a neat piece of work and makes up for yesterday's affair. Presently it occurred to me to look and see if my bullet had gone squarely through the heart. The beast had dropped very suddenly to be shot through the heart, it seemed to me. There was no bullet hole behind the fore leg at all! Nor had I struck the body anywhere—nor even the neck. My bullet had struck the buck *just one inch behind the eye*, and gone squarely through the brain! Oh, degradation! It was a clean miss of two feet from what I tried to hit. It actually made me feel sick at the stomach to think of it. If there had been any timber in that country I would have sneaked off into it, out of sight.

In a few minutes the wagons came up, and all the boys fell to saying pleasant and complimentary things, to show that yesterday's score was wiped out. And some one said:

"That was a dead shot, sure. Do you always aim for the brain?"

"Well, no; that is, not exactly always. But I wanted to kill this fellow so dead he couldn't kick."

The boys never once suspected me; and I sat down on a stone and felt as if I had stolen a sheep.

It is only fair to say that I also killed the mate to this antelope first shot. When the first one dropped, the other ran away for a little distance, then came racing back to look for his comrade. I fired at him and missed, but when he turned and made off a second time I caught him with a ball in the hip, as he ran. Had it not been for his foolish curiosity he would not have come to grief; but thanks to that, and my good luck, we had fresh meat enough for three whole days.

Were it not that the antelope are disappearing so fast, the pursuit of the pronghorn in October and November would be very fine sport. Its successful prosecution calls for adroitness in stalking and skill in long-range shooting under very trying circumstances. But where is the true sportsman or naturalist who can bring down a pronghorn now without a pang of regret, and the feeling that he is helping to "kill off" the species? Not here, at all events. It is, alas! only too true that the nimble-footed prairie rover, whose graceful form is even yet the gladdest sight that meets the eye of the plainsman, is only a few days behind the buffalo on the road to extermination. And how doubly desolate will those bleak prairies seem without him. Take away from those vast solitudes the few antelope that still enliven it a little, and what desolation will remain. The buffalo, elk and deer have already totally disappeared from the prairies (where we were at least), the antelope are being killed about twice as fast as they breed, and even the coyotes are being slain wholesale by the strychnine of the ranchmen and cow-punchers.

As one rides mile after mile and day after day over the shaven prairie, or traverses the ups and downs of the butte country, the eye instinctively searches the landscape over and over, seeing the same monotonous features of "divide" and "draw" and "butte" and "coulie" and "flat," covered with measly sage brush or stingy buffalo grass until they all become positively hateful to the sight. And then how welcome is the sight of a herd of antelope. No matter how faintly seen or how far away, the vision follows them and dwells upon them with a mighty sense of relief as long as they remain in sight. How closely their graceful movements are watched, the number accurately counted if they are near enough, and everything else forgotten just as long as they remain in sight. And how much more effectually is the monotony broken when the solitary rider comes suddenly upon a large herd of fifteen or twenty individuals feeding in a ravine, or on the farther side of a ridge he is riding over. The grand scamper which follows is always exciting, even to the most experienced observer.

On the prairie divides where there are no buttes or deep coulies, and one must shoot from the top of a long slope, the hunter must expect to do his shooting at from 250 yards upward. If he cannot hit at that distance—*adios!* In the bad lands or butte country, the hunter can stalk his game behind little hills and sharp ridges, or along the deep coulies, and thus get within 150 or even 100 yards. But it is no child's play even then. In the first place, in nine cases out of ten the antelope sees the hunter first, and immediately starts to make a call on a friend in the next county. But even if you see him first, and make a successful stalk up to a given point, the chances are four to one that when you get there you will misjudge the distance and fail to hit him.

If there is anywhere in this world any better ground for misjudging distances than Montana, I don't want to see it. There is nothing whatever to judge by save the size of the animal, and the distance along the ground, and in shooting amongst hills and hollows there are special facilities for the making of mistakes. Even the most experienced hunters and cowboys are prone to blunder, and many a time I got the laugh on Boyd and Jim as badly as they did on me. Generally one thinks an animal is not as far off as it really is, but very often the reverse is the case. At first it is mortifying to blunder so, then aggravating; after that, one's only relief is in cussing the country, and finally it becomes absurd and amusing.

The finest old buck antelope which fell to me on the whole trip came to a most melancholy and yet most laughable end. Boyd and I started out together one morning, and about two miles from camp we espied some distance ahead of us a few antelope feeding. I looked them over with the glass, and saw one fine old buck, whose skin was needed in our collection. We rode to one side and approached the herd behind a little hill, until the time came to dismount, and then we each chose our point and started ahead on foot. I finally fetched up at the top of a rocky knoll, within about 175 yards of the buck, who was feeding in a hollow, and fired at him. The bullet hit him fairly, but he ran a little distance, and then stood still. The next shot brought him down, and by the time we got to him he was dead.

We disemboweled him to save the meat from spoiling, taking infinite pains to keep the blood from the hair, and left the carcass to be carried to camp in the evening on our way back. We went on our way, had a long, tiresome ride through some very bad country, and just before sunset, when we had given up all hope of finding any buffalo that day, we came upon two in a ravine, a cow and a yearling calf, and killed them both. Well, the next day, after skinning the two buffalo and sending Brown with the wagon to haul them to camp, we rode off to bring in the dead buck.

Contrary to our expectations, we found him untouched by the coyotes, and at once proceeded to place the carcass across a roan pony we had brought along to pack it to camp. This pony had been dubbed "The Digger," on account of the way he held his head down when running. Well, the Digger objected, and said he had conscientious scruples against carrying a dead antelope. His objections were noted, but promptly overruled by the court, and the tying proceeded. The Digger said it was bad enough to carry a tenderfoot, or even a cowboy, but as for the corpse of an antelope, he'd see us farther before he'd do it. So, without farther notice, he just simply jumped from under the antelope, and it fell to the earth. Boyd expressed his opinion of the Digger's maternal ancestor, and like another Bernardo sternly led the pony up to the corpse a second time. The Digger promptly retired in good order. Then Boyd took off his coat and blindfolded him, but the moment the antelope touched his back the pony's heels flew heavenward, and again the game fell all in a heap. Then Boyd tied up one of the Digger's forelegs, and kept it so until we had put the antelope aboard and lashed it securely. Having conquered the broncho, we removed his blind, untied his leg, and essayed to start the procession.

And then what a circus was there! The Digger began to rear and plunge and buck and kick the breeze in a way that was awful to behold. He kicked at the antelope again and again; he bucked and bawled, and tore up the turf in his wild efforts to dislodge that old man of the sea. He reached around and bit the carcass again and again, tearing out great mouthfuls of hair. Finally the antelope turned on him, dead though it was, so that it hung under his body, and then he got satisfaction out of it. He kicked it until it was not worth while to kick it any more, and then we untied the ropes and took it away from him. It looked as if it had been run through a threshing machine. It was a total wreck, useless for anything except flesh, and not fit even for that.

From first to last we killed about thirty antelope, every one of which we made use of, either as a specimen, or as food, or both. We could have killed double that number of head very easily, scarce though they were, but we never took one unless we wanted it for some specific purpose. From spring until December the bands are broken up into pairs, or larger parties up to a dozen in number. With the beginning of winter, or about December 1st, they gather in large herds, sometimes of 300 head or more, and remain so during the winter. Where there were herds of 200 head a few years ago we saw none larger than thirty or forty, and they grow smaller every year. When there is snow on the ground it is almost impossible to see a herd unless it is in motion, or outlined against the horizon, and the hunter finds his skill taxed to the utmost to win success. When there is no snow, however, the snow-white rump of a pronghorn is conspicuous a mile distant.

Thanks to the eternal wariness of the antelope and his keenness of vision, combined with the speed and staying powers of his limbs, he has outlived his comrades of the plains, the buffalo, elk and deer. He will last a number of years yet, but his days are numbered just the same. The breech-loaders will exterminate him also unless something decided is done at once for his preservation. Had his hide been worth a dollar there would be only one alive where there are now twenty. But his flesh is the greatest dainty the prairie affords, ase, or the forest either, for that matter, and it is good all the year round. It is tender, fine grained, exquisitely flavored and always in demand whenever obtainable.

SKOBELEFF'S UNPOPULARITY.

Princes and Dukes of the Blood Envy him his Military Fame.

St. James Gazette.

Every one knows that he spoke most fluently French, German and English. I once heard him speak very fair Italian; and he had already picked up a considerable knowledge of Turkish. I asked once how it was that he spoke English so very idiomatically, and when he said that he had English nurses when a child, I suggested that they would not account for the fashionable and army slang he used so correctly. To this he only replied, "Oh, I once sailed a yacht at Cowes;" but, by the laugh which accompanied the answer, he evidently did not intend it to be taken as conclusive. He told me he thought his family was not originally Russian, and had heard vaguely that it might have been English. I suggested "Scobell," but "No—not that, I think. Anyhow, I don't know who my great grandfather was, and I don't care."

As we became more intimate our conversation turned on more serious matters; and I recollect his asking me whether I really thought he was popular with the officers and men of his corps. "Of course my aides tell me so from morning till night; but then they would say the same to the first general who may supersede me." I replied that, having known many of his officers and several belonging to other corps, I had heard him very frequently spoken of, and it certainly in the most flattering manner. "As for the men of your command, I have several times been amused to find that, instead of swearing by the name of the Deity, they say: 'By Skobeleff! It's true!'" At this he seemed much pleased. But when I added that he must not think too much of his popularity among his brother generals, whose best words for him were 'but with three or more Skobeleffs there would be no Russian army left,' he exclaimed: "Oh, generals! of course they are all jealous of me!" After a pause he continued: "And yet if any one has cause to be discontented it is I, and not they. Just look at the men to whom they give their best civil and military appointments. Look at that pompous ass, D. K.; at S., an amiable 'faineant'; at L., who is only fit to be a shopkeeper's clerk. As for me, 'Oh, there's Skobeleff; fighting's his trade, let him fight,' so I do the hard work and others get rewarded." Presently, the same subject evidently rankling in his mind he went on: "And you don't know, you can't imagine, how all the imperial family hate me. All these grand dukes have their rank, their titles, and their wealth, whilst all the beauty of Russia is at their feet, if they choose to throw the handkerchief; and they hate me because I have what they have not—a little military glory."

An Estimate of Beecher.

New York Sun.

Mr. Beecher was not strong either on the intellectual or the moral side. He had the orator's gift of suddenly identifying himself with popular or unpopular sentiments. The presence of a great audience filled him with all its passion. He became in its presence something greater than himself, the eye of all its half-seen intentions, the voice of all its half-spoken feeling, the representative and vehicle of its wishes. He was an orator whose power cannot be judged from any of his written words. The stenographers corrected many slips of syntax, but their best and most laborious efforts give no idea of his speech. He was himself a stenographer of emotion and sentiment, a reporter of feelings deeper than he experienced himself. Yet this is only half the truth. His temperament was at the start sincere, and in his best time he moved others because he was moved himself. Since Wendell Phillips he was the greatest of the old school orators. That is, he was at once the molder of his audience and was molded by it.

INGERSOLL ON M'GLYNN.

The Great Positivist's Opinion of a Noted Controversy.

A Catholic Priest Must Not Think for Himself Upon Religious Questions—Christianity Will Not Go Down to Any Great Extent at Present.

The attitude of the Roman Catholic church in Dr. McGlynn's case is consistent with the history and constitution of the Catholic church—perfectly consistent with its ends, its objects and its means—and just as perfectly inconsistent with intellectual liberty and the real civilization of the human race. When a man becomes a Catholic priest he has been convinced that he ought not to think for himself upon religious questions. He has become convinced that the church is the only teacher—that he has a right to think only to enforce its teachings. From that moment he is a moral machine. The chief engineer resides at Rome, and he gives his orders through certain assistant engineers until the one is reached who turns the crank, and the machine has nothing to do one way or the other. The machine is paid for giving up his liberty, by having machines under him who have also given up theirs. While somebody else turns his crank, he has the pleasure of turning a crank belonging to somebody below him.

Of course the Catholic church is supposed to be the only perfect institution on the earth. All others are not only imperfect, but unnecessary. All others have been made either by man, or by the devil, or by a partnership—and consequently cannot be depended upon for the civilization of man.

The Catholic church gets its power directly from God, and is the only institution now in the world founded by God. There was never any others so far as I know, except polygamy and slavery and a crude kind of monarchy—and they have been, for the most part, abolished.

What right has a priest to go into the thinking business? He must kiss the toe of the pope—and even a corn on that toe has a far better right to think than he. And any one who has bowed to this authority can only regain his independence by open revolt.

The Catholic church must be true to itself. It must claim everything, and get what it can. It alone is infallible. It alone has all the wisdom of this world. It alone has the right to exist. All other interests are secondary. To be a Catholic is of the first importance. Human liberty is nothing. Wealth, position, food, clothing, reputation, happiness—all these are less than worthless compared with what the Catholic church promises to the man who will throw all these away.

A priest must preach what his bishop tells him. A bishop must preach what his archbishop tells him. The pope must preach what he says God tells him.

Dr. McGlynn cannot make a compromise with the Catholic church. It never compromises when it is in the minority. Now and then a priest or a member who wishes to do a little thinking for himself—one who wishes to have a little freedom—says to the Catholic church as the rooster did to the horse: "Let us agree not to step on each other's feet;" but the church never makes the agreement.

I do not mean by this that the Catholic church is worse than any other. All are alike in this regard. Every sect, no matter how insignificant—every church, no matter how powerful, asks precisely the same thing from every member—that is to say, a surrender of intellectual freedom. The Catholic church wants the same as the Baptist, the Presbyterian and the Methodist—it wants the whole earth. It is ambitious to be the one supreme power. It hopes to see the world upon its knees, with all its tongues thrust out for wafers. It has the arrogance of humility and the ferocity of universal forgiveness. In this respect it resembles every sect. Every religion is a system of slavery.

Of course the religionists say that they do not believe in persecution, that they do not believe in burning and hanging and whipping, or loading with chains a man simply because he is an infidel. They are willing to leave all this with God, knowing that a being of infinite goodness will inflict all these horrors and tortures upon an honest man who differs with the church.

In case Dr. McGlynn is deprived of his priestly functions, it is hard to say what effect it will have upon his church and the labor party in this country.

So long as a man believes that a church has eternal joy in store for him, so long as he believes that a church holds within its hand the keys of heaven and hell, it will be hard to make him trade off the hope of everlasting happiness for a few good clothes and a little good food and higher wages here. He finally thinks that after all he had better work for less and go a little hungry and be an angel forever.

I hope, however, that a good many people who have been supporting the Catholic church by giving tithes of the wages of weariness will see, and clearly see, that Catholicism is not their friend; that the church cannot and will not support them; that, on the contrary, they must support the church. I hope they will see that all the prayers have to be paid for, although no one has ever been answered. I hope they will perceive that the church is on the side of wealth and power; that the mitre is the friend of the crown, that the altar is the sworn brother of the throne. I hope they will finally know that the church cares infinitely more for the money of the millionaire than for the souls of the poor.

Of course there are thousands of individual exceptions. I am speaking of the church as an institution, as a corporation—and when I say the church I include all churches. It is said of corporations in general that they have no soul, and it may truthfully be said of the church that it has less than any other. It lives on alms. It gives nothing for what it gets. It has no sympathy. Beggars never weep over the misfortunes of other beggars.

Nothing could give me more pleasure than to see the Catholic church on the side of human freedom—nothing more pleasure than to see the Catholics of the world—those who work and weep and toil—sensible enough to know that all the money paid for superstition is worse than lost. I wish they could see that the counting of beads and the saying of prayers and celebrating of masses—and that all the kneelings and censer swingings and fastings and bell ringings amount to less than nothing—that all these things tend only to the degradation of mankind. It is hard, I know, to find an antidote for a poison that was mingled with a mother's milk.

The laboring masses, so far as the Catholics are concerned are filled with awe and wonder and fear about the church. This fear began to grow while they were being rocked in their cradles, and they still imagine that the church is some mysterious power, that it is in direct communication with some infinite personality that could, if it desired, strike them dead, or damn their souls forever. Persons who have no such belief, who care nothing for popes, or priests, or churches, or heavens, or hells, or devils, or gods, have very little idea of the power of fear.

The old dogmas filled the brain with strange monsters. The soul of the orthodox Christian gropes and wanders and crawls in a kind of dungeon, where the strained eyes see fearful shapes and the frightened flesh shrinks from the touch of serpents.

The good part of Christianity—that is to say, kindness, morality, will never go down. The cruel part ought to go down. And by the cruel part I mean the doctrine of eternal punishment—of allowing the good to suffer for the bad—allowing innocence to pay the debt of guilt. So the foolish part of Christianity—that is to say, the miraculous will go down. The absurd part must perish. But there will be no war about it as there was in France. Nobody believes enough in the foolish part of Christianity now to fight for it. Nobody believes with intensity enough in miracles to shoulder a musket. There is probably not a Christian in New York willing to fight for any story, no matter if the story is so old that it is covered with moss. No mentally brave and intelligent man believes in miracles, and no intelligent man cares whether there was a miracle or not, for the reason that every intelligent man knows that the miraculous has no possible connection with the moral. "Thou shalt not steal," is just as good a commandment if it should turn out that the flood was a drought. "Thou shalt not murder," is a good and just and righteous law, and whether any particular miracle was ever performed or not, has nothing to do with the case. There is no possible relation between these things.

I am on the side not only of the physically oppressed, but of the mentally oppressed. I hate those who put lashes on the body, and I despise those who put the soul in chains. In other words, I am in favor of liberty. I do not wish that any man should be the slave of his fellow-men, or that the human race should be the slaves of any god, real or imaginary. Man has the right to think for himself, to work for himself, to take care of himself, to get bread for himself, to get a home for himself. He has a right to his own opinion about God and heaven and hell; the right to learn any art or mystery or trade; the right to work for whom he will, for what he will and when he will.

The world belongs to the human race. There is to be no war in this country on religious opinions, except a war of words—a conflict of thoughts, of facts; and in that conflict the hosts of superstition will go down. They may not be defeated to-day, nor to-morrow, nor next year, nor during this century, but they are growing weaker day by day.

This priest, McGlynn, has the courage to stand up against the propaganda. What would have been his fate a few years ago? What would have happened to him in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy—in any other country that was Catholic—only a few years ago? Yet he stands here in New York, he refuses to obey God's viceregent; he freely gives his mind to an archbishop; he holds the holy inquisition in contempt. He has done a great thing. He is undoubtedly an honest man. He never should have been a Catholic. He has no business in that church. He has ideas of his own—theories, and seems to be governed by principles. The Catholic church is not his place. If he remains, he must submit, he must kneel in the humility of abjectness; he must receive on the back of his independence the lashes of the church. If he remains, he must ask the forgiveness of slaves for having been a man. If he refuses to submit, the church will not have him. He will be driven to take his choice—to remain a member, humiliated, shunned, or to go out into the great, free world a citizen of the republic, with the rights, responsibilities and duties of an American citizen.

I believe that Dr. McGlynn is an honest man, and that he really believes in the land theories of Mr. George. I have no confidence in his theories, but I have confidence that he is actuated by the best and noblest motives.

"Are you to go on the lecture platform again?"

"I expect to after a while. I am now waiting for the church to catch up. I got so far ahead that I began almost to sympathize with the clergy. They looked so helpless and talked in such a weak, wandering and wobbling kind of way that I felt as though I had been cruel. From the papers I see that they are busy trying to find out who the wife of Cain was. I see that the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of New York, is now wrestling with that problem. He begins to be in doubt whether Adam was the first man, whether Eve was the first woman; suspects that there were other races, and that Cain did not marry his sister but somebody else's sister, and that somebody else was not Cain's brother. One can hardly overestimate the importance of these questions—they have such a direct bearing on the progress of the world. If it should turn out that Adam was the first man, or that he was not the first man, something might happen—I am not prepared to say what—but it might."

It is a curious kind of spectacle to see a few hundred people paying a few thousand dollars a year for the purpose of hearing these great problems discussed: "Was Adam the first man?" "Who was Cain's wife?" "Has any one seen a map of the land of Nod?" "Where are the four rivers that ran murmuring through the groves of Paradise?" "Who was the snake? How did he walk? What language did he speak?" This turns a church into a kind of nursery—makes a cradle of each pew, and gives to each member a rattle with which he can amuse what he calls his mind.

The great theologians of Andover—the gentlemen who wear the black collars furnished by the cold founder—[illegible] among themselves as to whether [illegible] the heathen who fortunately [illegible] any missionary from that institution [illegible] almost afford to be damned hereafter for the sake of avoiding the dogmas of Andover here. Nothing more absurd and childish has ever happened—not in the intellectual but in the theological world.

There is no need of the free thinkers saying anything at present. The work is being done by the church members themselves. They are beginning to ask questions of the clergy. They are getting tired of the old ideas—tired of the contemplations of eternal pain—tired of hearing about hell—tired of hearing the bible quoted or talked about—tired of the scheme of redemption—tired of the Trinity, of the plenary inspiration of the barbarous records of a barbarous people—tired of the patriarchs and prophets—tired of Daniel and the goats with three horns, and the image with the clay feet, and the little stone that rolled down hill—tired of the mud man and the ribbed woman—tired of the flood of Noah, of the astronomy of Joshua, the geology of Moses—tired of Kings and Chronicles and Lamentations—tired of the lachrymose Jeremiah—tired of the monstrous, the malicious and the miraculous. In short, they are beginning to think. They have bowed their necks to the yoke of ignorance and fear and impudence and superstition until they are weary. They long to be free. They are tired of the services—tired of the meaningless prayers—tired of hearing each other say, "Hear us, good Lord!"—tired of the texts, tired of the sermons, tired of the lies about spontaneous combustion as a punishment for blasphemy—tired of the bells, and they long to hear the doxology of superstition. They long to have Common Sense lift its hands in benediction and dismiss the congregation.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

SOME NEW POINTS.

John D'Arme Gives a few bits of Literary Gossip

NEW YORK, March 29.

It is rumored in Brooklyn since the death of Henry Ward Beecher that Theodore Tilton will shortly return to New York to resume the career interrupted ten years ago by his prosecution of the great preacher.

Jenny June has bought for $15,000 a half interest in *Godey's Lady's Book*, of Philadelphia, and will retire from the editorial chair of *Demorest's Monthly* immediately.

The new weekly journal the *Epoch*, has become considerably incensed against Mr. Brander Matthews, and for what would seem a just cause. It appears that on some account, not yet explained, Mr. Matthews has for several years missed few chances of behaving with malevolence toward Mr. Edgar Fawcett. About a year ago he introduced the latter gentleman ridiculously into his novel "The Last Meeting," under the name of "Tapp," which was supposed to be a pun upon the name of "Fawcett." About a week since, it is stated, Mr. Matthews presented to the *Epoch* a contribution, which that journal politely declined, declaring it to be well written enough, but unsuited to their uses. In the current number of the journal had appeared an exceedingly favorable notice of Mr. Fawcett's last book of poems, "Romance and Revery." Mr. Matthews imprudently went to Mr. Seligmann, the editor, and said: "I see that you have allowed Fawcett to review his own poems in your last number." This astounding statement was a bombshell to Mr. Seligmann, who prides himself upon the completely impartial and unprejudiced tone of his paper. "That review," he exclaimed, "was written by one of my literary editors, and entirely without Mr. Fawcett's knowledge." Such information, quite unnecessary, by the way, to Mr. Matthews, placed its recipient in a somewhat shame-faced light. He has since publicly sneered at the *Epoch*, it is said, as "a mere college paper." But the *Epoch* in turn sneers at Mr. Matthews as a gentleman who very meanly, and bunglingly as well, attempted to cast disrepute upon a fellow author. There is certainly no excuse or palliative for conduct of this malicious kind, which deserves publicity to the inevitable detriment of Mr. Brander Matthews.

JOHN D'ARME.

Treat Mr. Blaine Fairly.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Senator Hale of Maine may be presumed to know a good deal about the state of mind of Mr. Blaine, and Senator Hale says: "Mr. Blaine is not thinking about the presidency. I think he will prefer to keep out of politics. He is certainly not a candidate in the sense of seeking the nomination. Should the convention be held to-morrow, Blaine would undoubtedly be nominated by acclamation. Yes, he would probably accept the nomination as a public duty if it should come to him in that way." Surely, Mr. Blaine, not wanting the presidency and preferring to keep out of politics, is entitled to be let alone by the republican party. In 1884 he permitted the party to nominate him, his sense of public duty being larger than his personal wishes, and it is asking too much of him to again surrender his own desires. Mr. Blaine's wish to keep out of politics should be respected.

MATTERS FEMININE.

Something About Mrs Elliot, nee Miss Howe.

A Talk with Sarah Bernhardt—A New Way to Eat Grapes—English and French Fashions Contrasted—Notes

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

American women are the fashion abroad They are said to have more esprit than the feminity of the "effete monarchies," save, perhaps, a married Frenchwoman, whose esprit is generally too much of the caviare flavor We are constantly furnishing charming women to the other side. Our specimen beauties are sent across on approbation. Have not all our fair women received diplomas abroad? Miss Langdon, Miss Grant, Mrs Potter, the beautiful, Carrolls of Carrollton, and half a hundred others? And now Miss Maud Howe, who has just married Mr Elliot, the artist, has left us for a foreign shore This is not her first visit her reputation for beauty is transatlantic Years ago she electrified the very Rome toward which she now travels by her wit and her loveliness, and since then her portrait, with ivy-bound head and classically perfect line of profile, has been exhibited at the Paris Salon.

Among the ranks of charming American women, Miss Howe or, one should say, Mrs. Elliot, takes a foremost place When at her christening the fairies came to give their gifts, none were forgotten That soured old dame, who the queen, in a stupid way, not entirely confined to queens, always overlooked, received a card with the others and gave as pretty a present as any Probably Miss Howe has come nearer realizing her ideal than any woman of her day, provided her ideal is that of most women In the first place she is beautiful—the great requisite alike for the heroine of a fairy tale and a metaphysical romance—beautiful in the real, old fashioned, honest style, which has somewhat gone out of date The French realists, the arbiters of literary fashion, don't make their heroines beautiful any more. That is commonplace, they say Instead they have them changeful eyed and "swift and white and half perverse," with sudden, serpentine movements and an exciting ferocity of disposition What with our passion-tossed French cousins and our bucolic English sisters, all run to size, the duty of preserving the old types of loveliness falls on us We should have special preserves for it, as we have for the buffaloes in the Yellowstone park and as they do for salmon at Tadousac. Miss Howe's beauty is not of this weird and what one might call "stylish" kind, it is the genuine, unadulterated article There is a picture of her in the Corcoran gallery at Washington, painted by Porter "in his salad days" In this we see a lovely, fresh, healthy girl, perhaps too pretty, a wee bit suggestive in her smiling perfection of the toy, shell pink beauties on the covers of handkerchief boxes, but for all that a wonderfully lovely creature, with fine, feathery bronze hair, and eyes as brown and deep as the pools in a trout stream.

Since this picture was painted years have passed, and both artist and sitter have changed The allurements of white and gold studios, of tone pictures have seduced Mr Porter from the straight and narrow path which follows nature, and Miss Howe soon after deserted the garbs of fashion for the picturesque This was after she had begun to write With the first plunge into literature there arises in all women the taste for a picturesque style of dress Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett has strong yearnings in this direction She affects white crepe tea gowns, which fall in lines of classic purity, flowing wrappers of dull shades, with trimmings of fur, and long plush wraps of pale tints, with a bloom on them, delicate as the gray dust on grapes The picturesque in dress accentuated Miss Howe's beauty In a long, straight gown of dull red, with puffs on the shoulders and a white tucker drawn up round her throat, or in a white satin ball dress with a classic wreath of ivy bound round her curly hair, she might have stepped from a canvas of Sir Frederick Leighton

Her writings are well known. They are not great books, by any means, but they have refinement without that milk and water [illegible] of which the female novelist is so fond Ladies as novelists are not, as a rule, triumphantly successful They vacillate between two extremes—the subtly suggestive, by very young authors, as daring as they are ignorant, which is generally a *[illegible]* of the modern French style, with Ouidaesque touches of local color, or else the gently pastoral and bucolic, by authors as timorous of overstepping the bounds of the proprieties as one of Dickens' heroines Their muse sings the simple loves of John and Mary They revivify sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain they desire to be the Millets of literature, but they generally are the Bayschlags. Miss Howe has carefully avoided these rocks and shoals. Her first book "The Newport Aquarelle," is perhaps the best. It is a well told love story, with a flash here and there of something that looks like genius and little slices of modern science alluringly sandwiched between a love scene and a bit of landscape painting There is a charming heroine who, the gossips say, is the authoress, which is not improbable, as she is handsome, clever and the proud recipient of some twenty-five offers of marriage This is doing well, even for the heroine of a novel. Longfellow's wife is always cited as a phenomenal case, and she had only twenty two *On dit*, however, that if the authoress did depict herself in the brilliant Gladys she has not exaggerated the amount of these matters of the heart. It is said that once when Miss Howe had a penchant for dogs each aspiring suitor presented her with one If the number of these canine tributes of affection were stated in cold blood it would be a fact for contemporaneous history Penelope, at a hundred suitors, is supposed to have broken the record But we haven't the papers to prove this We have only the word of Homer, and we are not even sure of that It was Lewis Carroll who said that he had given the matter much study and had finally concluded that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name.

BETSY O DOWD

TEA WITH SARAH BERNHARDT

Sarah Bernhardt has the faculty of making of herself the topic of the time wherever she goes Her art, her looks, her gowns, her talk, all have a positive interest I supped with her in Washington and listened with fascinated pleasure to the luscious tones of her golden voice warbling her impressions of the national capital She says she would not live in Washington for any thing in the world "It is so [illegible]" she wailed clutching her garnet colored [illegible] despairingly and rolling her sapphire blue eyes agonizingly toward the ceiling "But the magnificent architecture I urged True she rejoined, "but no people in the streets [illegible] *Triste!*" I remember that Theresa Tietjens, the great opera singer, spoke in exactly the same terms of Washington when I took her to the White house to sing before President Grant and family "There is a splendid town here," she said "but where are the people who inhabit it Are they all asleep, waiting for the enchanted prince to blow [illegible] wake them up" I assured her the average Washingtonian was quite capable of blowing his own horn and [illegible] considered as wide awake an individual as any in America "But the streets are as deserted as if there were the plague here" she replied

The circumstances which give to Europeans this [illegible] view of Washington [illegible] in the old nature of [illegible] distances Besides the apparent [illegible] of the place, its princely architecture [illegible] wide localities of London, [illegible] Paris [illegible] of humanity [illegible] gigantic proportions [illegible] dimensions even at the busiest hours [illegible]

Sarah [illegible] her Washington audiences [illegible] word uttered in the pieces performed [illegible] When she told me that they seemed to hang as if entranced on every syllable, I did not inform her that all Washington is taking French lessons, and was trying to [illegible] Garnier's talk was the most difficult to understand. He has a defect in his speech, and really it is a little too much for a man to speak French and lisp both He told me that he appreciated the value of acting with Madame in the sense of its [illegible] but that he dislikes all the parts he plays He aspires to Shakespeare, and intensely admires Henry Irving.

Sarah has some beautiful dresses On the occasion of the supper mentioned she wore the exquisite mauve and pink embroidered satin which is her chief toilet in "Le Maitre de Forges." The train and bodice are of heavy heliotrope satin embroidered thickly in a lace pattern The cut is peculiar, Square detached train, lined with pink velvet, like the English court model and very stately while the bodice is almost dishabille Garibaldi shirt of heliotrope crape and Zouave jacket of the embroidered satin, pink velvet waistband

The impression that Mrs Cleveland was suffering from the toothache and thus prevented her from attending her performances, was conveyed to Sarah by some wiseacre of the kind so numerous in Washington, who know the innermost secrets of every household and retail them *ad nauseum* to all and sundry, including the press. Bernhardt asked me if it was not the case that Mrs. Cleveland had the toothache, and I told her I had heard so, but that the rumor had been denied

OLIVE LOGAN

FASHION AND FOLLY

It is no longer considered elegant to eat grapes with one's fingers. Ultra fashionables would as soon think of gnawing a mutton chop bone A grapeholder is now manufactured in heavily embossed silver and lined with gold. It looks like a couple of thimbles and a minute pair of tongs combined. The thimbles fit to the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and by means of the tongs the grapes are daintily plucked from the bunch and conveyed to the aristocratic mouth It is impossible to say whether this fad will be of long duration Probably not, because grapeholders are inconvenient, no matter how attractive they may be from an æsthetic point of view But in any event, fashions of this kind are harmless and if they mean anything, indicate merely a hyper-refinement. As such they are preferable to exaggerated bustles, towering headgear and costumes copied as nearly as possible from those worn by horse jockeys and stable grooms For my part I shall always prefer a gown made by the most unpretending French modiste to the finest garments manufactured by English tailors French fashions are created for women, English fashions for men There can be no compromise without the evolving of a monstrosity It is just as logical for men to sew draperies and lace ruffles on their trousers as for women to array themselves in cutaway coats, waistcoats, masculine shirt collars and that hideous article of dress called an ulster, which makes the most graceful woman shapeless and awkward And the present horrible combination of tight fitting ulster and magnified bustle baffles description Let anybody with an observing eye and an ordinary sense of the beautiful look at it It is doubtful if an ulster were ever really intended to be worn by women In any case it was never meant to be put over a bustle

CLARA LANZA.

ABOUT TEN WOMEN

Though Henry George has acquired such large celebrity, his wife's name has hardly been mentioned in the papers that speak of him so often and so much She is a thorough home body, devoted to her husband and their four children She is one of the small, plump, cherry bodies that never get down hearted, and people who have known them a long time say that but for her unflagging devotion and enthusiastic belief in him Mr George would never have been able to come triumphantly through the long period of straitened means and hard work which preceded his sudden success.

People who know Nina Van Zandt say that she is a very different woman from what the newspaper accounts would have one to think They say that her love for Spies is a genuine affection, as deep and intense as that of a girl for her first hero

Mrs Josephine Redding is one of the most successful women journalists in New York For several years she has been the editor of the *Art Interchange*, and under her management that paper grew so successful that its publishing company found it necessary to establish another paper, a sort of annex, the *Home Decoration*, and at once installed her in its editorial chair She conducts both publications with so much ability that they have large circulations and are financially very successful. Mrs. Redding is a young woman, small, slight and brown haired, with a pretty, piquant face and charming, vivacious manners.

Kate Field is very fond of riding and when she lived in New York always kept a horse which never lacked for exercise and of whose intelligence and accomplishments she was very proud She is a good horsewoman and makes a fine figure on horseback

Bertha Von Hillern, who has been gaining a good deal of success as an artist since she quietly gave up pedestrianism a few years ago is a devoted Catholic. In the wilds of West Virginia, where she spends her summers, she will walk ten miles and back under the burning summer sun whenever the possibility occurs of attending mass During her brief winter sojourns in Boston she rises before day, walks a long distance to the cathedral, attends the first mass and walks back to her hotel in time for an early breakfast

Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett is small in stature, but very plump, and has a large square face, with a fresh, English complexion She is very youthful and coquettish in her manners and talks in a girlish kind of way Those who do not like her even go so far as to say she is very affected in her manners.

Although Miss Murfree seems to have leaped into fame at a single bound, she has really been writing for a long time. It is ten or a dozen years since the signature of Charles Egbert Craddock first appeared in the magazines, and ever since then her stories of the Tennessee mountains have been frequent visitors to the pages of several magazines But they did not attract attention until the English went into raptures over "Where the Battle was Fought," and then she suddenly found herself famous

Mrs Jenness Miller, whose system of æsthetic dress reform is beginning to attract a good deal of attention, was once a dressmaker, but her enthusiasm for woman suffrage was aroused, and she left her dressmaking for the lecture platform and spoke through Massachusetts for the suffragists. She afterward espoused Ben Butler's cause and delivered several addresses in his behalf during his successful campaign for the Massachusetts governorship.

Mrs Julia Ward Howe has always belonged to that class of women who were dubbed "strong-minded" some twenty five or thirty years ago, but even that reputation and her Concord philosophy too, do not lessen her terror of crossing a crowded street. She will gaze helplessly across, cling to anybody who offers assistance, stand in the middle of the street and stare at an approaching horse car, and then grab up her skirts and run back, just as scoffing men declare women always do

Lucy Stone, to all young women whom she meets in any way whatever, is the personification of motherliness. One involuntarily thinks of her as being the ideal matron of a home for young girls She is small, and increasing years have made her rather stout, while her fresh and rosy complexion causes her to look much younger than she really is

CATHERINE HAWKINS

NOTE

Dr Lucy M. Hall, the resident physician of Vassar college, was one of the guests at the annual dinner of Sorosis last week Dr. Hall is not burdened with undue concern at the evil prognostications of Dr. Withers Moore or others of his ilk Two or three times within the past year I have asked her of the health record of the young women in her care and the invariable reply has been that it was excellent Last year she tells me she kept a careful list from New Year's day to December, tabulating every hour lost by sickness by the girl students throughout the school When the twelve months were over she compared her statistics with the corresponding health tables of the young men at Amherst, only to find the Vassar girls appreciably in the lead The list of ailments in the girls college was the shorter, and the total number of days of duty looked small beside the figures of the supposedly more robust men Study does not hurt the health she says the girls gain flesh and color under the regimen of regular work and the stimulus of wholesome mental drill

It would be worth Mr Howells's while to attend a session or two of Miss Maria Parloa's cooking class. I am not sure that he would care—any more than I do—for the latest wrinkle in the preparation of clear soup but if he did not get a new idea of the possibilities of straightforward, honest poise on the part of a woman, in the best of humor with the world and not bothered with consciousness of self then the novelist is impervious to any conception other than that of the bit of nerves with the labyrinth of crooks and turns in her insincere mental make up that he seems to delight in

The other day something slipped and boiling water ran over Miss Parloa's two hands There was a little cry from the hundred or more women in the room, but not a sound, not a change of a muscle of the face of the lecturer A little soda on the raw, red flesh, a handkerchief torn in halves, and the business of the hour went on, those hands swelling into puffy balls of pain before her hearers eyes She did not flinch from her business nor abate one jot or one tittle of her running fire of jests till the morning's baking was out of the oven and the work of the session done

The working girls guilds of New York have sprung into sudden life and growth Three years ago to the best of my knowledge, the city had not one There are six or eight to-day, with three or four across the river in Brooklyn, and two or three in Jersey City beside Miss Grace H Dodge, the school commissioner, is the moving spirit of them all, and has made them stand for self help, study and mutual good-will The guilds have 3000 members at the least, and their continued organization means growing intelligence when it is needed most, a half dozen libraries started in as many club rooms, pleasant places for evening resort with now and then a lecture and a simple tea, and, last but not least, women physicians regularly employed to give skilled service to all that need

Soda fountains at Plunder's, the druggist.

NEW YORK LETTERS.

Characteristics of the Wall Street Crowds.

John Swinton Writes of Americanized Nihilists—Sara Bernhardt Not a Great Success in New York

It strikes the visitor as odd at first to notice ladies among the throng of men on the marble-paved floor of the Real Estate exchange in Liberty street, where sometimes $2,000,000 worth of property is sold in three quarters of an hour at the auction stands where men grown wealthy in the real estate business raise their voices in a chant of trade like priests of commerce

Several ladies are members of the exchange, including a daughter of David G Crowly, the husband of Jennie June, and once managing editor of the *World* There is always a sprinkling of women in the crowd They gather around the auction rostrums and bid themselves —ten thousand, twenty, fifty thousand dollars or more, according to the value of the property

The other day a matter-of-fact lady of German birth bought two five story brownstone dwellings in One Hundred and Twenty fifth street, near the Seventh Avenue boulevard, for $55,500 A young woman, hardly more than a girl, paid $18,000 for a house another bid $20,500, secured a four story house in West Forty fourth street, near Broadway The ladies are failures as speculators in Wall street and on the Produce exchange As in the Reign of Terror, the guillotine spared neither sex, so in the fever of speculation the market decapitates financially with steely impartiality the man or woman who happens to be under the knife This is a nothing that the average woman cannot endure She speculates too much, moreover, on mere impulse or sentiment. Men do that too, but not to so large an extent For one Hetty Green, with a man like capacity for finance, there are thousands of her sex who seem by nature unfitted to face the dangers of speculation and financiering They weep when they lose and don't see how it can be They are sure they have been cheated That broker must be a rascal and too mean for anything On an elevated railroad train the other day a beautiful woman of perhaps 30, in a close fitting, tailor made suit, in the next seat, remarked to a lady companion

"Now, my dear, I will see what my stock is quoted" She turned to the Wall street article in the evening paper, which she held in masculine fashion, and in a tone that was unavoidably audible said

"Why, it doesn't change at all It just stays at the same price That is great. It just ought to go up"

It was only a straw but it shows which way the wind is blowing Ladies lose in Wall street, but new aspirants for pin money or fortunes are not wanting In the real estate transactions already mentioned they show to better advantage They are not so apt to get beyond their depth They pay considerable cash and then give a mortgage, for which they provide with more shrewdness and prudence than many men would do, a fact which shows that women with proper training would develop a high degree of skill in business, as indeed not a few have already shown

Among the members of the real estate exchange, by the way, are John, Jacob and William Astor, who are perhaps the largest holders of real estate in the city. The Astors own so much real estate that it does not pay to insure it, The loss of a house or two now and then out of some hundreds would not be so serious as the insurance charges on the whole estate As to the general subject of real estate there is no boom here, but there is an increasing investment demand and prices are a little higher than a year ago

This is the era of great railroad organizations and consolidations As in political systems so in business The tendency is toward consolidation or unification What struggles in former ages to bring kingdoms and provinces into empires under the rule of Cyrus, or Alexander or Julius Cæsar; what fierce contentions to bring about the unification of Italy and the consolidation of German states, not to mention those horrors of war to preserve the American Union And so in business, and for the moment more noticeably in railroads We shall yet have a great route from New York to the South, and the so called Baltimore & Ohio "deal" is regarded with increasing interest. It will probably yet be effected in connection with the now famous Richmond Terminal, which swallowed its parent, the Richmond & Danville, and has a digestion equal to the maceration of the Baltimore & Ohio I see, by the way that there is no truth in the rumor that Alfred Sully was to be displaced as president of the Richmond Terminal This is now, of course, generally known, but it would be interesting if the secret history of these negotiations and rumors—back at times with venom, spite and jealousy—could be given I don't know whether Mr Sully is used to the envy and malice of financial Iagos or not, but every other financial leader has been called a fool or a knave and had to surmount obstacles reared by jealousy, and he will probably fare no better than the rest in this respect. Of course, this particular matter is of no especial importance except as affording an interesting insight into the experience of millionaires which may well reconcile a philosopher to his poverty It tends to make the reflective mind rather disgusted with Wall street and the whole atmosphere of finance. As to this great "deal"—perhaps the most important in our railroad history—it is very carefully watched in Wall street. Commission houses look to its happy consummation as a rainbow of hope, prefiguring halcyon days of more active speculation and higher prices to come How some of the commission houses manage to escape along with no outside demand for stocks is one of the inscrutable mysteries of the "Street."

OSCAR WILLOUGHBY RIGGS

THE GENIAL AND ACCOMPLISHED

WHAT THE ABILITY TO SIT STILL MAY DO FOR A MAN

The ability to sit quietly and amiably in one chair for several hours every night has made many a man's reputation in New York Where everything is hurry and rush and roar, the abilities of a genial and accomplished loafer are recognized and admired No one seems to have any time to enjoy a tranquil smoke or a placid talk except the shining light who decorates nearly every club and cafe by his air of serenity and permanency

Col T Porterhouse Ochiltree can occupy a chair with an air of inborn grace that nothing ever disturbs He is built for sedentary anchorage When he carefully selects a very large and very firm arm chair in Delmonico's, the Hoffman house or the Carleton club pulls it around to a position that will command a bird's eye view of the room, and glances about with the air of a veteran commander taking a look at his ship, a sensation is visible in the apartment The waiters stand erect, the bartenders are all attention, and the rushing throng ceases for a moment in its headlong flight and glances toward the man who is about to settle himself for the night. Having observed all this the colonel pulls down his billowy waistcoat, settles his collar with a dainty and rakish wriggle of the forefinger, and grasping the arms of his chair firmly lowers himself slowly into its hospitable depths Then he heaves a tremendous cough beams pleasantly upon the universe and the suspended animation of the scene is over A feeling of infinite and touching rest spreads through the feverish mob after this, for it is felt that there is one fixture in the room that nothing but an earthquake can disturb as long as the bar holds out Men rush in and out as before but through the night if anything should go amiss and time hang heavy on their hands, they know where they can at any time find Col Ochiltree at his best

The amiability of the fiery Texan and the infinite hospitality of his nature were never more charmingly displayed than one night last winter in the Carleton club It was very late—after [illegible] o'clock in the morning—when Dixey the comedian, motioned to me as I was leaving and tiptoed gently toward the smoking room I followed and beheld a picture which I shall never forget. In the middle of the handsome room in the easiest of chairs and in the most comfortable of positions sat Col Ochiltree, with a half filled glass on the table before him and his burly figure shaking with mirth. He was relating one of his most famous anecdotes, and as the mellow radiance of the light fell upon his beaming countenance he was suggestive of everything that is entertaining and amusing The only other occupant of the room was Mr Berry Wall He was clad in the most fashionable attire, with a figured silk waistcoat, white-topped shoes and high collar A white rose was on his coat and he wore gloves of a very delicate shade of gray His slim figure was disposed of artfully on two chairs directly opposite the colonel Mr Wall was fast asleep Indeed, I never saw a man sunk in a more profound and sonorous slumber There he lay with his face turned towards the colonel, while that warrior thundered away happily with one story after another The polished floor and wainscot of the room, the decorations and the flood of light that fell upon the two varied figures completed the harmony of the scene A greater contrast could not be found on earth than that between the rugged, red-haired, tempestuous and mammoth son of the Texan frontier and the pallid, dissipated and worn out child of the fastest circle of New York life Yet there was a bond that bound them together firmly—the ability to enjoy life as it passed without joining the big fight for wealth that makes New York men the most restless and agitated of their kind

"How long have they been that way?" whispered Dixey to the steward, who had followed us to the door

"About two hours sir Shall I tell the colonel that you're here?"

"No, I wouldn't disturb them for the world"

As we came away the merry roar of the colonel's voice followed us out into the street

BLAKELY HALL

SMALL GOSSIP

HOW CERTAIN WELL KNOWN MEN WEAR THEIR HAIR AND BEARD

Rufus Blodgett, the new senator from New Jersey, who is more than half a New Yorker, is as bald and shiny on top of his head as any china door knob You might imagine you were looking down upon a row of babies heads were you to see sitting in a row at a theater Messrs Bob Ingersoll, Henry George, T A Merriman the congressman Henry Clews, the banker Dion Boucicault, Speaker Husted, of the New York assembly Joseph Howard Jr, and August Belmont The Hon Levi P Morton, the banker and ex minister to Paris, avoids this dread mistake by covering his head with the handiwork of man

Cowlicks have almost entirely disappeared from men's faces, but Joe Howard still clings to his In fact, the one he wears is exactly the one he first grew when he began reporting under Henry J Raymond in the good old days before the war No ruthless razor has ever touched that dear beard Buffalo Bill and Chester S Lord, the managing editor of the *Sun*, also wear goatees John Swinton always has the appearance of having carefully mussed his thin white hair before he stepped out of doors in the morning When he receives or pays a visit he usually tidies himself by giving an extra disturbance to his hair by running his fingers through it Parke Godwin, Jay Gould and Stephen V White allow their hair to grow all over their faces as it will but Messrs Gould and White keep theirs trimmed close and neatly Gen Shaler, the father of the fire departments of Chicago and New York wears his hair brushed straight up from his forehead like a wall on the edge of a cliff, and George Ehret, the greatest of the eighty brewers who keep New York's growler filled, combs his locks straight back without a parting like a little girl's except that he wears no back comb

Henry Bergh, the champion of all dumb creatures, has an elaborate and original method of cultivating his head covering He plasters it down on his forehead and then brings the ends around over and in front of his ears Gen Roger A Pryor's style of wearing his hair suggests the old rustic method of putting a bowl over the head and cutting the back locks even with the edge of the vessel His straight black hair falls in a sheer descent to his coat collar and then is suddenly chopped off Judge Barrett has a suggestion of a puff over his forehead, and Whitelaw Reid used to wear his hair long and full behind, but now the handsome editor wears it trimmed short behind like a youth's No man in the city pays more attention to his hair than Gen Daniel E Sickles It is always scrupulously well barbered In the state department at Washington there is an album that was intended for some Oriental potentate, but never was sent It contains the portraits of all the Union generals as they were at the opening of the war A gaunt black haired McClellan, a thin, black-headed boyish Hancock a Grant you would not know at all, and a very youthful Sherman But the portrait of Gen Dan Sickles in that book is a portrait of Gen Sickles of to day, minus the crutches with which he is forever accompanied Whether he has a barber call upon him every morning or not I do not know It is often done here in town and costs 50 cents a day Gen Chester A Arthur used to indulge in the luxury, and so did A Oakey Hall Grover Cleveland, by the way, has been shaved at home for about four years The handsomest head of hair in town is that of E I Stokes, of the Hoffman house—white, just a little peppered with black, and as deceiving a wig as is anywhere worn is that on the head of Mr Francis B Thurber, husband of the lady at the head of the National Opera company

JULIAN RALPH

PEACEFUL MEN OF BUSINESS

HOW RUSSIAN TERRORISTS SETTLE DOWN AS GOOD AMERICAN CITIZENS

"The terrorists will just reach the czar," said a Russian nihilist now here, as he spoke of the recent bombshell plot in St. Petersburg "It is the second known attempt against Alexander III, but there have been fifty other like plots within the past five years, never suspected even by the horde of secret police guarding the Little Father, who will one day suffer the doom of his predecessor"

You can any day see here in New York several of the terrorists who have played a part in previous conspiracies against the czar, and the speaker on this occasion was the author of that extraordinary subterranean dynamite plot at Moscow which came within a hair's breadth of success, and which sent all concerned in it, excepting the chief actor, to the scaffold

It is curious to see how these terrorist conspirators who find refuge on this side of the Atlantic, after their desperate adventures are lost in the general mass and fall into the ways of the country The author of the Moscow plot just referred to, for example, has struck the lines of fortune as an inventor, and one of his recent contracts is for the supply of banking institutions with an ingenious invention that is very serviceable indeed He is a business looking, taciturn, practical man, who has become naturalized, and is as full of American politics as he once was of Russian conspiracies Another of these conspirators who played his part in a terrorist plot that shook the czar's palace of Peter and Paul is now busy in New York as an electrician, and the complicated apparatus that fills his quarters reminds you of Edison's workshops at Menlo park Yet another terrorist, formerly belonging to the Russian artillery, who was actor in the same plot, recently left this city for a far Western state, where he is engaged as a mining engineer Among the other members of the Russian terrorist circle now here, one is a writer, another a doctor, a third a minister, while several are engaged in ordinary business pursuits. Few of the people who know them, or have dealings with them, are aware of their antecedents, about which they themselves are always silent, both on account of the prejudices they would encounter and by the danger to which they [illegible] are subject. Upon the head of at least one of them a large price is set, and few of them ever get rid of the idea that they are under the surveillance of Russian spies It will be remembered that when Mr Blaine was secretary of state a demand was made upon him for the delivery of Leo Hartman, who had fled this city to escape arrest According to recent dispatches from St Petersburg, the terrorist suspected of being the author of the late [illegible] plot against the czar was that [illegible] who three years ago, after the execution of [illegible] is believed to have found a harbor [illegible] in New York

But what I started out to say was this that the terrorist refugees in New York and their numerous nihilist brethren from Russia, are apt to settle down here as busy American citizens of a very peaceful and practical turn of mind

JOHN SWINTON

A FEW POINTS.

The [illegible] which has lately made its appearance in this city, is just now [illegible] of the journalistic firmament Congressman elect Amos J Cummings is its editor If the practical journalists of New York who are familiar with his work were to select by vote the ablest journalist in the profession no one doubts but that the honor would fall upon Amos J Cummings As soon as the public has had an opportunity to recognize his strong hand there is equally as little doubt of what its verdict will be It is now rumored that the *Times* will shortly issue an evening edition

The little controversy between Ella Wheeler Wilcox and a party by the name of Joyce may be considered at an end It was only about the authorship of a poem, but the fight waxed strong while it lasted Ella is the mistress of the field and has gone to Cuba to recuperate, as the London *Punch* would say Ella wrote "Laugh and Laughter," which begins, "Laugh and the world laughs with you and Joyce didn't, although he published it as his own in a book of poems The fair poetess declares that Joyce, in addition to being awkwardly connected with a coterie of whisky gentlemen, was the guest for a short period of the superintendent of an asylum for idiots, and he couldn't and didn't write "Love and Laughter" "So there now"

Sarah Bernhardt is not creating the furor in New York which her managers looked for on the strength of the sensation which her first visit created here Her support is very poor and there is little curiosity to see her

HENRY JAMES

THE REV GEO H THAYER of Bourbon Ind, says Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE
WOODARD CLARKE & CO Agents

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

History of the Society in Portland Since its Organization

The Pioneers of Presbyterianism—How the Old Church was Built—The Splendid Edifice Now Under Construction

The groves were God's first temples Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather back
The sound of anthems in the dark ling wood
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication

Ancient history furnishes many instances where pagan rites and ceremonies, offered up to the deities of mythology, were celebrated amidst the classic shades of Grecian woods as well as in the costly temples of the heathen gods Druidical priests of the early Celtic religion held their mystic observances and sacrifices of human beings beneath the wide spreading branches of the giant oaks of Britain, and under the evergreen mistletoe—both emblems revered and held sacred by the order which existed contemporaneous with the reign of the immortal Julius Cæsar Our stern, ascetic Puritan ancestors, who braved the rigors of winter and faced, with undaunted hearts, the perils of a stormy voyage across the Atlantic, in the frail Mayflower, worshipped God under the open and bleak skies of New England and beneath the dark shadows of the primeval forests Coming down to the pioneer days of Oregon, divine service was commonly held in open air, under the leafy maple groves and the cool, blue shades of our native cedar and fir, before even the days of the humble log house church For the past century the custom of holding the old fashioned campmeeting amid the fragrant woods has been observed in America by various religious denominations

But as civilization has, in its steady onward march, redeemed the wilderness and made the waste places blossom as the rose, and as isolated individuals and communities have, in the natural growth and development of social influences, united and organized the necessities and conditions of pioneer existence have been marvelously changed Organization of religious societies, increase of population and the social obligations imposed by village, town and city life, have rendered the erection of church edifices both convenient and necessary Portland, in respect to the number of its church organizations, their numerical strength and the enterprise displayed in building large, commodious and elegant temples dedicated to the services of the Almighty, is not behind any city of the Union when the question of population and age is considered Strangers visiting Portland are greeted on every hand with the "tapering spire which points modestly toward heaven"

However, the purpose of this article is merely to give a brief historical sketch of the early organization of the First Presbyterian church of this city, its career of moral usefulness, and a detailed description of the new and magnificent edifice now in process of construction, the basement of which is nearly completed

Away back in the pioneer days, when Portland was only a straggling, provincial village, prior to the period of broad sidewalks, macadamized or graded streets of handsome and pretentious brick structures, when the site of the present beautiful city was covered with lofty forests and dense thickets of undergrowth when the social system was in a comparatively crude and undeveloped condition, the elegancies of refined life measurably unknown, and population sparse the organization of the first Presbyterian church society was commenced and successfully consummated

The first organization was in 1851, but for want of ministerial oversight became disorganized, was abandoned and finally ended in total extinction Five or six years elapsed before another effort was made at organization Referring to the early church records it is found that in the fall of 18[illegible] several families in Portland, together with some of the members of the Congregational church of the city who were Presbyterians in sentiment, being desirous of the organization of a Presbyterian society and having subscribed $800 towards the support of a missionary for the first year, forwarded a request to the board of domestic missions of the "Old School Presbyterian Church" for the services of a missionary. This board replied promptly to the application by sending out Rev P S Caffrey, a graduate of Princeton Theological seminary, who, with his wife and two children, arrived in Portland June 4, 1860 On the 10th of June Rev Mr Caffrey delivered his first sermon in the court house building This was the old court house building which stood at the corner of Front and Salmon streets, which has long since vanished before the steady march of improvements

August 3 1860, the first church was organized by the Rev Mr Thompson, of Clatsop Plains At the same time James McKean, S M Hensill and Israel Mitchell were ordained ruling elders, and A H Bell elected deacon in the church At the same meeting the following persons were enrolled as members by letters S M Hensill, Israel Mitchell, Mrs Mary Robertson, Mrs Margaret Smith, Mrs Eliza Ainsworth, Mrs M Jane Hensill, Mrs Frances Sophia Law, Mrs Sarah J Mead, Miss Leonora Bissom, James McKean, A H Bell, Mrs Jeremiah Hodges Mrs Caroline Couch, Mrs C A Ladd, Miss Polone Clark, Mrs L L Blossom, Mrs Agnes Groomes

At a subsequent meeting the following persons were admitted by letter and on profession David R Hodges, Mrs R H Holman, Miss Alice Holman, Miss Mary Millard, Miss Henrietta Millard, Mrs. Mary Millard, Mrs Helen Hendrie Mrs J D Holman, Samuel Bell, Mrs Sarah Caffrey, Mrs Manilla B Wright, Miss Elvira Carson

Articles of incorporation were soon after filed, a board of trustees appointed, and the organization of the society perfected The lease of a wooden building was soon after secured for church purposes This building stood at the corner of Third and Morrison until within eight or ten years ago, and, for a long time, was occupied as a grocery store kept by the firm of Weeks & Morgan Services were held regularly in that building for several years—until the completion and formal dedication of the new wooden building at the corner of Washington and Third streets

Two lots were finally purchased at the corner of Third and Washington streets, and steps were taken toward the erection of a new church edifice Consulting the church records again, we find the following significant paragraph

Rev Mr Caffrey was cordially received by the congregation and citizens and success in his new field was assured He was received under the care of Presbytery and ordained as an evangelist at the [illegible] September following his arrival Warm and steadfast friends gathered around this church and gave it their moral and pecuniary support Audiences increased The pastor's salary was [illegible] and in 1861 the church became self supporting Thenceforward it was a contributor to the boards of benevolence and has many times over repaid what it received

The original purchase price for the 100 feet square was $1000 This sum was raised entirely by the ladies of the church, who organized a sewing circle During the year 18[illegible] the new church (now the old one) was commenced, but was not completed until the following season As then completed the edifice cost $[illegible] Again the ladies of the society came valiantly to the rescue and raised sufficient money to handsomely and comfortably furnish the interior of the building The formal dedication of the new church took place Sunday, May 2[illegible] 18[illegible] On Monday, May [illegible] the sale of pews took place Under date of the 24th the following paragraph is found in THE DAILY OREGONIAN

An eager crowd assembled yesterday afternoon at the new Presbyterian church for the purpose of purchasing pews for the ensuing year Sixty dollars was the highest sum bid for choice and the whole amount of rent and premiums was about $[illegible] for over fifty pews disposed of leaving fifteen or more still to be sold

Rev George H Atkinson, of the Congregational church, preached the dedicatory discourse, and other exercises were conducted by Rev P S Caffrey, the pastor The following brief description of the church is copied "The interior of the church is admirably arranged and finished There are seventy pews in four rows, arranged on lines slightly curved. They are over all comfortably cushioned and will accommodate an audience of over 400 The whole floor is handsomely carpeted as well as the pulpit platform which is raised about three feet from the floor The building is 4[illegible]x[illegible] feet." As before stated, the church was furnished by the ladies of the congregation, the total sum so contributed reaching $2[illegible]00 Mrs H W Corbett presented the fine and musically toned bell, which for so many years past has swung its mellow tones far and wide over the city and called the worshippers together This bell, which still hangs in the old belfry, cost about $[illegible]

Rev Mr Caffrey's ministry extended through six years and a half in that time eighty six persons were received into membership, and the resources of the church steadily increased His ministry was able, faithful, and earnest his firmness and fidelity unflinching The steadiness of his administration in the church, and his wise counsels in Presbytery, demanded by the times, should ever be held in [illegible] remembrance On the first of January, 18[illegible] his health having failed, he retired from his charge and closed his labors on this coast His health has never since permitted him to resume the stated work of the ministry For many years past Mr Caffrey has been living in Virginia At the latest accounts he was still alive, though considerably advanced in life and in rather feeble health His present postoffice address is Partlow, Va

In August, 18[illegible] Rev Dr A L Lindsley, then of the Presbytery of Connecticut, was unanimously invited to accept the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, rendered vacant by the resignation of Rev Mr Caffrey He declined, but in July 1868, was induced to visit the church, and entered upon what proved his pastoral work He was installed on the 2[illegible]th of April 18[illegible], and uninterruptedly filled the pastorate of the church until within less than a year ago, when he resigned to accept the presidency of the new Presbyterian Theological seminary of California During the seventeen years of his ministry, steady and substantial growth followed to the church, not alone in numbers but in all the elements of religious progress Harmony, fraternal regard, and organized cooperation, as well as promptaction in their own organization and liberality in all works of charity and relief, appealing to Christian sympathy and duty, characterized the church Dr Lindsley left Portland with his family some months ago, and is residing in Oakland, Cal His thousands of friends in Portland, and all over the Northwest coast will be gratified to learn that his health is excellent, and his future prospects encouraging

The project of erecting a new church building, either on the site at the corner of Third and Washington streets, or on grounds more remote from the center of business activity, has been agitated for some years past. Advantageous offers to purchase the church property were made from different persons from time to time but nothing definite was determined upon Offers were also made the board of trustees, from various sources, to sell a suitable piece of ground for the proposed church Several years ago two lots were bought at the corner of Tenth and Alder streets The land was purchased from Mr C A Dolph, and the sum of $10,000 was paid therefor This gave the church only one quarter of a block Subsequently, the remaining portion of the half block was purchased from Mr J K Gill for $13,000 On this portion Mr Gill's elegant residence stands It will beyond doubt, be used as the residence of the pastor of the new church on the completion of the building

Less than one year ago the church property at the corner of Third and Washington streets was sold at public auction Bidding was lively, but the land and building were knocked down to Mr Sylvester Farrell, who paid the handsome sum of $[illegible] By the stipulations of the contract, the use of the old building will be allowed the church for public worship until the new one is finished and ready for occupancy The sale did not include any of the furnishings, the pews, cushions, carpets, organ and other fixtures being reserved by the board of trustees The old wooden edifice is one of the venerated and familiar landmarks of the city Modern improvement, in its increasing onward movement, has not touched the architectural outlines of the building during the past quarter of a century Just as it was finished (with but one exception) the structure has stood all these long years Even the remorseless and voracious tooth of time has been merciful. Tempests have washed it with the tears of nature, and sunshine scorched it with midsummer suns, but the ravages of the elements have left no permanent stains which occasional slight repairs and the charity of paint have not almost wholly obliterated Few wooden buildings can be found in the city which are better preserved or more secure

The one exception noted parenthetically above is the loss of the upper portion of the church spire During the terrific windstorm which swept with cyclonic force all over the country on the 9th of January, 1880 the spire was blown down Hundreds of spectators, while the storm was at its height, watched the old steeple while it shook, swayed and trembled like a slender reed Presently a fearful blast from the wind god whirled over the city and hurled the spire from its secure fastenings Down it came with a loud crash, but fortunately missed the building adjoining the church, and committed no further damage than smash the fence and crush some small shrubbery in the yard No attempt was ever made to rebuild the tempest destroyed spire The base of the cupola was roofed over so as to protect the bell, and the building has stood spireless since the long remembered storm

Months ago work was commenced on the foundation of the future building Excavation for the basement was completed last fall, which was rapidly followed by the stone masonry Unavoidable delays resulted during the winter months, but operations are now being crowded forward with all possible vigor Within two weeks from present writing the basement story will be completed. According to the architect's designs, the new church will be Gothic and when finished will, without doubt, be the handsomest church building on the Northwest coast

The general arrangement of the new building may be described as follows It is a one story structure, containing vestibules, cloister, auditorium, pastor's study, hall and stairs, lecture room, parlor or class room and library The auditorium is 6[illegible]x77 feet, having a seating capacity for about 720 persons or, with movable seats, could accommodate about 900 persons The seats are circular in form and are reached by means of two side aisles, each four and one half feet wide, and one center aisle, six and one-half feet wide The main entrances leading to the auditorium are from the front or east end These entrances are a feature in themselves and are composed of a tower vestibule at the northeast corner, a main vestibule at the southeast corner with a low-roofed cloister extending across the entire front connecting these vestibules. There is also a port cochere at the south east corner, and another doorway to the auditorium at the rear or west end from the hall of the Sunday school entrance

At the west or rear end of the auditorium is the pulpit, and back of the sacred desk the organ and choir gallery The organ, being a large, handsome one, will be placed in a large recess having a groined ceiling The roof of the auditorium will be eighteen feet above the floor at the sidewalls, extending to a height of fifty seven feet in the center This roof will be supported on side walls and six columns these columns and roof timbers with the roof lights giving the auditorium the appearance of having a clere story The construction of this roof is what is called open timbered with hammer beam trusses between the trusses are chamfered rafters and panels, all the timbers being exposed to view Arches are formed from column to column, and from the columns to the side walls the spandrils being filled in with ornamental work

Cloisters and vestibule roofs are also open timbered and finished to correspond with the auditorium roof The walls from wainscoting to roof cornice will be plastered with plain stucco, for receiving fresco

The auditorium will be lighted by eight large mullioned windows having tracery heads and one handsome tracery window 1[illegible] feet at the east end above the cloister roof also four large tracery roof lights, all filled with stained glass of antique design

At the rear or west end of the building, running transversely to the auditorium, is the Sunday school portion, comprised of a lecture room [illegible] feet deep and a half stories high, having a parlor or class room at the north end [illegible] feet, also a library Above the parlor and library there is a gallery The entrance to the Sunday school is from Alder street on the north side from the hall At this entrance are the stairs to the galleries and also to the basement The pastor's study is situated on the south side between the auditorium and lecture room, with access to both A hat and cloak room is fitted up under the organ gallery

The lecture room, when completed and frescoed, will be a very handsome room, the walls and roof being treated similar to those of the main auditorium, except that between the roof trusses will be plaster instead of wood paneling A large rose window at the south end, as also the side windows, will be filled with stained glass and add greatly to the beauty of this room Large sliding doors connect the parlor with the lecture room A dumb waiter is fitted up from the parlor to serving-room in the basement, for use of church socials

The building will be thoroughly ventilated and heated A basement extends under the entire size of the building, a portion being used for lavatories, kitchen, store and serving room, wood and coal cellars, etc A portion of the basement is so arranged that it can be utilized hereafter as class rooms in connection with Sunday school The remainder of the basement is for heating and ventilating purposes Access can be had to the basement both from the tower and by the stairs from the Alder street entrance hall

The woodwork throughout the interior will be of selected Oregon timber, using yellow fir for the main timbers of the roofs, the ornamental work being of cedar The wainscoting and trimming of the first and gallery floors will be of cedar Basement work will be finished with yellow pine main entrance doors of dark oak—all in natural colors and hard oil finished

The exterior walls will be built of three kinds of stone, that for the basement being of dark blue basaltic rock, from Oswego, relieved with gray sandstone, from Bellingham bay Superstructure will be of a pinkish-colored igneous rock, from [illegible] land

The roof [illegible] green color [illegible]

A [illegible] throughout [illegible] tern [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] 140 feet [illegible] feet [illegible] feet above the [illegible] iron finial, [illegible] of roof is well and gables [illegible] terra cotta [illegible] side of the building [illegible] through [illegible] Tenth to [illegible] streets the [illegible] by stone [illegible] will be placed [illegible] iron gate

The [illegible] has been definitely fixed [illegible] edifice [illegible] Wm D McCaw [illegible] architect He has [illegible] church architecture [illegible]

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE [illegible]

The following [illegible] estate market is [illegible] Fred Clark & Co, [illegible]

The business of the past [illegible] marked by any special [illegible] the interstate commerce [illegible] our heavy merchants to [illegible] stocks of merchandise [illegible] made, or arranged for, [illegible] stringency in local [illegible] consummation of [illegible] the past two or three weeks [illegible] ever, prevented the [illegible] whose inquiries [illegible] fidence appears [illegible] strength The [illegible] the best residence [illegible] Albina lines [illegible] and for home [illegible] number of [illegible] The recorded transfers [illegible] number fifty three, [illegible] Our report of the [illegible] showed the [illegible] $13,7[illegible] [illegible] showed transfers [illegible] the total of [illegible] $1[illegible] 41

Following is [illegible]

C [illegible] [illegible] blk [illegible]
United States to [illegible] acres sec 1 [illegible]
Seth [illegible] to [illegible] Carruthers [illegible]
Jane M [illegible]
J J Montgomery [illegible] lot [illegible] blk [illegible] Albina
Masonic [illegible] [illegible] sec 1 [illegible]
Calantha [illegible] berg [illegible]
John Irving [illegible] blk [illegible] 1st add [illegible]
Jonathan [illegible] acres sec 1 [illegible]

C D & F P [illegible] lot 11 blk 7 [illegible]
[illegible] lots [illegible]
Samuel [illegible] Stephens [illegible]
O I [illegible] lot [illegible]
D F [illegible] part lots [illegible]
C C [illegible] to Mrs [illegible] Belleview [illegible]
H Hanson and wife [illegible] blk 1 Hansons [illegible]
O Johnson [illegible] sec 29 [illegible]
Bertha [illegible] 50x100 [illegible]

John Morton [illegible] acres sec 1 [illegible]
A H V Levee [illegible] on 114 acres sec [illegible]
Jones D [illegible]
C G Hummell [illegible] lots [illegible]
P C [illegible] lot 7 blk [illegible]
P C Jorgensen [illegible] blk B Caruthers [illegible] Couch 50x10 [illegible]
J B Montgomery [illegible] lots 15 16 blk [illegible]
H B Stubbell [illegible] Manzy C [illegible]
H C Wortman to A [illegible] 24 25 26 blk [illegible] Albina
John M Pittenger to [illegible] lot 24 blk 16 [illegible]

C L Barlow to [illegible] in 100x100 feet of [illegible] Albina
Wm Doughty to J W [illegible] 10 [illegible]
John Andrew to [illegible] blk 2 Irving [illegible]
D T Brown to A [illegible] 1 2, blk 1 Brown [illegible]
A A Bowen to [illegible] 26 blk 20 Albina
John W Shattuck, Jr [illegible] tuck [illegible] of sec [illegible]
J B Montgomery [illegible] strong lots [illegible] Albina
A W Wright and wife to [illegible] ½ blk 111 West [illegible] Homestead Association

N Doane and wife [illegible] al lots 1 [illegible]
Anna Dilley [illegible] [illegible] part of [illegible] West Portland Home [illegible] B Wistar Morris [illegible] Carters
P A Marquam [illegible] lot 4 blk [illegible] Carruthers [illegible]
J B Montgomery [illegible] 10 blk 17 Albina

Lila C Sabin to [illegible] 1[illegible] Caruthers
H Hanson and wife [illegible] blk 1[illegible]
D L Pretyman [illegible] feet of [illegible]
R H Holmes [illegible] W ½ lots [illegible]
C M Carter [illegible] Crover [illegible]
D Marx and [illegible] lot 8 blk [illegible]
C I Clarke [illegible] 50x100 feet [illegible] city
C Catlin [illegible] feet [illegible] street [illegible] city [illegible]
H C Breeden [illegible]
Henry Davenport [illegible] 50 feet [illegible]
A L T [illegible] to [illegible]
M Constable [illegible] part acres sec [illegible]
J I Montgomery [illegible] et al 50x100 [illegible]

Country
City
Couch
Caruthers
East Portland
Albina
Country

Total deeds [illegible]
Mortgages
Releases

SERVICE [illegible]

IMPORTANT [illegible]

Yesterday [illegible] circuit court [illegible] motion of the [illegible] cate the judgment [illegible] them in favor of [illegible] was brought [illegible] car cords of [illegible] vice was made [illegible] ant corporation [illegible] the matter to [illegible] was made [illegible] judgment [illegible] [illegible] the articles [illegible] passed upon the [illegible] Banking Company [illegible] by default against [illegible] the price of [illegible] defendant [illegible] the president of the defendant [illegible] Portland. He allowed [illegible] default, and applied [illegible] judgment [illegible] defendant then moved to have [illegible] the ground that the [illegible] place of business [illegible] could not be made [illegible] pending on the motion, and [illegible] of considerable [illegible] importance. It appeared [illegible] the defendant corporation [illegible] business, when [illegible] summons against the [illegible] its president. [illegible] legal service [illegible] a corporation exists only through [illegible] representatives [illegible] respect a corporation [illegible] [illegible] take notice of the service [illegible] The motion [illegible] question being an [illegible] to see it finally determined [illegible]

MATTERS SOCIAL.

A Resume of Social Happenings for Past Week

Crystal Wedding Anniversary—The Friday Evening Dancing Club—Movements of Well Known People

VANITY FAIR

[illegible]

A [illegible] While [illegible] A great [illegible] Simple [illegible] [illegible]

Among [illegible] Victor [illegible] The present [illegible] was a [illegible] beautiful [illegible] spring, [illegible] with cigars and cigarettes Among [illegible] social engagements of Sig [illegible] to her Royal Highness the Duchess of [illegible] Bridge now in her [illegible] year [illegible] a [illegible] fond of music and as she [illegible] family reception every evening from [illegible] o'clock, her greatest pleasure is [illegible] Tosti sing and play the airs which used [illegible] her when she was young and, as [illegible] went into the world

It was in Chicago which by the way [illegible] a creation in everything but baseball [illegible] she was no more than 20—very pretty [illegible] innocent looking as a lamb—was caught [illegible] and locked up for obtaining money under false pretenses When taken to police headquarters and searched the girl was found [illegible] arrayed in the garments of a light [illegible] artists of the vaudeville stage Her dress revealed a new phase of criminal cleverness, when she saw that she was discovered [illegible] innocence owned up and operated [illegible] for the entertainment of her captors [illegible] a tight, dark suit, and what seemed to be [illegible] felt hat, with one of those rolling [illegible] so often seen upon the streets [illegible] movement of many hooks, eye and [illegible] movement of fingers around [illegible] changed the shape and drapery of the dress [illegible] a different [illegible] head was a neat turban Another [illegible] of the dress changed her [illegible] and still another into a [illegible] Hundreds of [illegible] people and [illegible] church of Chicago had [illegible] Chicago could have produced such [illegible] I think that it will take good [illegible] many days

That great [illegible] was so busily engaged in [illegible] to have very intricate trouble [illegible] guidance of players seeing [illegible] are the questions asked of the [illegible] papers as to the way in which [illegible] be played—I mean left There [illegible] doubtless some people [illegible] one card or two [illegible] whether a corner of a card should [illegible] ed up or departed [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] IN [illegible]

The past week has been [illegible] week being Holy week [illegible] very [illegible] entertaining [illegible] complete account of [illegible] be found appended

[illegible]

Miss Ada McC[illegible] entertained a few [illegible] at her home The [illegible] rehearsal at the [illegible] W E A [illegible] Gertrude [illegible] S F Ayer [illegible] E Wells [illegible] Valentine

[illegible]

Among the enjoyable [illegible] few days [illegible] tenth, [illegible] S Lad[illegible] of the [illegible] brought with them [illegible] About 11 [illegible] served which [illegible] enjoyable evening

[illegible]

The [illegible] parlors at their residence [illegible] street All [illegible] meets were [illegible] Bernice [illegible] Jennie [illegible] [illegible] Mercer [illegible] Miss [illegible]

[illegible]

On [illegible] evening [illegible] Eglantine [illegible] the [illegible] was very [illegible] served [illegible] Miller [illegible] Emmett, [illegible] Parker [illegible]

[illegible]

On Friday evening [illegible] the whist club, which meets [illegible] at the residence of one [illegible] At the close [illegible] the game [illegible] supper was served [illegible] their departure [illegible] Mr and Mrs [illegible] Whitehouse [illegible] Miss Mou [illegible] Miss W [illegible] T E Wince [illegible] Miss Mary [illegible] E Ayer Mr R G [illegible] Mr H C [illegible] Mr E Kaufman and Mr G L Marsh

[illegible] WRIGHT

A quiet but very happy wedding was celebrated Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, South Fourth street. The marriage service was read by Rev W R [illegible], of Calvary Presbyterian church, and, as the words fell from his lips, Miss Effie Knox and Mr Fred L. Wright were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. Miss Knox has lived here for a number of years and is very popular among a large circle of friends. Mr. Wright has ma[illegible]

MATTERS SOCIAL.

A Resume of Social Happenings for the Past Week.

Crystal Wedding Anniversary—The Friday Evening Dancing Club—Movements of Well-Known People.

VANITY FAIR.

APRIL FIRST.

The angler sits upon the sward
And waits to feel the tug:
And there, at intervals, is heard
The gurgle of the jug.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast: to keep
The larder leane
And cleane
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, and yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre
Or ragged go
To show
A down-cast look, or sour?

No, 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin—
And that's to keep thy Lent.
—*Robert Herrick, 1678.*

Jewelers say the four-in-hand tie has greatly increased their sale of scarfpins.

Although all men are not millers, the tall white hat will come out again next May.

A great deal of absurd furniture is sold to the unsophisticated now as of Colonial style.

Scrap books in which to paste the daily slips from the hanging calendars have been introduced.

Among those who were honored by Queen Victoria with a New Year's gift was Sig. Tosti. The present selection by the Queen this year was a miniature upright pianoforte, in silver, of exquisite workmanship, which, on touching a spring, flies open and discloses receptacles filled with cigars and cigarets. Among the professional engagements of Sig. Tosti is a daily visit to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, now in her 90th year. She is still passionately fond of music, and, as she holds a sort of informal reception every evening from 6 until 8 o'clock, her greatest pleasure is to hear Sig. Tosti sing and play the airs which used to fascinate her when she was young, and, as she says, "went into the world."

Even in Chicago, which, by the way, beats creation in everything but baseball. A girl who was not more than 20—very pretty and as innocent looking as a lamb—was caught begging and locked up for obtaining money under false pretences. When taken to police headquarters and searched the girl was found to be dressed in the garments of a lightning-change artist of the vaudeville stage. Her dress revealed a new phase of criminal cleverness, and when she saw that she was discovered Miss Innocence owned up and operated her costume for the entertainment of her captors. She wore a neat, dark suit, and what seemed to be a dark hat, with one of those rolling, wide brims so often seen upon the streets. A swift displacement of many hooks, eyes and buttons and a movement of fingers around the hat changed the shape and drapery of the dress, revealing a differently colored front, and upon her head was a neat turban. Another manipulation of the dress changed her to a Sister of Charity, and still another into a fashionably dressed girl. Hundreds of charitable people and nearly every church of Chicago had given up to her. Only Chicago could have produced such a girl. And I think that it will take good care of her for sixty days.

That great "card game," which society is always so busily engaged in playing, would seem to have very intricate, troublesome rules for the guidance of "players," seeing how interminable are the questions asked of the editors of ladies' papers as to the way in which the visiting cards are to be played—I mean left. There must evidently be some people forever in a state of nervous doubt and indecision as to whether to leave one card or two, or no card at all; or as to whether a corner of a card should ever be turned down or departure heralded by the addition of the initials "P. P. C." But without entering into these knotty points, there is one practice which is becoming more and more common, though it is really quite against the rules of the card etiquette. I refer to the habit of sending cards to one's hostess by post, instead of calling after an entertainment, be it dinner or ball, or what not. As much trouble is obviously saved by this process, it is not strange that so many people, especially men, are ready to decide. But, as a matter of fact, it is quite inadmissible. If the distance is not too great to permit one accepting proffered hospitality, it certainly ought not to be considered too far to go to acknowledge the same. This seems to me too obvious to require discussion.—*London Figaro.*

SOCIETY IN GENERAL.

The past week has been dull socially, and this week, being holy week, will probably witness very little entertaining of any character. A complete account of what has taken place will be found appended:

DRIVE WHIST PARTY.

Miss Ada McCraken entertained a few friends at her home Thursday evening after the Mikado rehearsal at the Casino. Besides Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ayer, there were present Miss Savier, Miss Jennie Whitehouse, Miss Florence Savier, Mr. L. B. Ayer, Dr. A. D. Bevan, Mr. E. R. Adams, Mr. Will Jones and Mr. T. Valentine.

PLEASANT AFFAIR.

Among the enjoyable social events of the past few days was an informal celebration of their tenth wedding anniversary by Capt. and Mrs. W. S. Buchanan. Quite a number of the friends of the hospitable couple were present and brought with them a number of presents. About 11 o'clock a sumptuous supper was served, which brought to a close an altogether enjoyable evening.

EAST PORTLAND SURPRISE PARTY.

The Misses Samuels were given a pleasant surprise party at their residence on Seventh and H streets. At 10:30 o'clock some excellent refreshments were served. Among the surprisers were: Miss Carrie Ross, Miss Jennie Woodard, Miss Jennie Ingle, Miss Idella Marks, Miss Etta [illegible], Messrs. C. Storey, C. Fortmiller, F. Coffey, A. Ellis, J. Gwilt, C. Mercer, L. C. Campbell, W. H. McMonies, Barnett and J. Beno.

MISS RICHARDSON'S SURPRISE PARTY.

Monday evening a surprise party was tendered Miss Richardson, at her residence on Seventh street, between W and V, by a number of her friends. The evening was very enjoyably passed, by cards and dancing. At a late hour some excellent refreshments were served. Among the surprisers were: Misses [illegible], McGilvery, Arpin, Springer, Miller, Moore, Parker, Verstey, Messrs. J. Morrow, H. [illegible], D. Dunbar, M. Parker, H. Grattan, J. [illegible] and L. Santaine.

CRYSTAL WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Osborn entertained a number of their friends on Monday evening, in celebration of their crystal wedding anniversary. [illegible] was indulged in during the evening, and at 11 o'clock refreshments were served. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. [illegible], Mr. and Mrs. W. McFall, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], Mr. and Mrs. C. Bernard, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Noon, [illegible] Mrs. W. Cake, Miss Kellette, Miss J. [illegible], Miss L. Blossom, Mr. H. Cake and [illegible] Easton.

MISS LADD'S WHIST PARTY.

On Friday evening Miss Ladd entertained the whist club, which meets every other week at the residence of one or another of its members. At the close of the game an elaborate lunch was served, the guests soon after taking their departure. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Corbett, Miss Gertrude [illegible], Miss Failing, Miss Montgomery, [illegible], Miss Wilson, Miss Mary Stout, Mr. [illegible], Mr. Whitney Boise, Mr. U. [illegible], Mr. R. G. Morrow, Mr. H. C. Carter, [illegible] and Mr. G. B. Markle.

KNOX-WRIGHT.

A quiet but very happy wedding was celebrated Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, 9 South Fourth street. The marriage service was read by Rev. W. E. Lundy, of Calvary Presbyterian church, and, as the [illegible] fell from his lips, Miss Effie Knox and Mr. [illegible] Wright were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. Miss Knox has lived here for a [illegible] and is very popular among a host of friends. Mr. Wright has many friends in this city and is known as a young man of staunch integrity and ability. The young couple have already gone to housekeeping at 46 Sherman street.

THE FRIDAY DANCING CLUB.

Mrs. J. B. Montgomery entertained the dancing club, which has been meeting alternate Fridays for the past two months. The evening was, as usual, very enjoyably spent. Among others present were: Mrs. H. J. Corbett, Mrs. Judge Catlin, Miss Etta Failing, Miss Lucy Schuyler, Miss Blanche Catlin, Miss Failing, Miss Genevieve Schuyler, Miss Hattie Caldwell, Miss Jessie Murch, Miss Mattie Hoyt, Miss Jessie Gill, Miss Fannie Hoyt; Messrs. Herbert Nichols, Robert Catlin, Herbert Cardwell, Archie Mason, Seth Catlin, Court Vedder, A. Dekum, E. P. Northrup, Phelps, Montgomery, George Dekum and Bert Towne.

SURPRISE PARTY.

Mrs. S. Dewey was agreeably surprised Monday evening by a large number of her friends calling on her in a body at her residence, corner of Seventeenth and S streets. Cards was the order of the evening's entertainment, and at 11:30 o'clock an elegant supper was served. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Dr. H. M. Russ, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Fenton, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Collyer, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Leroy, Mr. and Mrs. P. Crashlow, Mrs. R. M. Stuart, Mrs. C. C. Marton, Mrs. H. Pander, Mrs. Orin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Stone, Mrs. H. Delaner, Mrs. J. Moon, Mrs. F. A. Shoppe, the Misses Crocker, Messrs. Dean, Belding, Moore and Miller.

DIME SOCIABLE.

The woman's relief corps of the Grand Army of the Republic held a dime social at the residence of Mrs. N. S. Pierce, 110 Yamhill street. Quite a large number were in attendance, and the early evening was passed in card playing. At 10:30 o'clock a very nice supper was served, after which dancing was participated in for several hours. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques, Mr. and Mrs. Henen, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hackeny, Mr. and Mrs. Huggins, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Van Rheim, Mrs. Wright, Miss Wallace, Miss Laura Watkins, Miss Estes, Mrs. McCall, Miss Annie Pierce, Miss Alice Pierce, Messrs. Whitney, Atwood, Braum, Henen, I. Brudie and others.

SHORT—TOOZE.

Thursday, March 24, at the residence of the bride's parents at Wilsonville, Or., Miss Lottie G. Short was united in marriage to Mr. Charles T. Tooze, Rev. D. M. Keene, of Fairfield, officiating. Both of the young people are well and favorably known. The following is a partial list of those present: Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Short, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Jolly, Capt. and Mrs. S. V. Short, Hon. and Mrs. J. Kruse, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Geer, Mr. and Mrs. L. Kruse, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Tooze, Dr. and Mrs. Costo, Mr. and Mrs. J. Epperly, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cone, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kush, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hoefer, Misses Eva Short, Effie Geer, Ida Geer, Ada Ray, May Edwards, Lottie Casto, Maud Cone, Christina Brady, Lizzie Brady, Beda Sharp, Messrs. Irwin S. Geer, Ralph C. Geer, Chaud Cone, Frank M. Kruse, H. A. Kruse, M. McClincey, A. Brady, A. Steinbaugh, Chancy Calkins, J. Butson.

THE ARION MUSICALE.

In spite of the heavy rain on Thursday evening Arion hall was well filled with a fine audience. Every number of the programme which was published last Sunday, was well rendered. The mixed chorus shows fine training, while the male chorus of this society is without doubt the best ever heard in this city. The instrumental quartette played by Messrs. H. Wagner, Yellitz, A. Wagner and E. Siebenger, was received with well merited applause. The same must be said of the quartette sung by Mesdames Bock and Bonn and Messrs. Waddell and Krumiff, and the comical bass solo of the last named gentleman was sung with such admirable taste that it had to be repeated. The Arion will give a public concert at the end of this month, which deserves to be largely attended, as the programme is an excellent one and the society will do all within its power to make it a success in every respect.

ART NOTES.

Thomas Moore's poem of "Lalla Rookh" was the theme for illustration before the Art Club last Friday evening, but for some cause or other there was very little interest taken in that subject, judging from the meager results as compared with former efforts of the members.

The club contains a few members who are always on hand at the call, and it is to be hoped that the rest of the membership will fall into the column and give us more of their artistic productions.

Mr. E. W. Moore represented the following lines by a burlesque scene, with frogs as the combatants:

Among the dead and dying strew'd around,
While some pale wretch looked on, and from his wound
Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head.

No. 2, A. E. Powell, oil colors—A richly colored oriental interior screen, by the following:

A VEILED PROPHET.

And still he drank and pondered—nor could see
The approaching maid, so deep his reverie.

No. 3, J. Norman Biles, oil colors—This was the best subject that this artist has delineated for the club, and true to the lines:

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange. * * * She had lighted a small lamp filled with oil of cocoa, and, placing it in an earthen dish adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current.

No. 4, G. T. Brown, oil colors.—This was not up to the standard of Mr. B.'s usual excellence, probably owing to his not having read the poem, except where he brings in these two lines:

"'Twas when the hour of evening came,
Upon the lake, serene and cool."

No. 5, W. S. Rogers, pencil sketch on the following sentence:

"Our rocks were rough but smiling there,
The Acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less,
For flowering in a wilderness."

The first conception was awarded to J. Norman Biles, the second to A. E. Powell, the third to G. T. Brown. The next subject is entitled "Desolation," by Mr. C. L. Smith, for April 15.

NOTES

Monday evening, April 11, the Hibernians are going to give a ball.

The Bric-a-Brac Club met last night and there was a good attendance.

The closing ball of the Aristos Club will be given next Saturday evening at Masonic hall.

The Chrysanthemum Club gave another of their pleasant parties last night at Mrs. Foreman's hall.

At the benefit "Mikado" performance at the Casino, April 15, of course the doors leading to the bar will be locked.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Colburn entertained a few friends at their residence, corner of Fourth and E streets, East Portland.

Company K, O. S. M., are making preparations for a very swell ball, to be given at the pavilion Tuesday, April 19.

The Young Ladies' Dancing Club will give the last of their four dancing parties next Wednesday evening at Masonic hall.

"The Coming Woman" is the name of a play which will be given directly after Lent, at the residence of Mrs. R. H. Wilson.

Last night the Concordia Club gave their closing ball of the season. The affair was an unqualified success in every particular.

The Catholic Library Association will give a grand May-day picnic and excursion to the Cascades and Bonneville Saturday, April 30.

Next Saturday evening the Home Social Club, that substantial and highly successful social organization, which is of several years standing, will give a party at Honeyman's hall, corner of Front and Clay streets.

The "Moss Rose" Social Club gave one of the regular parties last night at Honeyman's hall. Their next party will be the last of the series, which they organized last October, and which have been very successful.

On Friday evening Miss Grace Watson was tendered a surprise party at Watson's hall. The evening was spent very pleasantly, being entirely given up to dancing. At 11 o'clock the company adjourned for supper, at which all the delicacies of the season were served.

Mr. Wilder Pease has secured an engagement with the American Opera Company, which organization he joins in May at San Francisco. Mr. Pease sang for Mme. Trebelli one day the early part of the week, that lady complimenting him very highly on his method, and she assured him he would find no difficulty on the operatic stage.

On Thursday morning of this week the marriage of Miss Louie M. Wakefield and Mr. Geo. L. Walker will be celebrated. The ceremony, which will be very quiet, will be performed at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Wakefield, 234 Eighth street. The young couple will leave the same day for the Sound on their bridal tour.

PERSONAL.

Mr. T. R. Merry left Tuesday for a short trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. L. H. Parker returned from San Francisco Wednesday.

Mr. Charles E. Mooney left Thursday for Denver, Col., in search of health. He will, if benefited probably go farther East before returning to this city.

Mr. Leslie Cooke and family left Thursday for Omaha, Nebraska.

Miss Redmond, of McMinnville, is visiting friends in this city.

Prof. Collier, of the Eugene University, came to Portland Thursday.

Mrs. Sam Beck has returned home, after a prolonged visit to relatives in Corvallis.

Mr. O. F. Paxton left Thursday morning for the Sound. He will be away about a week.

Mrs. Dr. C. E. Geiger, of this city, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley, at Salem.

Mr. C. J. Bandman, of San Francisco, has been visiting friends in this city the past week.

Mrs. Eugene D. White returned yesterday from an Eastern trip, much improved in health.

Gov. A. P. Swineford, of Sitka, Alaska, arrived in this city Friday. He is accompanied by his wife.

Capt. U. Sebree returned from his Sound inspecting trip Thursday. He was accompanied by his wife.

Mr. E. D. Hemmenway, of Ilia, W. T., accompanied by his wife, spent several days in the city the past week.

Miss Cora Wells, of East Portland, has gone to Salem. While there she will be the guest of Miss Grace Scriber.

Miss Nellie Ingalls, who has been visiting friends in San Francisco, returned to this city on the Columbia, arriving here Wednesday.

Mr. Mark Jones and family, of Roseburg, passed through this city Wednesday en route to Colville, W. T., at which point Mr. Jones expects to locate.

Miss Julia W. Phelps, a sister of Mrs. W. F. Carson, arrived in this city Tuesday from Chicago. She will pass the summer here the guest of Mrs. Carson.

Mrs. Alice M. Aiken has just returned from her trip to St. Louis and Chicago and will be in town a few days visiting Mr. E. F. Heroy, 227 Sixth street.

Mr. Fred M. Gilmore, Mr. G. H. Durham and Mr. Sam Stout went to Lafayette this week on legal business involving an insurance question. They returned Thursday.

Mr. C. C. Beekman, of Jacksonville, accompanied by his wife and daughter, arrived from the East the early part of the week, leaving the following day for their home.

Mrs. Lieut. Goodwin, of Port Townsend, accompanied by her two daughters, was recently the guest of Mrs. John Curran, of this city. They returned home Tuesday.

Miss Allie Hayden, daughter of Major I. P. Hayden, of Olympia, W. T., passed through this city Thursday on her return from spending a delightful winter in St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. M. Young, the genial conductor on the Albany express, has taken a short vacation of some six weeks and has determined to spend the same by making a visit among old friends in the Eastern states.

Mr. Will Jordan, an Oregon boy, well known in Portland as being connected with Clark & Upton, has just been admitted to a full partnership with Mr. Macy, a very prominent architect of San Francisco. Mr. Jordan has worked very hard for the past six years and fully deserves his good fortune.

Mr. Thomas Hill, the celebrated artist, left San Francisco a few weeks ago for Puget sound, intending to connect with the Sitka steamer and proceed to Alaska for the purpose of taking a number of sketches of the unrivaled scenery of those regions. However, as it was too early in the season to visit Alaska, Mr. Hill concluded to postpone his trip for a few months. He has been visiting friends on the Sound for some days. Several days since, Mr. Hill arrived here, and is now sojourning with friends. Early next week he will leave Portland for his home in San Francisco, accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edward R. Hill, and her mother, Mrs. A. Smith. Next June Mr. Hill will visit Alaska on a sketching tour.

MILITARY AND PERSONAL.

Chaplain M. C. Blaine, Fort Spokane, has been granted twenty days' leave of absence.

Lieut. B. B. Bryan, Second cavalry, Fort Walla Walla is this week enjoying a trip to Puget sound.

Lieut. D. Coruman, Twenty-first infantry, late adjutant of the regiment, is now in San Francisco on leave.

Gen. A. J. Perry, division quartermaster, with his son, was at department headquarters at Vancouver during the week, taking his departure on Tuesday.

The new dwelling for the department commander at Vancouver barracks is now about completed. It is spacious and comfortable, and more fit quarters than the old house. Gen. Gibbon is in no haste to occupy it, as he might be ordered to another field of duty next month.

It is thought probable that Col. H. M. Lazelle, acting inspector general of this department, will be appointed to fill the place made vacant by the death of Col. R. N. Scott, in charge of the rebellion records at Washington, D. C. Col. Lazelle is eminently fitted to occupy the position.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS.—New York. The Planting and Growth of the Empire State. By Ellis H. Roberts. In two volumes. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland.

A recent criticism of historical literature maintains that "those books only are historic which deal with events and influences contributing directly to the growth and development of given orders of human beings," and that "in the history of any country the people are the supreme points of interest and importance, and, in tracing the changes by which they have been practically affected in their political, industrial, social and moral relations, we discover the facts of real value regarding the country, and master the true philosophy of its existence and place among nations." Perhaps no short critique could embody more clearly than this the spirit and aim which have characterized that series of "American Commonwealths," which, under the able editorship of Horace E. Scudder, are enriching the history of the country. To this collection of "historical monographs" it was naturally to be expected that the Empire state, with its wealth of material, type and ancestry, would furnish a valued addition, and it is but just to say that this expectation is in no wise disappointed through the two volumes on "New York" by Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, have just brought out, as a part of Mr. Scudder's series. "The marshaling of all the forces, influences and events connected with the greatest of American commonwealths into an orderly place in the development of the state, is done with a skill and power which separates them as far as possible from the long and forbidding details which often make the matter and material of history a terror and a bewilderment to the general reader. The style is strong and incisive, yet everywhere smooth and pleasing. The character sketching is sometimes remarkable for bold stroke and outline, as when the author says of Stuyvesant: "He put on airs and strutted like a peacock. He was autocratic in manner, decided in speech and prompt in action;" or of Champlain: "He was merciful, if severe; self-restrained in the midst of speculation; commanded the confidence of successive holders of royal grants and of successive ministers of state, and justified this confidence by his discretion, his courage and his integrity." The pictures of Indian life, especially among the Iroquois or "people of the long-house," are most graphically presented, and the character of mission work in the early days clearly defined. Contrary, too, to the sad case presented for the Massachusetts commonwealth by a late writer, this author claims that the churches and missions gave "a direct impetus to educational influences," and that "the pulpit of New York has ever been a type of the progress of education of the people." The closing paragraphs of the book set forth in glowing periods the present prosperity and grandeur of this mighty commonwealth, which holds "nothing that touches humanity is alien to it," and "gathers the best gifts of a world's civilization into its bosom."

A CENTURY OF ELECTRICITY. By T. C. Mendenhall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. 230. Price $1 25. For sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland.

If the ghost of some man who died a hundred years ago could revisit the earth, there is nothing in the splendid advancement of the age that would so confound him as the developments of applied electricity. A force of nature which had laid strangely dormant during the dark centuries of the world's inert and unprogressive periods has, within the hundred years which have elapsed since its introduction as a new era in physical science, achieved with such gigantic results that it is difficult for even the scientist to keep pace with its development. It has entered our households and annihilated distance. With its aid we can order our dinner from the distant market, command instant service of messenger or livery, alter our yesterday's millinery directions to suit to-day's caprice, or summon the doctor five miles away without raising our voice or leaving our chamber. Our cities are made to literalize the scriptural prophecy, "there shall be no more night," so brilliant is the illumination electricity has yielded us. This familiarity with a most potent science has not engendered contempt for its wonder-working achievements, but, rather, it has awakened in the minds of all intelligent people a desire to acquaint themselves with the great fundamental principles which underlie its marvelous applications. Perhaps we have not the time to make a comprehensive study of the science of electricity, or even if we had we might not be able to grapple with its immense and far-reaching principles, any more than we can solve the problems of the stars and track the swift course of the comets through the infinite plains of heaven; but as there are hand-books of simplified astronomy to guide us in a superficial study of the latter science, so there are untechnical and instructive treatises on electricity which may enable the intelligent reader to understand in a measure the more important phases of its development, and give him "such a knowledge of its fundamental principles as will enable him to understand the meaning of those electrical devices with which he daily comes in contact." A modest little volume by T. C. Mendenhall and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, has undertaken to do this for the seeker after knowledge, and has succeeded admirably in the attempt. The author makes use of no obscure language to confound the reader. His work is a sketch rather than a treatise, and, although it presents, so far as it goes, a strictly accurate and scientific history, it cannot of course be considered a complete and exhaustive formula of the principles of electricity. There are larger works and more elaborate summaries of the marvelous science from which the reader, if so disposed, can draw the material to fill in this lighter sketch.

HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL ART. By Dr. Franz von Reber. Translated by Joseph T. Clarke. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland.

Dr. Franz von Reber, author of a "History of Ancient Art," has written a second volume, the "History of Mediæval Art," in which he shows the historical advance of art. His work differs in method from most of the histories that have preceded it. He gives less attention to the piling up of details, but shows the logical and consequential evolution of art, selecting the illustrations that prove this evolution. Recent discoveries have made this logical progress more clear, and the historian of art to-day is much better equipped for his work than he could have been twenty years ago. Following the track which leads now above ground, and now into the bowels of the earth, into the palaces of buried cities and amongst the treasures of tombs that have not been used for centuries, the historian follows the course of art from its rude beginnings, through all its changes, its glories, its debasements, its deadly sicknesses and its renaissance, to the present day. The art of each country must be treated separately. Each developed according to a fixed law, but the development was varied in time, and determined to a great extent by the race, language, religion and culture of each nation. Dr. von Reber has arranged his history with reference to these differences, and they enable him to show not only the logical progress of art in each nation, but the influence of one upon another, or the marked absence of that influence. Christianity, for instance, favored painting, and brought about a preponderance of that art over sculpture, which was the favorite expression of the older religions of "outwardness." Then in France the brilliant beginning of Gothic architecture was not accompanied by a corresponding advance in sculpture; and for a time England was dependent on France in both these arts. France lost the leadership in architecture, surpassed by Germany; in sculpture, surpassed by Italy; and even in the beautiful art of illumination she was obliged to yield to the Netherlands. In the fifteenth century art flourished chiefly in the Netherlands and in Italy; in the sixteenth century Italy was supreme in art, and made herself felt throughout the continent. This is an interesting way to write history. The chapter on portrait statues is noteworthy, and the book is abundantly illustrated. It is translated by Joseph Thacher Clarke.

AGRICULTURE IN SOME OF ITS RELATIONS WITH CHEMISTRY. By F. H. Storer, S. B., A. M., Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in Harvard university. Two vols., 12mo, $5. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Sold by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland.

This work, the fruit of many years' public instruction in Harvard university, is in no way a technical treatise nor designed for students of chemistry. From a literary point of view it ranks with the standard treatise of Mr. Marsh, The Earth as Modified by Human Action, rather than with the professional and learned treatises on agricultural chemistry. It is agriculture rather than chemistry that forms the subject of the book, and it is the general and universal phases of the subject that are treated rather than any particular operations of the agriculturist. The different topics discussed are very numerous and refer chiefly to the relations of the soil, air and water to the plant and to each other; tillage, manures and fertilizers, rotation of crops, irrigation, the growth of crops, are fully treated, and there are chapters on the staple crops. The style is clear and straightforward, and the discussion throughout is open to the comprehension of any intelligent reader. We have no knowledge, indeed, of any work on agriculture which is so comprehensive, scientific and yet so practical as this. It is a book not only for every agricultural specialist, but for every practical farmer.

THE IDEAL SHAKESPEARE. 12 vols. New York: John B. Alden & Co., 393 Pearl street. Price $6.

This edition of the complete works of Shakespeare is the most welcome surprise that Mr. Alden has yet given to his patrons. The type is large, the paper excellent, the margins wide, and the binding a model of elegance and good taste. The cheapness at which they are published is a marvel until one remembers that Mr. Alden deals directly with his customers, thus saving to them the heavy profits usually made by retail booksellers. The same edition is furnished in half morocco, marbled edges for $7 50 the set. Postage eight cents a volume extra on either style of binding. Sample volumes will be sent for 25 cents each, the purchaser to pay full price for the remainder of the set if the samples prove satisfactory, which they will be sure to do.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and Oak streets. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school 9:45 A. M.

Hood Street M. E. church, corner of Hood and Mead streets—Sunday school at 3 P. M. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. Free seats.

First Spiritual society of Portland meets in Red Men's hall, corner of Salmon and Second streets, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Usual exercises. All invited. Seats free.

Unitarian church—Corner Yamhill and Seventh streets, T. L. Eliot, minister. The evening service is the anniversary of the Christian union, with reports and appropriate addresses.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Washington and Third streets.—Sunday school at 9:45 A. M. Morning service at 11; evening service at 7:30. Preaching by Rev. R. B. Dillworth.

United Presbyterian church, corner of Sixth and Montgomery streets—Wm. R. Stevenson. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to the public.

Y. M. C. A., corner of First and Salmon. Young men's Bible class from 9:30 to 10:30 A. M. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Gospel meeting, conducted by the general secretary. All are cordially invited.

First Christian church, corner of Columbia and East Park streets. There will be regular services and preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., by Elder R. M. Messick. Sunday school at 12:30. All are cordially invited.

St. Stephen's Episcopal chapel, corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets.—Divine service will be held in the chapel on Sunday at 11 A. M. with celebration, and evening prayer at 4 P. M. Sunday school at 10. Seats free.

First Scandinavian Baptist church, Caruthers street, near Sixth, Rev. N. Hayland, pastor.—Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and 7:45 in the evening. Prayer meeting Thursday nights at 7:45. All are welcome.

First Congregational church, corner of Second and Jefferson streets, Rev. T. E. Clapp, pastor.—Morning service at 11 A. M. Bible school at 12:30. Society of Christian Endeavor meets at 6:30 P. M. Evening Gospel service at 7:30. All are cordially invited.

Hall Street M. E. church, corner of Hall and Sixth streets—Class meeting at 10 A. M. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:15 P. M. Tuesday, 7:30 P. M., Sunday school prayer meeting. Thursday, 7:30 P. M., general prayer meeting. Free seats to all services.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Immanuel church, B street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, Rev. John W. Skane, pastor—Services Sunday at 10:30 A. M., 7:30 P. M., and Good Friday at 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:15 o'clock P. M. Tuesday prayer meeting at 7:45 P. M. All are welcome.

Plymouth Congregational church, corner of Fourteenth and E streets—The new pastor, Rev. John M. Pamment, will commence his pastoral work in this church to-morrow (Sunday, April 3d) and will preach at the usual hours, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

Grace M. E. church, corner Taylor and Eleventh streets, Rev. E. W. Caswell, pastor—Communion service at 11 A. M. Rev. Clark Smith will give a missionary address at 7:30. Sunday school at 12:15 P. M. Young People's meeting at 6:30 P. M. Prayer service Thursday evening at 7:30; seats free; ushers in attendance.

Mariners' church, corner Third and D streets—Bethel services. The Rev. R. Gilpin, chaplain, will (D. V.) preach every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7:30. Bible class every Tuesday evening at 7:30. On Sunday evening at 7:30 Chaplain Gilpin will preach the funeral sermon of George Wilson, drowned on Tuesday morning. All are affectionately invited.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner of Ninth and Clay streets—Pastor, Rev. Warren H. Landon, residence 231 Tenth street. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school and Bible classes at 12:30 o'clock, immediately after the morning service. Prayer and praise service, conducted by the Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to these services.

First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor. Preaching to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock by the pastor. Morning theme, "The Nature of the Communion." Communion and reception of new members. In the evening the pastor will begin a series of discourses on "Heroes and Heroines of History"—subject, "Abraham, or the Victories of Faith." Sabbath school at 12:30 P. M. Seats are free. Strangers are welcome and all are invited. Baptism in the evening.

EAST SIDE PULPITS.

Advent church, corner of G and Tenth streets—Elder C. H. Boyd. Morning and evening service at the usual hour.

St. Francis church, I and Eleventh streets—Services at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 2 P. M. Afternoon service at 3.

Zion Evangelical Church—Preaching services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., February 20th. In the morning the pastor, O. C. Poling will preach.

First Christian church, at the hall on J street, between Fourth and Fifth. Preaching Sunday at the usual hours, morning and evening, by Elder W. N. Warren.

The East Portland Spiritual and Literary society hold meetings at their rooms, corner of Fourth and G streets, every Sunday at 3 P. M. All invited. Seats free.

St. David's Episcopal church, Rev. John W. Sellwood, rector—Regular services at 11 o'clock A. M., and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school meets at 9:45 A. M.

Mizpah chapel—Rev. D. O. Ghormley will preach at 4 on Sabbath, March 20th. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Strangers welcomed.

Methodist Episcopal church, corner I and Ninth streets; Rev. I. D. Driver, pastor—Regular services will be held at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school meets at 12:30 o'clock. All are welcome.

First Baptist church, corner G and Seventh streets—Rev. D. T. Richards will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., as usual. Sabbath school meets at 12:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

First Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and J streets, Rev. D. O. Ghormley, pastor—Divine services on Sabbath, at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Young people's meeting Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock. Strangers are invited.

We want to bet a little money that when Macaulay's New Zealander sits himself sadly down to view the ruins of St. Paul's, if he has any reading matter in his coat-tail pockets, that it will be Thackeray, not Howells.—*Puck.*

An indiscreet young man once asked a lady her age. "Wait while I count it," she replied, "I married at 18, my husband was then 30. Now he is twice that—then I must be 36." "Is it possible?" ejaculated the other aghast at this method of feminine computation. "Well, I should never have dreamed it."—*French Fun.*

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

(Under this head is a list of lodges and societies. We will thank secretaries to correct any errors. General meeting hour 7:30 P. M.; otherwise, so stated.)

A. F. & A. M.

Grand Lodge meets at Portland, June 15.
J. C. Fullerton, G. M., Roseburg.
F. J. Babcock, G. Sec., Salem.
Grand Chapter meets at Portland, June 13, 14.
Wallace Baldwin, H. P. Corvallis.
R. P. Earhart, Sec., Salem.
R. F. Gibbons, D. H. P., The Dalles.
Hall building, Third and Alder.
Harmony, second and fourth Monday.
Willamette, first and third Monday.
Portland first and third Friday.
Oregon Commandery, second Tuesday.
Scottish Rite Masons, first Tuesday.
Portland R. A. Chapter No. 3, fourth Wednesday.
Oregon Lodge of Perfection, first Tuesday.
Ainsworth Chapter Rose Croix Masons, 4th Friday.
Multnomah Council, Kadosh, first Tuesday.

I. O. O. F.

R. H. Alexander, Grand Master, Pendleton.
J. M. Bacon, Grand Secretary, Oregon City.
Grand Lodge meets at East Portland, May 17, 1887.
I. O. O. F. Hall, Portland, First and Alder.
Progress Lodge, Monday, 7:30 P. M.
Multnomah Degree No. 1, first and third Tuesdays.
Samaritan, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.
Minerva, Thursday, 7:30 P. M.
Hassalo, Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Columbia Rebekah Degree, first and 3d Sat'y, 7:30.
Ellison Encampment, 2d and 4th Tuesday, 7:30.
Harmony Encampment, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8.
Library Association, 2d Saturday, 7:30.
Portland Canton, 2d and 4th Tuesday.
Relief Committee, 1st and 3d Monday, 7:30.

A. O. U. W.

J. T. Brown, G. M. W., Olympia.
D. T. Wheeler, G. S., Portland.
Grand Lodge meets at Portland, July 13, 1887.
Hope, Tuesday, New Market Hall.
Industry, Monday, Grand Army Hall, 7:30.
Pacific, 2d and 4th Tuesday, Liebig's Hall, 7:30.
Unity, 2d and 4th Friday, Red Men's hall, 7:30.
Portland, 1st and 3d Friday, Red Men's, 7:30.
Multnomah, Monday, Red Men's Hall, 7:30.
Select Knights, 1st and 3d Friday, Liebig's hall.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Dr. Jay Tuttle, G. C., Astoria.
Ward S. Stevens, G. K. R. & S., Portland.
Grand Lodge meets at Pendleton, Oct. 18, 1887.
Ivanhoe Lodge, Monday, 7:30, Union hall.
Castle, Tuesday, 7:30, Union hall.
Excelsior, Wednesday, 7:30, Union hall.
Mystic Lodge, Thursday, 7:30, Union hall.
Germania, Friday, 7:30, Union hall.
Scandia, Saturday, 7:30, Union hall.
Willamette Un. D. v., 2d and 4th Friday, Liebig hall.

G. A. R.

Department Encampment, Albany, Feb. 22, 1887.
N. L. Olmstead, Dep't Com'r, Baker City.
A. H. Brown, Adjutant, Baker City.
Geo. Wright Post, Friday, 7:30, First and Taylor.
Garfield, 1st and 3d Tuesday, 7:30, First and Taylor.
Lincoln, Thursday, 7:30, First and Taylor.
Women's Relief Corps, Friday, 7:30, First and Taylor.

A. O. H.

State Board meets at Portland July, 1888.
J. J. Byrne, State Delegate, Portland.
Thomas Daly, State Secretary, Astoria.
County Board, 4th Tuesday, 40 First st., 7:30.
Division No. 1, 2d Tuesday, do do
Division No. 2, 3d Monday, do do
Division No. 3, 1st Tuesday, do do

Miscellaneous.

A. O. F.—Mt. Hood, 2d and 4th Monday, 110 Third st.
I. O. G. T.—Bethel, Monday, 8 P. M., Third and D.
O. C. F.—Home Council, Monday, I O O F hall, E. P.
Advance Council, Thursday.
Verein Eintracht, 1st and 3d Thursday, Third & Alder.
I. O. R. M.—Multnomah Tribe, Tuesday, 1st and Taylor.
Willamette, 1st Wednesday.
C. F. P.—Willamette, Wednesday, Red Men's hall.
K. of H.—Columbia, 1st and 3d Wednesday, 107 First.
S. O. U. L.—Liberty, Thursday, Red Men's hall.
K. of H., Portland, 1st and 2d Tuesday, Liebig hall.
A. O. O.—Multnomah, Friday, Keller hall.
Scandinavian Society—Friday, Front and Washington.
Caledonia Club—1st and 3d Friday, Union Block.
I. O. O. B.—North Pacific, 1st and Taylor, 2 P. M.
Oregon, 1st and Taylor, 7:30.
P. T. V.—1st and 3d Thursday, Turn Halle.
Stevedores & Riggers' Union, 1st and 3d Wednesday.
St. Andrew's Society—2d Tuesday, Union Block.
Mlt. Typographical Union—1st Sunday, R. M. hall, 2:30.
Multnomah Benevolent Ass'n—semi-annually.
British Benev. Society—2d Wednesday, Union Block.
Portland Hibernian Society—1st Monday, 60 First st.
Irish Nat'l League—1st Sunday, 2 P. M., 50 First.
Tailors' Union—2d Monday, Front and Washington.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
W. T. COLEMAN & CO., Ag'ts, San Francisco.

REWARD.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL PAY $20 REWARD to anyone who will secure the arrest and conviction, under section 653 of the Criminal Code, of the cruel wretch who maltreated two dogs belonging to J. W. Whalley between Saturday evening and Tuesday last.
J. W. WHALLEY.
March 30, 1887. 3d1m7

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

A STEADY YOUNG MAN WANTS JOB WAITING on table. Address F P, care Oregonian. 1a3

WANTED—A POSITION TO DO UP-STAIRS work; can do sewing, if necessary. Address F. M., care Oregonian. 2a2

WANTED—SITUATION, BY A YOUNG LADY to do copying, or as saleslady; good references given. Address or call at 74 Fourth st. 30m7

TWO YOUNG MEN WOULD LIKE WORK ON farm; are used to handling horses. Address CHRISTIAN HANSON, Quimby Hotel. 2a2

WANTED—A BOY, 13 YEARS OF AGE, LIVING with his parents, bright and active, desires a position in an office. Address S G, care Oregonian. 1a3

WANTED—SITUATION AS BOOKKEEPER or clerk in store or office; satisfactory testimonials with regard to ability furnished if desired. Address J, care Oregonian. 31m7

WANTED—A LADY WITH EIGHT YEARS' experience in Eastern schools wants a position as teacher in a country or suburban school. Address Teacher, St. Charles Hotel. 31m1f

A YOUNG LADY WHO HAS HAD EXPERIENCE in teaching vocal and instrumental music, piano and organ, also the English branches, desires a position in a school or family. Address, stating terms, Q. V., care Oregonian. 3m

WANTED—AGENTS.

DR. GRAY'S CELEBRATED ACME ELECTRIC Belt, containing in itself a most complete battery, charges the human system with nature's greatest remedy—Electricity—giving sure relief to all Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Female Complaints, and other kindred diseases which drugs do not reach. Agents wanted in every town and city. Address ACME BELT AGENCY, 161 First st., Portland, Or.

WANTED—ONE PHYSICIAN OR DRUGGIST in each town on the coast to sell our Celebrated Scientific Electric Magnetic Belts, used and recommended by the leading doctors of America and Europe; will cure all nervous weakness and other troubles when medicines fail; mighty, matchless and magical, four years' success in Portland. DR. SILL, Manager and Proprietor of the Electric Belt Agency and the Electric Magnetic Co. Offices in the elegant Stone Block, First and Market sts. Lock box 383, Portland, Or. 13a-tf

WANTED—HELP.

BOY WANTED AT L. O. PFUNDER'S FLORAL garden, 227 Washington st. 2a2

WANTED—A YOUTH THAT WRITES A GOOD hand. NICOLL, The Tailor, 126 First st. 2a3

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEWORK. Inquire at 135 North Twelfth st. cor. H.

WANTED—SIX GOOD HARNESS-MAKERS. Apply at BENNETT & HARVEY'S, 105 Front st. Portland, Or. 1atf

WANTED—200 LABORERS FOR R.R. WORK. Parties leave on April 1st, 4th, 6th and 8th. Free fare. 3m8 KINCAID & CO., 103 First st.

WANTED—A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN AS nurse. Inquire at 1 o'clock P. M. Mrs. C. E. S. Woods, end of King st. Take Washington-street cars.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEWORK in a respectable private family in Astoria; good wages will be paid to a competent person; references required. Address K P, P. O. box 100, Astoria, Or.

WANTED—A BRIGHT, ACTIVE, WILLING boy, about 14 years old, for bookstore. Address Books, care Oregonian. 31m3

WANTED—AN ENERGETIC YOUNG MAN (references given preference). Apply at rooms 10 and 11, 133½ First st.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—PARTNER IN A GOOD PAYING business; must be of good address and willing to travel; very little capital required. Address Partner, Lock Box 676, Portland, Oregon. 2a2

WANTED TO RENT—ON OR ABOUT APRIL 10, a small well-furnished cottage; rent must be low; East Portland preferred; family of three; no children; best of references. Address Renter, Lock Box 675, Portland, Or. 2a2

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED GARDENER and trucker to rent place or work it on shares; married man preferred; house to live in on place; must give good references. Address W. H. WICKHAM, Real Estate Agent, Ashland, Or. 12a1f

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—TWO LOTS ON CRICKET GROUND; good five-room cottage, hard finished; price $2500. Will sell cottage, with part of ground. Call on L. C. UNGER, 200 Front st. m27tf

FOR SALE—FINE FARM AND STOCK RANCH on the Malheur river, six miles above Drewsey, Grant county, Or. For particulars, see J. P. BURDICK, 22 Front st., Portland. 1a1m

BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE PROPERTY IN East Portland for sale on easy terms; one of the choicest locations near the city; lots 5 and 6 and east ½ lots 3 and 4, Kern's Addition. J. R. EWING. 3m14 69 Morrison st.

FOR SALE—TWO LOTS (100x100), TWENTIETH and E sts.; 25x100, with good house, Sixth st., three blocks from postoffice; corner lot, store and dwelling, a bargain; also 35 lots; 80 acres near the city. Inquire of W. O'CONNOR, cor. J and Twenty-first sts. 20m1m

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT—AT HOOD RIVER, a furnished house of eight rooms and twenty acres of land enclosed; beautiful location; cool, shaded and free from dust. Inquire at 475 Seventh st. 15m1m

FOR SALE—$1200—A SMALL LOT, WITH BAY-windowed cottage of three rooms; ready furnished for housekeeping; terms cash. Sheridan st., bet. Fifth and Sixth. 23m12

FOR SALE—37 ACRES 6½ MILES SOUTHEAST of Portland; 15 acres in cultivation, 7 acres slashed, and balance partially cleared; new 8 room hard finished house, all for $3700. Extra bargain. f27tf LENT & YOUNG, Agents, 10 Stark st.

FOR SALE—QUARTER BLOCK AND GOOD house, Stephens addition; proposed street car line runs on two sides of block—$1800. Corner lot and two-story house, in Caruthers' addition, $1500; elegant east front lot, near public school, in Caruthers add., $1000, improved 10 acre tract at summit Station, $175 per acre. These are all bargains. A. E. BORTHWICK, Real Estate and Loans, 123½ First st., cor. Alder.(10mtf

FOR SALE—AN ENTIRELY NEW TWO-STORY house and lot in best part of Couch Addition; location very desirable; modern improvements. Apply to RICHARD H. THORNTON, 31 Union Block. 4m1m

KENWORTHY'S ADDITION—WE HAVE 11 quarter blocks for $650 each; high, sightly and healthful; most reasonable property on the market. f22tf LENT & YOUNG, Agents, 10 Stark st.

STOCK AND GRAIN RANCH FOR SALE—300 acres under cultivation; 2000 acres under fence; plenty of water; one of the best locations in Eastern Washington Territory, and surrounded by a fine open range for stock; also all kinds of machinery suitable for use on a large farm. For particulars, inquire of R. IRVING, 232 First, Portland, Oregon. f19tf

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

PIANO FOR SALE OR FOR RENT AT 43 EAST Park st. near C. 1a1f

FOR SALE—FIVE YOKE OF OXEN AND COMplete logging outfit. Apply to ROBERT SMITH at the Holton House. 31m7

FOR SALE—A HANDSOME RIDING OR DRIVing horse at a bargain. Inquire at American Stable, Front and Jefferson sts. 30m7

FOR SALE—HANDSOME BEDROOM SET, UPright piano, and other furniture, all nearly new. Apply at 46 Ash st. 21m

FOR SALE—THE FINE YOUNG HOLSTEIN bull, "Dunstan 8," No. 3125, in the American Holstein Registry, calved December 26, 1885; a fine large thoroughbred animal and as pretty as a picture. Also one full-blood Holstein cow "Kathleen." Also two full-blooded Jersey cows. Will sell each and all be sold on reasonable terms. Address P. O. Box 165, Portland, Oregon. 2a4

ENGINE AND BOILERS FOR SALE—ENGINE 14½x30 inch; two boilers, 16 feet by 48 inches, each having 26 tubes 4 inches in diameter; nearly new and in complete order. For full particulars and price, address Chehalis F. M. Co., Chehalis, W. T. 11jtf

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE—A RESTAURANT IN A CENTRAL location; fine chance to a live man. Address Restaurant, care Oregonian. 3m1f

FOR SALE—A SMALL DAIRY AND ALL APpliances, having a good route and paying well. For particulars, address or call at 163 Fourth st. 2a3

FOR SALE—DRUG STORE AND PHYSICIAN'S practice in one of the best growing towns in Eastern Oregon. For further particulars, address Dr. S. E. SCOTT, North Powder, Or. 1a1f

DRUG STORE FOR SALE—MUST BE SOLD AT once; will sell low for cash, or exchange for real estate. Address Apothecary, care Oregonian. 30m16

FOR SALE—WELL-ESTABLISHED AND PAYing business in a good town in Eastern Oregon, consisting of ground, 30x110, with two buildings thereon; one a hotel, other notion store; about $10,000 will buy entire property; hotel furniture, bar and fixtures, together with stock of notions now in store, etc., etc. Half cash; balance in secured payments. This is a good chance for some one seeking an established business. R. B. CURRY, Broker, 105½ First st., Portland

STOCK RANCH FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN. We have 315 acres of fine farming land lying on both sides of LaCamas creek, seven miles from the town of LaCamas, from which we cut the timber this winter, which is ready to burn over and seed down, and will make a most excellent stock range. It will be sold for the low price of $8 per acre; one half cash, balance on time to suit. D. H. STEARNS, 17m6f Manager LaCamas Company.

FOR SALE—A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER; FAVorably located; advertising columns full and circulation ordinary; will be sold on reasonable terms. Address M. E. TOWER, Oakland, Or. 29m7

FOR SALE—NEW HOTEL AND FURNITURE on South Beach, Yaquina Bay, including one and one-half acres of land within five minutes' walk of Ocean Beach. For further information, address P. O. Box 141, Corvallis, Oregon. 21m14

COUNTRY STORE FOR SALE, DOING A CASH business, 11 miles from Portland, on West Side R. R., telegraph railroad, express and postoffice in same building. Apply to A. J. Hamilton, Beaverton, Or. f3tf

WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.

OREGON OIL CLOTHING MANUFACTURING company, 92 North First st. Factory in McMillan Addition, East Portland. 15dtf

NEUSTADTER BROS., MANUFACTURERS OF Boss of the Road Overalls, Standard Shirts, Men's Furnishing Goods and Cal. Cassimere Clothing, 67, 69, 71 Front st., Portland, Or.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS, ETC.

CARSON, PIRIE, SCOTT & CO., CHICAGO. 22m1m M. F. SPRAGUE, Representative.

SEEDS AND TREES.

E. W. ALLEN, (SUCCESSOR TO H. HANSON,) wholesale and retail dealer, 171 Second st.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SNELL HEITSHU & WOODARD ESTABLISHED 1861. Portland, Or.

NOTICE TO ORE BUYERS!

On and after April 15th

WE PROPOSE TO SELL CONCENTRATES AND first-class ore of the Sullivan and Bunker Hill mines to the highest bidder. Terms, cash at the town of Wardner. The product of these mines is now about one thousand (1000) tons of ore per month; concentrates running 70 per cent in lead and about 40 ounces in silver; first-class ore running 60 per cent in lead and 25 ounces in silver. We invite correspondence at once. For further particulars write

ESLER & WARDNER,

Lessees Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mines, Wardner, Idaho. 29m14

TO RENT—ROOMS AND OFFICES.

FURNISHED ROOMS AT FOURTH ST. HOTEL, East Portland for $1 per week. [illegible]

FOR RENT—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOM AT 162 West Park st. cor. Morrison. 31m7

UNFURNISHED ROOMS, EN SUITE OR single, at 120½ Third st., bet. Washington and Alder.

FOR RENT—A PLEASANTLY FURNISHED front room down stairs; private family. Inquire at 134 Salmon st.

FOR RENT—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS, en suite or single, with bath; new house. Inquire at 331½ Washington st.

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS WITH GAS, bath, etc.; convenient to street cars. Inquire at 54 Morrison st., cor. Pacific. 31m1f

A NICELY FURNISHED ROOM FOR RENT; hot and cold water with use of bath. [illegible] st., bet. Yamhill and Morrison.

FURNISHED, OR PARTLY SO—ONE OR TWO sunny front rooms, with privilege in kitchen; bath. 179 Washington st.

FOR RENT—ONE LARGE FURNISHED FRONT room with two closets, in private family; [illegible] parties; no other roomers. [illegible]

FOR RENT—FIRST FLOOR AND BASEMENT, comprising five rooms, with conveniences; good locality, to parties without children. Apply at 403 Fourth st.

FOR RENT—TWO OR THREE NICELY FURnished rooms, pleasantly located, with [illegible] home comforts in a private family. Call at [illegible] Eight st., bet. D and E.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED ROOMS [illegible] single and en suite, at 122 [illegible] references exchanged. 25m1m MRS. HOUGHTON.

FOR RENT—A FURNISHED NORTH FRONT room in a private family at 241 Main st. [illegible] Ninth; references exchanged.

FURNISHED ROOMS IN A PRIVATE FAMILY, with pleasant lawn, at [illegible] Ninth st., bet. Salmon and Main.

FOR RENT—IN STONE'S BLOCK, FIRST AND Market sts., a flat of four rooms; [illegible] respectable parties need apply. [illegible]

ROOMS TO RENT—TWO NICELY FURNISHED rooms over Feldenheimer's jewelry store, third floor, cor. First and Morrison. Inquire of [illegible]

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED ROOMS, en suite or single; also furnished and unfurnished rooms for housekeeping. 272 First st. 25a1f

TO RENT—HOUSES AND STORES.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED COTTAGE AT [illegible] B st., bet. Eleventh and Twelfth. Apply on the premises.

FOR RENT—A TWO-STORY HOUSE WITH bath, on E st., bet. Ninth and Tenth. Inquire of E. DEVANEY, 135 A st. 1a3

FOR RENT—A NICELY FURNISHED TEN-room house. Address C. A. JONES, cor. Seventeenth and F sts. 2m1f

FOR RENT—APRIL 1, FINE SIX-ROOMED house, 232 C st, near Fifteenth; [illegible] modern improvements. Apply to GEO. [illegible] North Eighth st.

TO RENT—ROOMS, WITH BOARD.

A SUITE OF FRONT ROOMS WITH BOARD, at 193 Sixth st.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS, EN SUITE or single, with or without board. Apply at Jefferson st. in Kamm's new building.

A HANDSOMELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOM to rent, with or without board, at 195 Seventh st., N. W. cor. of Taylor; references required. 6m1m

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—A SMALL GOLD RING WITH A DIAmond set, with initials M. A. K. engraved on inside. Suitable reward will be paid for same at [illegible] Washington st. at Oregon Siftings' office.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

HENRY ACH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 25 CALIfornia st., San Francisco, Cal. Firm, Rothchild & Ach. 5lt

$25 REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR INformation leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who tore down the fence around the block owned by me on the west side of Hood street, bet. Caruthers and Sheridan.
2a2 MRS. MARY A. BOHR.

MRS. E. DePRANS, METAPHYSICIAN, CONtinues the work begun by Mrs. J. Anderson Hoot, at 250 Washington st. Class for Instruction in Healing Power of Mind at 1:30 P. M. Patients treated from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. daily, and on Sundays from 1:30 to 2 P. M.

NOTICE—THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT I WILL not be responsible for any debts contracted by Nancy A. Wilson or any person but myself after this date. 31m3 W. WALLACE WILSON.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of Multnomah Real Estate Association will be held at the office of the Secretary, [illegible] Portland, Or., at 3 o'clock P. M. Saturday, the [illegible] 23mtd A. W. OLIVER, Secretary.

PROPOSALS FOR WOOD—THE STARK-STREET Ferry Co. will receive bids for supplying the Stark street ferry-boat with good steamboat wood assorted, for the period of one year, commencing May 1, 1887. Bids must state the price per cord. All bids will be opened on April 15, 1887.
STARK-STREET FERRY CO.
A. J. KNOTT, Secretary. 2a3

NOTICE—THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Terminal Land Company, of Tacoma, W. T., will be held at the office of the company in Portland, Oregon, on Monday, May 2, 1887, at the hour of 7:30 P. M. for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for such other business as may properly come before them. By order,
31m7 CHARLES P. CHURCH, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING—THE ANNUAL meeting of the stockholders of the Portland Rowing Association will be held in the P. R. A. boathouse, foot of Stark st. Portland, Or., Monday, April 4, 1887, at 8 P. M. The business to be transacted is the election of officers and a board of directors for the ensuing year and the consideration of a proposition to increase the capital stock of the association and other important matters. All stockholders are requested to attend, if practicable, or furnish written proxy to those who can be present. JOHN CAMPBELL, Sec.
March 30, 1887. 31m5

JOHN THOMPSON & CO. HAVE BEEN APpointed Agents for the purchase of Raw Stock for the Columbia River Paper Company, and are prepared to purchase, for cash, Rags, Burlaps, Manilla Rope and all other kinds of Paper Stock, Old Iron and Metal of all kinds. 45 and 47 E st., Portland, Or. 3mtf

MISCELLANEOUS.

INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN ON THE PIANO AND Organ. Inquire at 165 Alder st. cor. East Park st.

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The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1887.

This interesting question of fact will soon be submitted to a Tacoma jury, to-wit: Is a bean-shooter or toy pistol a deadly weapon? It might be, perhaps; and so might a pegging awl.

Gov. Swineford booms Alaska in glowing terms, but it's noticeable that he doesn't stay there much, and it's more than an even bet that after his term of office expires he will never go back there at all.

Tom Jordan, an army officer known here, at Vancouver and The Dalles many years ago, is now editor of the *Financial and Mining Record*, published at New York. He was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army on the staff of Gen. Beauregard.

In Chicago there is a tremendous political upheaval. The municipal election is to take place in a day or two, and the citizens are uniting, without much regard to old party lines, to keep the city out of the hands of the anarchists, socialists and their allies, who are a very powerful body.

Nashville democrats thought Senator Sherman's speech at that place ought to be answered, and therefore telegraphed to Speaker Carlisle to come down and undertake the job. But Mr. Carlisle didn't want to "make the record" that the undertaking would have required him to make, and so declined the request.

Oscar S. Straus, whom President Cleveland has appointed to succeed Samuel S. Cox as minister to Turkey, is a prominent and respected New York importer, and was president of the Cleveland and Hendricks Business Men's Club in 1884. He is of Hebrew family and faith, but Turkey is more tolerant than Austria, for Jews enjoy perfect freedom of religion in Turkey and many of them have risen to high and important offices under the government.

At a hotel in Birmingham, Ala., where Senator Sherman was staying, a delegation of colored men called to see him. The hotel-keeper refused their request and turned them out of his house, extremely indignant because "niggers" had presumed to call on a gentleman at his house. It is an old Southern custom that a white man may call upon a colored man at his house, but a colored man must not call upon a white man at his house or hotel. Mr. Sherman immediately paid his bill and left the hotel, refusing to remain longer in a house where the old spirit of slavery was still in the ascendant. Editor Grady's "New South" evidently is under an eclipse in those parts.

During the recent interruption of communication at Bismarck by the ice gorge and flood at the Missouri river it became necessary to send the following dispatch across the river at that place, viz:

> Go to the rescue of the people on the bottom, opposite Fort Lincoln, who are surrounded by water and must perish in the storm if not soon relieved; officer at the fort sent word here; several on tops of houses and hay stacks; cannot reach them from Lincoln on account of the ice.

This message was obliged to be sent via Portland, San Francisco, Ogden, Omaha, Chicago and St. Paul, traversing five thousand miles of wire in order to reach its destination, only four miles distant by the usual route.

In California a stage robber, who hitherto has been convicted of the same crime, has been sentenced to a term of fifty years in the state's prison. This is right. At the last session of the National Prison Reform Association Prof. Wayland made a strong speech in favor of life sentences for all criminals who were convicted for a third time of the same offense, thus showing that they were incorrigible and had adopted a life of crime as a profession. Ohio has already enacted a statute in accordance with this view, that a professional criminal ought to lose his liberty for life. Prof. Wayland would add to it a single amendment, as follows:

> No person so imprisoned shall be pardoned, except upon the unanimous recommendation and request of the board of managers, but the executive shall be authorized to direct the release of any prisoner in whose behalf it shall be made to appear that he was innocent of the crime for which he was last sentenced.

H. W.

The discussion as to whether Jesus, when he changed water into wine at the feast of Cana, when he passed the cup at the Last Supper, dealt with intoxicating wine, is absurd. We believe that the best biblical scholars believe that the wine used at marriage feasts, like that of Cana, was fermented wine and intoxicating if drunk in sufficient quantities; but whether it was or not is of no consequence, because the social habits and customs of that day are not law for civilization. Jesus allowed no divorce save for adultery, but Christendom does not square its divorce laws by his rule. The Old Testament prohibited many things under the Mosaic law that are permitted to-day, and allowed many things that are prohibited by the laws of our civilization. The whole discussion of this question is pointless and fruitless. Whether Jesus did or did not sanction the use of wine is not worthy of serious discussion. He certainly did not believe in intemperance or intoxication, and it is therefore of no consequence whether he ever drank "alcoholic" wine or not. As an historical fact there is no doubt that the wedding wine of Galilee was alcoholic wine, but we do not see that this fact has any legitimate bearing on the question of prohibition or total abstinence.

A Washington special of March 27 says: Land Commissioner Sparks received rather more than the average amount of official correction yesterday for the amount of business transacted. Five land decisions were handed out. In one of them the commissioner's ruling was sustained, in one the case was sent down for re-hearing on points which had been excluded from consideration (this was an important swamp land decision from Louisiana) and in the other two an official rebuke, as pointed as official courtesy would allow, is administered. Both the secretary and the assistant secretary seem now to be taking turn and turn about in making things pleasant for Sparks; each rendered decisions to-day. In the case of accretions to Mai Sou island, Mich., Secretary Lamar pointedly says: "A survey of these lands was ordered in April, 1885, but for reasons set forth in your report, that survey has not been executed. I again direct that the necessary steps be taken to have the survey made at once. The question as to what interest the United States government, the state of Michigan, and other claimants have in these lands will be fully considered hereafter." There is a noticeable increase in the severity of the language employed in each decision, but Sparks apparently entirely fails to see that either Secretary Lamar or Assistant Secretary Muldrow are in full accord with those whom he denounced as land sharks, or that he himself is entirely out of harmony with the policy of the department to which he belongs.

A NECESSARY CORRECTION.

The *Catholic Sentinel*, in an article on the dispute about the State Agricultural college, presents a statement that greatly lacks discrimination, and therefore is very misleading. It says:

> During Methodist supremacy at Salem the state government entered into a partnership with the Southern Methodist church, by which that institution was to receive the benefits of the proceeds arising out of the sale of agricultural lands granted to the state by the general government, besides an annual appropriation from the state of several thousand dollars. It does not seem very clear what the state was to receive in return for this munificence, but subsequent events have shown that it received nothing whatever but the glory of having an agricultural college in name. In 1885 a different arrangement was proposed, which, although it still gave the Methodist church a majority of the trustees, took the exclusive control out of their hands. The action of the board of trustees of the college in repudiating this bargain has aroused the bitterest resentment.

There was no "Methodist supremacy at Salem;" but the Bourbon democracy of Oregon, in power at that time, between whom and the Methodist Church South there were strong affinities, founded on the long devotion of both to the institution of slavery, bestowed upon this sect of pro-slavery religionists who had seceded from the main body of Methodism, the endowments granted to the state by the general government for an agricultural college. The careless reader might infer from the *Sentinel's* statement that the Methodist church proper was concerned in this transaction. The beneficiary of this grant was in fact a seceding Methodist faction, favored by the democratic party because this faction had always been a supporter of that party's purposes.

But the *Sentinel* is still further at fault. It notes what THE OREGONIAN says, to the effect that the combination between the controlling powers of the state and this faction of pro-slavery democratic Methodists was "a fraud from the beginning," and asks "if this was so, why has THE OREGONIAN been silent till now?" THE OREGONIAN has not been silent till now. It opposed and denounced the job when it was proposed and when it was consummated, and has done the same at frequent intervals since. It did this, too, while the *Catholic Sentinel* was constantly showing its own affinities for the politics which this combination was intended to subserve.

HOW WILL THEY DEAL WITH IT?

The New York *Tribune* thinks it probable that New York's member of the interstate commission will be strongly disinclined to interfere with the long and short haul arrangements which the law enforces. It says: "When it is considered that farmers in many parts of New York have long complained earnestly of that railroad policy which has enabled the distant dairy farms of Ohio and other Western states to compete in this market, often with the advantage over the nearer farms of Ulster and Orange counties, it would not be strange if the commissioner from that region should sympathize with these views." The *Tribune* also recalls the fact that Col. Morrison, of Illinois, was much impressed, as a politician, with the popular feeling that led to the enactment of the law, and was an earnest supporter of Reagan's views on all occasions; and therefore it inclines to the opinion that he also will be disposed to let the long haul rate stand.

Pursuing the subject, the *Tribune* says, "It seems probable that the commission will be inclined to an interpretation giving as much force as possible to the vital features of the interstate act, and especially to the clause prohibiting higher charges for short than for long haulage. A vitalizing construction of that provision must operate in the end to cut off many of the advantages which Western farmers have enjoyed—to deprive them in a large measure of the virtual annihilation of distance, which is the chief result of modern railroad development, and thus render valueless many Western farms while securing larger profits to farmers nearer the seaboard. The construction by which the great railway lines would nearly emasculate this feature of the act, it is safe to say, will not be the one first adopted by the commissioners, though it curiously happens to be the one which would render the act least harmful to the Western farmers, whose support secured its enactment."

POLITICS IN THE "NEW SOUTH."

Congressman Butterworth, of Cincinnati, speaking of Sherman's Nashville speech recently, said: "It is at the old whig element of the South that the speech prominently aims. They are by no means few, and joined with the republicans of the South they would break that sentiment which like a band of iron fastens the Southern people to the Northern democracy. I have talked with many Southerners, and they do not differ very much from republicans. It does not appear in speeches or measures at Washington, but it is the common talk among representatives. I tell you that it is a period of evolution in the South, and the next five years will see a wonderful change in this country. We are going one way or the other, and it is hard to predict whether it will be forward or backward. Sherman's speech is the effort of a political evangelist."

To this it is worth while to add an opinion from a democratic source at Nashville. The *Banner*, published in that city, says: "It must be admitted that Sherman touched a tender point of democracy when he criticised it for its lack of policy on some of the most important public issues. Democratic leaders may explain and accuse each other, but the luminous fact stands out that a democratic house of representatives, which was under a pledge to revise and reform the tariff, found itself unable to unite upon any definite plan. On the tariff question the democracy is a house divided against itself. Its leaders and organs are bitterly fighting each other and giving radically different constructions to a platform enunciation which was framed for the express purpose of allowing two radically opposing interpretations. It were idle to deny that a criticism of this anomalous position of the democracy is well founded and stinging in its effects, and that when it is asked what is to be expected from a party without a distinctive line of policy it places the democratic party under the disadvantage of the burden of an explanation which it does not very happily explain."

EDMUND BURKE.

John Morley, in a recent address in England, described Burke as not only the greatest Englishman of his time, but as in the very first rank of the great thinkers of the world. His language implied that he placed Burke above Bacon. James Russell Lowell, in one of his Chicago speeches, paid an eloquent tribute to Burke, and the Springfield *Republican*, in a recent discussion of American indifference to foreign enterprises and interests that we ought to make our own, quoted as follows from Burke's speech on a resolution to restrict the commerce of the New England colonies, and to prohibit their pursuit of the Newfoundland fisheries:

> No sea but is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dextrous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this most perilous mode of hard industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people, a people who are still, as it were, in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things; when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that through a wise and salutary neglect a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink and all the presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

Webster and Wendell Phillips were both ardent admirers of Burke, and the careful student of their great speeches will discover that both were deeply in debt to him, not only for thought, but for noble forms of expression. Phillips uses without acknowledgment Burke's expression, "The gristle of youth had not yet become the bone of manhood." Lowell describes Burke as the first statesman who mixed imagination with his thought. In presenting the growth of the colonies from 1704 to 1772 he turned to Lord Bathurst and represented "the angel of the auspicious youth" of this very old man, saying to him:

> Young man, there is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of development, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of 1700 years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life.

Burke's expression, "wise and salutary neglect," has been quoted as containing the same thought as the later maxim: "That government is best which governs least." Every American statesman, from Hamilton, Webster, Marshall, Calhoun, Seward, Sumner and Tilden, down to comparatively obscure Senator Morgan, of Alabama, has quoted Burke as the greatest political thinker of all times.

THE MINISTERIAL CALLING.

"Adirondack" Murray is now busy organizing a Lake Champlain Yacht Club at Burlington, Vt. When Murray was in the pulpit he did not enjoy the pastoral work of his parish, but preferred to employ his time and energies writing stud books and herd books, running a large stock farm, manufacturing buckboards, chasing deer in the Adirondacks one summer and writing the story of his adventures the next. Of course, it is possible, but it is hardly probable, that a man who brought his whole heart to the work of his pulpit and his parish might do all these things, but, even when sincere, such a man always insults the instinctive popular perception of the incongruity between the spiritual tastes, purposes and pursuits of a man who enters the pulpit because he feels "within his bosom glow unearthly fire," lit by no mere skill of schools, and a man whose tastes are of the sort that make him an eager leader in trade or on the turf.

It is a vicious theory that there is no moral foundation for the barrier that ordinarily separates ministers and men of the world in business, in sport and in the general order of their every-day life, for this theory, if practically enforced, is that any intellectual layman, not disreputable in his personal habits may leap from the turf to the pulpit and from the pulpit to the turf. It is quite possible, but hardly probable, as a matter of moral result to the preacher that this theory may work no harm, but, as a matter of effect on his influence for spiritual good over his congregation, it may work an infinite deal of harm. The world is not yet ready to surrender its belief that the very function of a minister is so much higher and so distinct from all other human pursuits that it is not compatible with running large horse-breeding establishments or organizing buckboard manufacturing companies. The world is not yet ready to bring the holy calling of a clergyman down to the level of a profession, on the same plane in all worldly affairs with all men of business out of the pulpit. Murray, honestly enough for aught we know, acted on this false theory and successfully exerted himself to lower the spiritual dignity of his high calling by insisting that a man can be a high-souled exponent of the pulpit and an enthusiastic "horseman" on a large scale at the same time, without parting with a particle of the spiritual influence of his pulpit. But it can't be done, and Murray's very superior talents did not save him from failure—not merely material failure as a horse breeder and buckboard enthusiast, but spiritual failure as a minister of the gospel.

Somebody once wrote Agassiz offering him a very large sum for his services as a mining geologist. He replied: "I have no time to make money." That is, he felt, with his exceptional powers as an investigator and teacher, he could not for the sake of his highest calling here afford to stop and make money. We suspect that Rev. Dr. Storrs or Phillips Brooks or Bishop Huntington would have no time to stop and multiply fast horses and oscillating buckboards even if they were sure to make money in the venture. And yet there is this to be said in commendation of Murray, that when he found he had made a mistake, that his heart could not be in the pulpit and in a large stockhorse farm at the same time, without doing injustice to both, he promptly stepped down and out of his pulpit and went to work at what he loved best. In consequence he has steadily risen out of his financial troubles, is no longer exposed to the criticism he suffered in his old time false position, and is a happy, fairly prosperous and respected man of the world. He is in great request as a popular lecturer; he writes admirable sketches for the press and the periodicals of the East, and he has done a good and useful work in calling the attention of persons interested in yachting and other aquatic sports to the admirable opportunities for the practice of this manly and health-giving pastime offered by Lake Champlain. Many wealthy New York gentlemen, attracted to its shores by his influence, have bought farms and erected summer residences. A fine fleet of yachts is now building under Murray's personal direction and supervision, and altogether he has made himself a useful, able and worthy citizen. And all this is far better than if he had attempted to stay in the pulpit in the vain effort to reconcile his exceedingly strong natural taste for horseflesh, hunting, yachting and all kinds of out door life with his full duty to his pulpit and his parish. No man can serve two masters, and certainly no man, in America at least, can be a true evangelist in the pulpit and a fox-hunting parson at the same time. It may be possible in England, but it certainly weakens a pulpit in America, and Murray is a far happier and more useful man to-day, because he had both courage and the good sense to step down and out of a pulpit that did not engross his whole heart.

THE KINGDOM OF LILLIPUT.

The defense of the so-called analytical realism of the Howells-James school of fiction, whose women are chiefly dolls and its men are dudes, is that the world is full of dolls and dudes; that you meet more dolls and dudes than you do heroes, and that therefore Howells is a truer painter of life and human nature than Scott, Dickens, Hugo, Thackeray or George Eliot, and it might be added than Shakespeare, the great master of the school of fiction, whose place is to be taken by this King of Lilliput in literature. The cry is: "We see such people every day right around us, and Howells does photograph them so perfectly!" Yes; that is just it; Howells is a photographer, a taxidermist; he is a good many things, but he is not a poet, nor an artist, nor an inspiring teacher, in any sense. A snuff-dipping woman is not an uncommon sight in some sections of our glorious country; and yet why should her picture be presented in fiction, in art or on the stage? Wall-eyed men are not rare, but who cares to look at their photographs? Shakespeare drew men of coarse vices and rank talk, but Shakespeare, had he lived in our own day, never would have drawn a "Solon Shingle" or a Zola's "Nana," not because there are not plenty of "Solon Shingles" still to be found in New England, and plenty of "Nanas" in New York or Chicago or San Francisco, but because his artist work stood for the world's highest human aspiration and inspiration, not simply for its lowest, feeblest and most insipid mediocrities. Richard the Third was a hunchback, but he was a good deal more than that, and he takes his place in the play, not because he is a hunchback, but in spite of it; he stands for the picture of a man of heroic intellectual size struggling with the worst passions of human nature, whose busy meddling fiends drag him down to moral ruin and material defeat. Whatever Richard may be he is not contemptible, any more than Milton's Satan is contemptible. Queen Margaret is Cassandra with blood in her eyes and a tongue of flame, but she is no more a doll than Richard is a dude to be derided.

The Shakespeare school of fiction paints pictures whose subjects are worthy of a true artist's pigments, canvas and pencil. They are worthy of the world's notice, are bound to arrest the world's attention and to inspire, warn, comfort or rebuke. But the Howells school would have put Richard into the book, not because he was a mighty man, but because he was a hunchback; would have sketched Falstaff, not because he was a witty and fascinating man, without a particle of moral sense, but because he was a fat fellow, and if anybody yawned over the book because it had photographs of wooden hunchbacks, viragoes and obesities, instead of live men and women, the answer would be the world was full of such people and the photographs were excellent. In other words, because there is an inane kingdom of Lilliput in this world, inhabited by dolls, dudes and snobs, that Lilliput is life, because it is densely inhabited. You might as well say that an ant hill is life because it is populous. There are more ant hills than mountains that touch the sky, and yet Mount Hood, uninhabited, is more to a man of soul than many ant hills. There are more tumble bugs in the world than skylarks, and yet who cares about a million tumble bugs; who does not listen to the wood thrush; the tumble bug is as true to nature as the thrush, but we do not care any more about him than we do about the scavenger that carts away the garbage of the streets. It is so with fiction and pictorial art. Why sketch a world filled chiefly with dolls, dudes, snobs and barren, dull mediocrities on the plea that that these dumb dogs make up a considerable part of its population; you might as well fill a great picture with nothing but rats, mice, fleas and mosquitos, because they vastly outnumber the higher forms of animal life.

If we are to have realism substituted for what is styled the idealism of the heroic and romantic school of fiction, let us paint realism that stands for life, not for living death instinct with nothing that stands for inspiration, for aspiration, for warning and rebuke; for nothing save the dreary dribble of the world of mental opacity and fatuity; for folly without blood and selfishness without brains; for sentimentalism without soul; for superficial refinement and listless repose without good feeling; for wooden-headed materialism that hugs the ground as compared with spirituality that has the delicate shape and flight of Ariel.

Nothing better in shape of vigorous protest against this analytical realism of the Howells school of fiction, peopled as it is with creatures that do not live, but vegetate; peopled with platitudes and insipid ties incarnate, has been written than the following by Maurice Thompson:

> It was once my fortune to see a young man take an ax in his hand and walk alone across 200 yards of open ground under the fire of 400 dismounted troopers, and deliberately cut down a telegraph pole. While he was chopping away at the tough cedar wood I could plainly see the splinters whirling away from the pole from top to bottom, as the whizzing bullets, aimed at him, crashed through it, or seamed its sides with ragged scars. Near by stood a brick chimney, where a house had been burned down; a twelve-pound shot struck the pile, and it went tumbling to the earth, scattering its bricks about, some of them striking the young soldier's legs. He did not waver. As regular as the beat of a pendulum was the swing of that ax, and when the pole fell friends and foes vied together in yelling their admiration of the young man as he deliberately shouldered his ax and returned to his place in his command. I think of that quiet hero now and then as I read the kettle-drum novels which are said to represent American life. "Truth, truth!" cry the analysts; "we give you the truth." Well, if they do, it is truth of a very unpicturesque and uninteresting sort. It is not the kind of truth that has a lift in it; it is not the kind of truth that begets enthusiasm; it is not the kind of truth that makes one care whether the human race shall last another century or not. Let me ask one question. Is it of any consequence what becomes of America if the men and women of these analytical novels are fair average representatives of the American people? How much enthusiastic patriotism could be drummed up in behalf of a country inhabited chiefly by such people.

That last question goes straight to the marrow, when it asks Howells whether there is nothing more inspiring to be seen in American life than the kind of men and women that he paints exclusively in his novels. If there are any more interesting, more inspiring and nobler representatives of American life, they ought to be painted, and if there are not, then let Howells, as a responsible public teacher, paint America as she ought to be, not as she is according to his uncomplimentary estimate. Surely, if Howells's America is the whole truth and nothing but the truth, what is to become of such a people, with whom moral enthusiasm and the manhood and womanhood of chivalry are dead; with whom heroism is no longer a virtue, but only the diseased action of morbid minds; with whom romance is no, and systematic selfishness your true saint and guardian angel? The fiction of Howells is the work of an industrious and clever photographer. He meets more dolls and dudes and dull hogs than he does noble men and women; therefore his world of fiction is filled with cheap creatures. The tumble-bugs, the snails, the wasps and the locusts are in the majority, and therefore they are average American life to him, rather than the glow-worm, the firefly, the skylark or the wood-thrush. He fills his vases with the flowers that have neither color nor fine fragrance, and would have us believe that to love the sweetbriar was superstition; to inhale with delight the morning breath of the dewy rose was bigotry and ignorance out of place in the high civilization of the kingdom of Lilliput. The kingdom of God and his righteousness has a place for the virtues of heroic and chivalric manhood and womanhood that are become obsolete in Mr. Howells's kingdom of Lilliput he calls American life.

PRESS PITH.

The only people who keep diaries for any length of time are those who keep them for sale.—Harper's Bazar.

A poultry authority says "hens will lay a certain number of eggs in a year." Our experience is that they will lay an uncertain number.—Lowell Courier.

There is a flower named Nepenthes Charles A. Dana, which sells for $1. Can't the Times get up a Platycorium Georgejonesium, and sell it for $1 10?—Life.

Pleasure-seeker en route to Montreal—"Look here, my friend, $4 is a little steep." Coachman—"You ain't paying out of your own money, are you?"—Texas Siftings.

"What is the church for?" asks a Christian weekly. One thing that it ought to be for is to teach Christian weeklies not to steal funny matter from their wicked brothers.—Life.

At Lenten service: Miss Molly—"Come in our pew, Kate." Miss Kate—"O no, come in ours. We've got such comfortable, high kneeling cushions! They don't strain your polonaise a bit."—Tid-Bits.

A correspondent wants to know the meaning of "Pro Bono Publico." In a majority of cases it means that the writer who thus signs his newspaper communication is a chronic growler.—Norristown Herald.

A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on the morning of her wedding day. One of her bridesmaids, observing her in this brown study, inquired the subject of her meditations. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaux I would marry in case I should become a widow."—Texas Siftings.

DIED.

At Victoria, B. C., March 31, 1887, Frank F. Fitz, nephew of Mrs. [illegible]. The funeral will take place to-day at 10 o'clock, A. M., from A. P. [illegible] & Co's undertaking parlors. Friends invited to attend. Services by Rev. Thos. Boyd.

Novelties in Dress Trimmings, Fine Jerseys, in evening shades, Kid Gloves, etc., at D. PORTER & CO'S.

APRIL STYLES of the Celebrated Butterick Patterns at Wm's Hair Store, 33 Yamhill st.

M. BENO & CO., Grocers. Removed to Second and Salmon Streets.

E. D. SEWAB & BRO., Leading Printers, Lowest Prices. 5 Washington st.

NEW TO-DAY.

WM. A. DALY & SON,
BROKERS
—AND—
DEALERS IN REAL ESTATE,
No. 15 Stark Street,
OFFER FOR SALE
A BLOCK ON KNOB HILL
Which they will subdivide to suit customers into
Quarter Blocks at $5,000 and $5,500.
—ALSO—

12 acres of land two miles from East Portland, all fenced and in cultivation, with house, cistern and some fruit trees. Price $6000.

ALSO

2 Lots on First street, corner of Harrison, well improved and earning a fair rental. Price $15,000.

ALSO

Quarter Block on Hall and East Park streets. Price $3250.

ALSO

Lots Nos. 6 and 7, Block 47. This property is in the Prospective District of the future, and is cheap at $6000.

ALSO

Quarter Block in Stephens' addition to East Portland. Price $1200. 3a3*

NEW MARKET THEATER
J. P. HOWE, Lessee and Manager.
FOUR NIGHTS AND MATINEE!
COMMENCING WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6.
THE CELEBRATED
BIJOU OPERA CO.
Miss ADELAIDE RANDALL
And a Complete Opera Company, Chorus, Orchestra and an Excellent Repertoire.
New Scenery and Splendid Costumes.
Reserved Seats at Prentice's.

[illegible] SPRING MEDICINE—OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

NEW TO-DAY.

THE ART OF SPELLING!

"Beloved be said with a sigh,
I insist upon being told wigh
You're unwilling to wed,
Or I'll blow off my head
And turn up my tootsies and digh.
"Young man, on my mind it would weigh,
If you ventured to do what you sigh,
Just smoke "Mighty Navy"
Tobacco, then maybe
I'll say "yes" some other fine deigh." 3a*

WANTED—A SEAMSTRESS FOR FAMILY sewing. Inquire at 353 Twelfth st. 1t

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED ROOM, WITH board—341 Seventh st., corner Alder. 3a1

WANTED—500 COMMON PIGEONS AT ONCE. F. F. PLEASANCE, 145 Fourth st. 3a2

WANTED—GIRL WHO UNDERSTANDS GENERAL housework and cooking. 3 8 F street. 3a3

NERVOUS DISEASES A SPECIALTY. DR. FORDEN, Room 9, 1st National Bank.

WANTED—A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN TO DO general housework for small family. Apply at 125 Sherman st. 3a2

CONSULTATION FREE — DOCTOR FORDEN treats all chronic diseases, rooms 8 and 9, First National Bank, Portland. 1mtf*

THERE IS NO DENYING THE FACT THAT there are poor restaurants, but of the New York this has never been said.

FOR SALE—SOME CHOICE LOTS IN ALBINA, at a bargain. PARRISH, WATKINS & CORNELL, 43 Washington st. 1a3*

HATTER WANTED—YOUNG, ACTIVE MAN, who understands the trade. ARTHUR KOHN, corner Second and Morrison sts. 1t

L. B. LITT, MANUFACTURER OF FINE LADIES' Dresses and Wraps only, cor. 3d and Alder sts. Send for rules and samples. m24mwthsa

FOR DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND bladder, consult Dr. FORDEN, Rooms 8 and 9, First National Bank. Analysis of urine.

WANTED—A GOOD COOK TO TAKE CHARGE of kitchen and dining-room in select boarding house. Address W. B., care Oregonian. 3a1

FOR SALE—TWO COMBINATION BILLIARD tables and appurtenances; as good as new; can be had at a bargain. E. MARTIN & CO., 126 Front st.

WALLPAPER NEW DESIGNS direct from Eastern factory. Schofield & Morgan, 87 Washington st.

DECORATIVE AND PLAIN paper hanging, frescoing and signs, by Berger & Bock, 49 Ash st [illegible]

$550—CHOICE LOTS IN ELIZABETH IRVING's Addition, near the river. H. D. McGUIRE, sole Agent (over bank), East Portland. 2atf*

STORAGE FOR FURNITURE, Pianos and other goods. Advances made. UNION TRANSFER & S. CO., 20 Ash st. 20m*

$850 WILL BUY A LOT WITH ONE AND one-half story dwelling, McMillen's Addition. See H. D. McGUIRE, over bank East Portland.

FOR SALE—TWO CHOICE LOTS, NOS. 6 AND 7, block 161, South Portland, for $1600; part cash, balance easy payments. Address "Lots," care Oregonian. 3atf

$1250—EASY PAYMENTS—WILL BUY A cottage of five rooms, with over one-half lot; a neat little home. J. V. ALLEN, 9 Washington st. 2a3*

FOR SALE CHEAP—A ONE-HORSE WAGON, nearly new, with top and all appliances for express business, and horse and harness. Apply 88 South Sixth street. 3a1

A RARE BARGAIN—$2500; EIGHT LOTS WITH running water and two buildings; twenty-one blocks south of Jefferson-street ferry. J. V. ALLEN, 9 Washington st. 2a3*

FURNISHED ROOMS, EN SUITE OR SINGLE, with or without board. Terms: Rooms, $6 to $18 per month, board, $5 per week. No. 151 Oak street, corner East Park. 3a7

STORE FIXTURES AT a big sacrifice, of LEWIS'S SHOE ESTABLISHMENT 249 First st. Store to let. 3lm*

WANTED—TWO FIRST-CLASS DRESSMAKERS and two apprentice girls at Mrs. Wheeler's Dressmaking Parlors, upper floor, Labbe's building, Second and Washington sts. 3a2

FOR SALE—BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE SITES on Mount Tabor, beyond and above the fog line; tracts of 2 to 7 acres. Health is happiness; escape malaria. J. FRED CLARK, 13 Stark st. 3a3

FOR SALE—TEN ACRES NEAR ALBINA, cheap as dirt; price $1000; good for home, for speculation or investment. J. FRED CLARK, 13 Stark st. 3a3

RIVERVIEW ADDITION TO ALBINA—LOTS and blocks for sale in this picturesquely beautiful suburb, on easiest terms. J. FRED CLARK & CO., Agents, 13 Stark st. 3a3

BR SH COCKERMOUTH, CAPT LITTLE, FROM Liverpool.—Neither the captain nor the undersigned consignees will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew. CORBITT & MACLEAY 3a3

REWARD—$5 WILL BE PAID FOR THE ADdress of W. E. Lees, who left Colton, W. T., on March 5 1887. He is a small man, slightly lame, and a school teacher by occupation. Address JOHN PHILIPI, Lewiston, Idaho. 3a3*

$20 REWARD—STRAYED OR STOLEN—A Llewellin setter dog; marked black and blue; tan ticked on front legs; tan spots over eyes and about mouth; nickel-plated collar with license. Return to 79 East Park st, or 150 First. 2atf* J. MALIFF.

FOR SALE—13 ACRES 2 MILES FROM CITY, on Mount Tabor road; all cleared and under fence; large house and barn; plenty berries and fruits. Commanding a fine view of surrounding country, and is one of the most desirable homes on Mount Tabor. 3a1 By CROFT & DAVIS, 153 Fourth St.

FARM FOR SALE — 450 ACRES IN GRAND Ronde valley, Union county, 100 acres in meadow, 100 acres more good farming land, balance good pasture; near timber; control outside range; will be sold cheap for cash or exchanged for Portland property. Call on or address J. W. HILL, Drawer 17, Portland, Or. or J. A. RUSSELL, Cove, Union Co., Or. [illegible]

NOTICE—WE HAVE THIS DAY SOLD OUR milk business to J. Spillman, who will continue to serve our old customers. Thanking all for favors shown us, we respectfully refer you to Mr. Spillman. April 1, 1887. HEISE BROS.

Having this day bought the above business from Heise Bros., I will continue to furnish all customers promptly and try to give the best of satisfaction. April 1, 1887. 2a2 J. SPILLMAN.

Ackerman's
[illegible]
This Week.

200 doz. Trimmed Sailor Hats, each	$0.25
75 doz. " School " " "	35
45 Doz. Cart Wheel Hats	25
15 " Ladies' Trimmed Hats, latest,	2.00
10 " " Hats, extra fine and very elaborately trimmed	3.60

We can safely assert that none of the above can be duplicated for less than twice the money in any millinery store, and at the same time assure the public that all of the above are the very latest styles.

ART DECORATIONS
—AND—
WALL PAPER

FREEBORN & CO. have great pleasure in intimating to the public that they have now completed their Spring stock of Wall Papers and Art Decorations.

These goods have been personally selected by Mr. Freeborn, he having just returned from visiting the Eastern factories, where he has spared neither time nor expense in securing some of the Latest Designs and Novelties in Wall Paper, Ceiling Decorations, Window Shades, etc., and we can with confidence say, which an examination of our stock will prove, that for elegance of designs and harmony of colorings these goods cannot be surpassed in any house north of San Francisco.

In our stock of Window Shades will be found all the Latest Patterns in Gold and Flock, Flitter and Flock, including the Mikado, Bon Ton and many other antique designs.

In order to meet the requirements of an increasing trade, we have enlarged our store, and have special rooms fitted wherein customers can rely on having the best light and seeing their selection to the best advantage.

Goods cheerfully shown. An examination of our stock respectfully solicited.

FREEBORN & CO.,
Jobbers & Retailers of Wall Paper and Window Shades,
187 and 189 Third St., Portland.
Samples mailed free. 2a3*

NEW TO-DAY.

NEW TO-DAY.

TO-MORROW MORNING at 9 O'CLOCK

Ladies' Standing Linen Collars, with Cape, 7c.
GLOVE DEPARTMENT.

OPENED TO-DAY!

NOVELTIES IN
Trimming Braids,
Fantasie Braids,
Galloon Trimming,
Jersey Silk Mitts,
Surah Silks,
Lace Flouncings.

NEW
Wraps,
Jackets,
Newmarkets,
Parasols,
and
En-tout-cas.
ON SECOND FLOOR.

These goods represent to-day's arrivals of the choicest and most desirable novelties of the season.

S. Lipman & Co.

New Market Theater.
Monday and Tuesday Evenings, April 4th and 5th,
OPERA CONCERT
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!
TREBELLI and MUSIN
PAUL STEINDORFF : : : : : DUZENSI.
I PART—Grand State Concert.
II PART—Scenes in full costume, etc., from Grand Opera.
MONDAY—IL TROVATORE ....TUESDAY—CARMEN
PRICES—$1 50, $1 00 and 50c. Seats now on sale.

PUBLIC INVITED.

Our Foreign Importations in Dress Goods for this season being complete, we invite all lovers of graceful dress materials to our magnificent stock. A visit to our place will leave no doubt, if doubt exist, as to styles being the latest, and prices as usual the lowest.

Woolen Fabrics range from 5c per yard upwards. Fifteen hundred pieces to select from.

In Wash Goods we have an extensive variety by the yard and in Combination Suits. Handsome Embroidered Suits $1 50 and upwards.

SILKS! SILKS!

In this department we recognize no competition, our prices at all times being lower than those quoted by Eastern houses for the exact quality and brand.

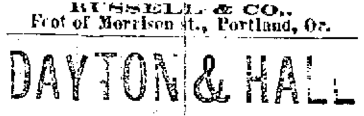
We will sell you a Black Gros Grain, warranted all Silk, for 75c; a Cashmere Silk for $1 00. Our TRICOT PEKIN, all silk, for 50c, is a marvel for finish.

We insist in stating that our prices cannot be duplicated in a legitimate way for the same goods in any house on the coast.

Samples of all goods for comparison on application.

McALLEN & McDONNELL,
165 Third st., Portland, Or.

RUSSELL & CO.'S



PORTABLE SAW MILLS,
FARM AND SAW MILL ENGINES,
THRESHING MACHINES, ETC.,
At first hands.
Send address, naming this paper.
RUSSELL & CO.,
Foot of Morrison st., Portland, Or.

DAYTON & HALL
Wholesale and Retail Importers
Fine Fishing Tackle
RODS, LINES, FLIES, ETC.
Electrical Goods,
TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS, ETC.
194 First St., Portland.

WM. A. DALY & SON,
Brokers & Dealers in Real Estate
HAVE REMOVED
To No. 15 Stark st., two doors east of First
17mlyes

BICYCLES.

COME TO PORTLAND AND PICK OUT YOUR Bicycle and learn to ride free of charge. Try "Victors," "Americans" arrived. Columbias in a few days. Send 5c in stamps for a copy of the 16-page paper "The Oregon Cyclist," and full illustrated catalogue of leading Bicycles. 2a3* F. T. MERRILL, 145 Fifth st.

SCHOOL CLERK.

THE OFFICE OF SCHOOL CLERK HAS BEEN moved to 15 Stark street. 1a3* R. A. DALY, School Clerk.

EUGENE D. WHITE,
N. W. cor. First and Alder, Portland, Or. Rooms B, C and D.
GEN'L REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Property Bought and Sold on Commission, Rents Collected, Taxes Paid for Non-Residents.
CHOICE Bargains in PORTLAND HEIGHTS and City Property.
RARE Bargains in East Portland and Albina Property.
FIRE INSURANCE.
GUARDIAN FIRE INSURANCE CO. of London. Capital paid up in gold [illegible].
OAKLAND HOME FIRE, of Oakland, Cal. $100,000 deposited in Salem for security of Oregon Policy-Holders.
MONEY TO LOAN,
From $25 to $10,000, one month to five years on approved personal collateral or real estate security.
$250,000
TO LOAN, in sums to suit, on approved real estate security, 8 per cent and no bonus.
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
For all the States and Territories.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
EAST PORTLAND BRANCH,
West Side of Fourth st., between J and K.

DIAMONDS

Rings	$6 00 to	$250 00
Scarf Pins	6 00 to	50 00
Lace Pins	10 00 to	150 00
Gold Lockets	12 00 to	50 00

WATCHES

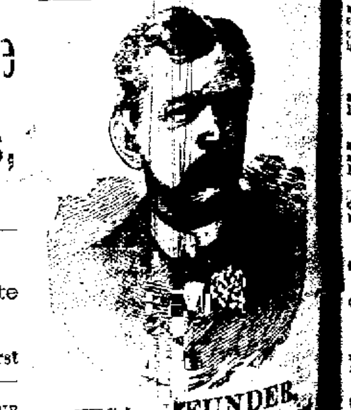
Gold Stem-Winding Watches	$20 to	$150 00
Silver Watches	10 to	50 00
Silverine	10 to	15 00

GOLD

Rings, solid, warranted	$2 to $10
Sleeve Buttons, gents'	2 to 10
Sleeve Buttons, ladies'	1 to 10

We are now selling everything in the Jewelry line at very low prices. We are prepared to make anything to order. Resetting of Diamonds. Watch Repairing. Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange. Country orders solicited.

NEW YORK JEWELRY [illegible]
107 First St.,
PORTLAND, OR.



WM. FUNDER,
Apothecary & Chemist,
First and [illegible], Portland, Or.
Proprietor of the Celebrated
Oregon Blood [illegible]
The best known [illegible] west. This is the [illegible]

NEW TO-DAY.

3 & 9 O'CLOCK

ollars, with Cape, 7c.
GLOVE DEPARTMENT.

TO-DAY!

New
Wraps,
Jackets,
Newmarkets,
Parasols,
and
En-tout-cas.

ON SECOND FLOOR.

rivals of the choicest and
ason.

S. Lipman Co.

et Theater!

ngs, April 4th and 5th,

CONCERT

ED SUCCESS!

and MUSIN

::::: DUZENSI.

ert.
tume, etc., from Grand Opera.
. TUESDAY—CARMEN
ats now on sale

EUGENE D. WHITE,

N. W cor. First and Alder, Portland, Or.
Rooms B, C and D.

GEN'L REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Property Bought and Sold on Commission
Rents Collected
Taxes Paid for Non Residents
HOICE Bargains in PORTLAND HEIGHTS
and City Properties
ARE Bargains in East Portland and Albina Property.

FIRE INSURANCE.

ARDIAN FIRE INSURANCE CO. of L. A.
Capital paid up in gold $1,000,000
OAKLAND HOME FIRE of Oakland Ca
00,000 deposited in Salem for security of Policy Holders.

MONEY TO LOAN,

om $25 to $10,000 one month to five years on approved personal collateral or real estate sec

$250,000

O LOAN in sums to suit, on approved real estate security 8 per cent and no bonuses.

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

For all the States and Territories.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

AST PORTLAND BRANCH,
West Side of Fourth st.,
between J and K.

DIAMONDS

Rings	$ 6 00 to	$250 00
carf Pins	6 00 to	50 00
ace Pins	10 00 to	150 00
old Lockets	12 00 to	50 00

WATCHES

Gold Stem-Winding Watches	$20 to	$150 00
ilver Watches	10 to	50 00
ilverine	10 to	15 00

GOLD

Rings, solid, warranted	$2 to	$10
leeve Buttons, gents'	2 to	40
leeve Buttons, ladies'	1 to	10

We are now selling everything at very low prices. [illegible] anything to order [illegible] onds Watch Repairing [illegible] taken in exchange Country ord[ers]

NEW YORK JEWELRY CO.

107 First St.,

PORTLAND, OR

WM. PFUNDER,
pothecary & Chemist
[illegible] Portland, Or.
[illegible] celebrated
regon Blood Purifier
[illegible] spring Medicine [illegible]

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND SUNDAY APRIL 3, 1887.

SIGNAL SERVICE WEATHER REPORT.

Local Report.

PORTLAND, April 2, 5:40 P. M.

		‡Rlt Hum	Direc of wind.	Veloc of wind.	Rain.	W'hr
[illegible]	[illegible]	93	S	12	.20	Lt rn
[illegible]	[illegible]	78	NW	10	.33	Fair
[illegible]	[illegible]	54	NW	9	.02	Clear

Maximum thermometer, 52.1, minimum, 39.0
[illegible] A. M. 11.0 feet.
[illegible] of moisture in air.

Place of observation.	Bar	Ch'ge last 8 hours	Ther.	W'nd direction.	R'n fall inch	State of W'hr
[illegible]	30.41	.05	46	NW	.02	Clear
[illegible]	30.40	.11	44	SW	.00	Clear
[illegible]	30.36	—.03	48	N	.00	Clear
[illegible]	30.06	—.08	67	N	.00	Clear
[illegible]	29.98	—.12	68	NW	.00	Clear

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Heron to arrive over the Northern W. Smith, Frank Allyn, Wm Cray-, Mrs Eugene D. White, Mrs Dr. Giltner, E. Hallghaut, M. K. Hallghaut, Jos. R, Mrs J S. Rogers, E. P. Gillett, H N, G McNamara, G. R. Stephens, C M, H. Tappan, J S. Shoulding, Geo Brooks, N. Judson and two children and 170 immigrants.

Huntington to arrive over the Short Wm Baker, J. M. Lacy, G. G. Vivian, E. W. Purdann, John H. Moyle, J G L Lewis, J. G Brown, wife and ninety-three immigrants.

ADELAIDE RANDALL.

An exchange speaking of this lady, who the B on Opera Company, which opens the New Market next Wednesday, says.

Loving remembrances steal upon "God speed yous," and "come again," we think of the delightful evenings spent listening to this vocal enchantress. A thorough artiste in every sense of the word, not suddenly raised into notoriety by capital, but gradually step by step, climbing each rung of the ladder of fame—by close study to her adopted profession. And how does she stand to-day? Who know any prima donna that equals her versatility. Well may it be said of her, Adelaide Randall holds the keys to the gates of comedy and the portals of pathos." Grand or comic opera, 'tis all the same to her; no effort, no strain. The poetry of motion, the rippling laugh, the winsome smile, the arch look the pout, the air of distress, the appeal, the trembling tone, the dolesome appeal, the revengeful stare, the hateful gaze, the lamentation, the tearful exhortation, all go to make up and complete the thorough training of a prima donna, and as such Adelaide Randall stands out as fixed and brilliant as the northern star. A gentleman remarked in our hearing that it seemed to him as though there were a gold mine in every note she sang. Her kind, gentle disposition makes a host of friends wherever she goes, always happy and cheerful, and ever ready with a kind word to those who may accost her, whether at Cape May or Long Branch in the summer season, or her own beautiful villa near the Hudson, she is always engaged in a coterie of ladies and gentlemen who delight in literature and music, and thus she gets the needful rest preparatory to her forthcoming traveling tour.

SUDDEN DEATH.

MRS. GEORGE WATKINS STRICKEN WITH APOPLEXY AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE AND EXPIRES.

Yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock, Mrs. George E. Watkins, wife of the well known steamboat man, was seized with a stroke of apoplexy and died from its effects four hours later. At the time of the attack she was making a call upon Mrs Robert Lutke, No. 230 [illegible] street. She felt the attack coming and requested that a message be dispatched to her physician, Dr. G. M. Wells. Very soon after she became unconscious and did not rally. The case was beyond human aid. Death came at a quarter to 9. Later the body was removed to the family residence.

Mrs. Watkins had been a sufferer from brain troubles for years, which caused most severe headaches. Several months ago she seemed entirely restored, all pain having left her. Early last week the trouble returned, though not so severe as it had been, and it occasioned no alarm. Yesterday she was very much improved and had no hesitancy in making calls upon neighbors. Mrs. Watkins was the daughter of Mr Oliver [illegible], was aged 35 years and leaves two children.

Blunders and Not Letters to be Cared For.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.).

The fact that the number of errors in the railway mail service during 1886 reached the enormous aggregate of 2,120,147 is a direct and striking proof of the extent to which the postal interests of the people have been trifled with by the present administration for the purpose of giving offices to incompetent and undeserving [illegible].

ENORMOUS.

Freiman's Breakfast Bill of Fare

[illegible], oatmeal with rich cream [illegible], trout, salmon, smelt, halibut, [illegible] sole, mackerel, spring chicken sweet-[illegible], English and French chops, tender-[illegible] steaks, veal cutlets, tenderloin of pork flannel cakes and honey buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, German pancake with jelly, ham and eggs, [illegible] and Eastern bacon, English muffins, graham gems, French and German twist, [illegible], German toast, at Freiman's celebrated popular restaurant, Oak street.

WHAT IS IT

That produces that beautiful, soft and delicate complexion and leaves no traces of its application or injurious effects? The answer, WISDOM'S ROBERTINE accomplishes all this and is endorsed by ladies of taste and refinement as the most delightful toilet article ever produced. Guaranteed under a forfeiture of $1000 to be absolutely free from harmful or injurious substances.

[illegible] of the Temperance Question.

At the request of many citizens the Rev R B Dilworth has consented to deliver his unusually able lecture on this subject in the Tabernacle, corner Tenth and Taylor streets, Sunday April 3, at 3 o'clock. All are invited to attend and hear this strong and original lecture, pronounced by many equal to John B Gough's.

MANY CITIZENS

A Rare Opportunity.

To accommodate the many patients and persons who wish to consult with and receive medical treatment from DR. LILBIG & CO., the celebrated San Francisco specialists of the Liebig [illegible] they will open offices for one month [illegible] at Knickerbocker hotel, [illegible] street between Third and Fourth [illegible]. Consultation free

IF TO DAY IS BRIGHT

It will be observed on the thoroughfares many new [illegible] fitting suits made right here by the accomplished cutters Neimeyer & Lane of [illegible] street—the Portland Tailoring Parlors [illegible] has a reputation that extends to all [illegible] the Northwest.

[illegible] MAKING—During Mrs. D. Por[illegible] in San Francisco she secured the services of Madam Shairo formerly of Madam Lisle's, [illegible] London—a sufficient indorsement, [illegible] that will insure to the ladies the best class [illegible] making. Madame Shairo will arrive [illegible] due notice being given

[illegible] making your selections of boots and shoes it is proper to consider the best means whereby to procure first class goods, and these at [illegible] within bounds. This important matter should be weighed and taken advantage of. You will find it at the Portland Boot and Shoe store, [illegible] Washington street.

For the best flannel or buckwheat cakes, hot [illegible] German pancakes, with maple syrup, jelly [illegible] pork and beans, muffins biscuits fresh [illegible] go to the Freiman Coffee House, 30 Wash[ington] [illegible] Open day and night.

Rupture Permanently Cured.

[illegible] Work every day day, cures guar[anteed]. Call on or address Forden & Fisher, [illegible] 8 and 9, First National Bank, Portland.

[illegible] AND BUGGIES repainted, retrim[med], thoroughly renovated in the best manner [illegible] lowest prices for first-class work at the [illegible] Pacific Mfg Co., Twenty-second and T sts.

[illegible] at a reduced price views of resi[dences] [illegible] outdoor groups will be made by I. G. Da[vidson], photographer, 125 First street, Portland.

Spring Plants.

The great clearance sale will begin Monday, April [illegible] at the Fifteenth and G street conservatory

[illegible] Blood Purifier cures constipation and [illegible]

BUSINESS ITEMS.

[illegible] "Garrison's Sewing Machine Store 167 Fourth [illegible] [illegible] the latest improved Domestic [illegible] perfection and beauty

[illegible] want the best Sewing Machine in the world, [illegible] Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 167 Third st. [illegible] examine the Domestic and Household. [illegible] all others follow

[illegible] Deaf.—Peck's Patent Improved [illegible] Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing [illegible] work of the natural drum. Invisible [illegible] always in position. All conversation [illegible] heard distinctly. Send for [illegible] testimonials free. F. HISCOX, 853

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

This evening the full company will appear at the Tivoli.

The Olympian reached San Francisco at 10 o'clock Friday night.

The funeral of John Cahill will take place at 2 P. M. to-day from the cathedral.

Maren Anderson, a subject of the king of Norway and Sweden, yesterday filed notice of his intention of becoming a citizen.

Mrs Elwanger is still at St. Vincent's hospital, but is doing well, and it is hoped will soon be able to be out. In the meantime her children are being well provided for by kind friends.

In the county court yesterday in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Annie T King, one of the heirs of Mrs. Amos N. King, deceased, E. A King was appointed guardian, and his bonds fixed at $1000.

Mr Chas. W. Gibbs, son of the late Gov A. C. Gibbs, who has been in the employ of Butterfield Bros for the last five years, leaves for Astoria on this morning's Telephone to take charge of the watch and jewelry department of the Crystal Palace.

W L Chittenden, "Lyman," as everybody has known him for the last thirty years, is about to leave Portland to engage in sheep raising in Eastern Oregon He will probably locate near Prineville, Crook county His many friends wish him every success in his "new departure"

The resolutions passed by the members of the Portland bar, in memory of the late Gov. A C Gibbs, were presented to the family last evening by the committee, consisting of Hon M C. George, J. C. Moreland, Judge Kelly and Hon J. F Caples, the presentation speech being made by Mr. Caples.

If the managers of the Washington street car line would maintain the popularity of their road, they should dismiss the fellow who drove car No 4 yesterday afternoon, for gross rudeness to ladies. The attention of the superintendent is hereby called to his case, and particulars will be given upon application.

Charles E. Mooney, well known for some years as a popular young salesman in the employ of John Cran & Co, has resigned his position on account of failing health. He will travel for a time in high mountain regions of the interior, and if restored will doubtless locate somewhere in Eastern Oregon or Washington.

Last Chance Miller, who hasn't been heard of for quite a while, broke loose again a few days ago. Either pining for jail or amusement he took occasion to beat his son, and the young man swore out a warrant for his father's arrest in Justice Bushwiler's court for assault and battery. When the constable went to Miller's farm down the river to arrest him, he found he had skipped.

Following is a list of bids received at the office of Otto Kleeman, architect, for fitting up Marquam's block (the old Central school) into a hotel Carpenter work—A J. Woodworth, $1400, E. J. Brynn, $1450; R. Seaman & Co., $1500, T. I. Fuller, $1525, George Gardner, $1550, H Avey, $1570, John Becker, $1550 John Foot, $2,000 Plastering—J. Row and $565, E. Bolland, $610; Southerland, $625 Webster, $650, E. Robinson, $762.

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning two horses attached to a farm wagon ran away from the corner of Morrison and Second streets After several collisions with other teams on the way down to Oak street, the horses were caught and brought to a standstill by George H. Ward. Part of the wagon still dragged behind the heels of the horses and the remainder of it was scattered along Second street. The wreck was turned over to a blacksmith and the horses sent home.

SHIPPING NOTES.

ASTORIA, April 2.—The Dixie arrived down with Br bk Loch Ranza at 11 A. M., Ocklahama with Br bk Mobile Bay, down at 1:30 P M. Dixie left up with Br bk Martha Fisher at 2 P. M. Br bk Bauffshire, from Brisbane, arrived in at 1 30 P. M. Five P. M., weather clear, wind east.

TABERNACLE.

Rev. R. B Dilworth will deliver a lecture on the temperance question at the tabernacle, corner Tenth and Taylor streets, to-day at 3 P. M. Those who have heard this lecture are unqualified in its praise, many pronouncing it equal to John B. Gough's. No statistics, very little censure, but said to be logical, strong and convincing.

INCORPORATION.

Articles of incorporation of the Northwestern Book & Mercantile Company were filed in the office of the county clerk yesterday by Nathan Rosenthal, E T. Simpson and W. M. Simpson. The object of the corporation is to buy, sell and publish all kinds of books. Capital stock $6000, divided into 1200 shares, of the value of $5 each. Principal office, Portland.

SCARCITY OF HELP.

In conversation with H. B L—, of the old established suit and cloak house, Third and Alder streets, yesterday, we learned that he has experienced great difficulty of late in securing help to do the work incidental to an establishment of the class under his control. There is a growing demand for goods in his line, therefore the need of good girls in his cloak room.

AN APRIL FOOL JOKE.

On Friday a number of J. M. Simon's best customers prevailed upon him to prepare some chocolate creams without the cream, and in its stead introduce cotton, giving this toothsome candy the genuine appearance at least. The taste of the substance thus introduced caused those eating them to entertain a strong desire to "getever," so they had Mr. Simon make up another lot, and the demand became so great that the supply was exhausted before the day ended.

PROHIBITORY AMENDMENT LEAGUE.

Friday, at Lebanon, Linn county, at a meeting called for the organization of a Prohibitory Amendment League, the following officers were elected President, D. Andrews, first vice-president, J. H Stine, second vice-president, Jas Marks; secretary, A. R Cyrus treasurer, P R. Ballard executive committee, G. L. Mest, A. Williams, Mrs. Jas Marks, L E Montague and I L Gilbert Meeting adjourned to meet at First Presbyterian church next Monday evening, April 4, at 7:30 o'clock

INSANE OVER MONEY MATTERS

John Evers, mentioned yesterday as having gone crazy, was examined by Drs Saylor and Watkins yesterday and ordered committed to the asylum Evers arrived here six years ago from Arizona, and during his residence here always kept a saloon. He is a German, aged 40 years. Evers yesterday while being examined was in a very happy mood. He imagined he was possessed of $100,000 deposited in a savings bank Of this he agreed to will the examining physicians $10,000 apiece and attorney N D Simon $100. Trouble over money matters is believed to have caused Evers's insanity

FATAL FALL.

Sunday morning Oliver Richardson, a boss carpenter who has been in the employ of the Central Pacific railroad for ten years or more, in bridge work, met his death at the bridge across Willow creek, about two miles south of the Klamath river. In stepping backward on the timbers of the bridge he missed his footing and fell a distance of fourteen feet, striking the back of his head on a rock The base of the skull was badly fractured, and death resulted in about an hour from brain concussion. Deceased was about 50 years of age, and was a skillful mechanic and a man held in high esteem by all who knew him.

AFTER TROUT TO DAY.

The thousand and one fishermen who have been looking forward to enjoying some sport to day were rather depressed by the rain, but the bright sunshine yesterday afternoon renewed their hopes, and the foolish ones who had no salmon eggs in their bait cans started out to hunt up some Fish mongers were bothered all afternoon by inquiries for salmon eggs, and one firm in self-defense at last put out a big placard bearing the inscription, "No salmon eggs here" The streams will be running full banks to-day and the water will be dirty, but with the deadly, dirty, smeary salmon roe no doubt many trout will be taken.

FROM COOS BAY.

Mr. J Kahn returned yesterday from a trip to Coos bay and the Coquille. He reports the roads between Scottsburg and Drain as simply horrible The distance is 35½ miles and the coach was from 2 30 A M till 4 P. M making the distance. Everything is very dull at Coos bay. The Newport coal mines are involved and to be sold to satisfy the claims of San Francisco creditors and there are no steamers running. Residents of that section are, however, hopeful on account of the bright prospects for the lumber business It is more than likely that the Newport coal mines will be bought by San Francisco parties who will open them out again

ANOTHER GROWL AT MEALS.

A friend of THE OREGONIAN writes from Huntington, under date of March 31. In your locals I notice that Arthur Kohn "kicked" about the meal he ate at Kamela. What has he to say about the eating at this place—or was he spared that punishment? If our old citizen, Mr. Thompson, who used to keep a boarding house at Front and Jefferson streets, were to enter the dining rooms of the Pacific Hotel Company at this place and had to pay six bits for a dinner, he would blush with shame for this company, for he gave a far better meal for 25 cents than they charge 75 cents for and if it was not for the smiles of the waiter girls it would be unendurable

REVISITING PORTLAND

Mr. J C. Dougherty, an old-time resident of this city, but now a citizen of Daysville, Yolo county, Cal., is in the city. Mr. Dougherty came out here in 1852 as a drummer in Company H, Fourth regiment United States infantry, of which U. S. Grant was first lieutenant. He took up his residence here after completing ten years' service in the army and lived here till 1872. He is here to visit his daughter, Mrs. Shaw, and to see his grandchild who took a prize at the last baby show. He has met many old-time friends since his arrival, but many are gone. Mr. Dougherty leaves on the outgoing steamer for home.

BRUTAL SALOON KEEPER.

Mike Zeller, a saloon keeper at Front and Columbia streets, was arrested yesterday on a charge of assaulting John Sullivan with a dangerous weapon. Friday night Sullivan went into Zeller's saloon and Zeller to put him out knocked him around with a beer mallet Zeller went to Justice Bushwiler's court and pleaded guilty to assault and battery and paid a fine of $5 and when Sullivan appeared at the police station with a mansard roof over his left eye and his cheek badly cut, the district attorney concluded it was something worse than assault and battery and that a $5 fine was not sufficient satisfaction. Zeller's case will be called for examination before Judge Dement Monday

THE DIVORCE MILL

Mary A. Wagner was yesterday granted a divorce from Henry Wagner and allowed to resume her maiden name, Mary A. Chappell They were married April 7, 1883, in Clatsop county, and plaintiff alleges that after marriage defendant frequently abused her, assaulted her with a stove poker and used her in such a manner as to make life burdensome.

Nellie S. Willis has been granted a divorce from Seth Willis on the ground of cruel treatment and desertion They were married November 3, 1880, in Oregon City, and soon after Willis left his wife, vowing he would no longer live with her. At that time she complains she was dangerously ill Plaintiff has been permitted to resume her maiden name, Nellie S. Kerns.

The case of W. W. Root vs Mattie Root has been referred to W S. Newbury as referee.

BURGLARS CAUGHT.

Friday night the saloon and hotel at Albina was entered and robbed of a lot of liquors and cigars. Deputy-Sheriff McGinnis found that the parties had taken the stuff they had purloined to a box car, but they had decamped Yesterday afternoon Marshal McMillan and the deputy succeeded in capturing four of the parties in East Portland. Two were caught in the building on the corner of Water and J streets, and two were found on Third street. They had evidently been drinking the liquor they had taken from the saloon, and were somewhat under the effects of the same when they were taken in They were taken to the East Portland city jail, and their cases will come up before the recorder Monday at 9 o'clock. Three other hard-looking tramps were caught, but were turned loose on the promise that they would leave the town. When last seen they were walking up the railroad track in the direction of the car shops.

CHARGED WITH MAYHEM.

A few days ago Sheriff Watts of Columbia county arrived at Oysterville, W. T., with a requisition from Gov. Squire for the arrest of Frank Borachio, a half-breed Indian. Word had been sent to Sheriff Turner that if such a person was in the county to cause his arrest, says the *Pacific Journal*. Sheriff Turner and Deputy Sheriff S. P. Greenman went to Cedar river, where they caught their man, and he was brought to town and lodged in jail. The arrest is over a saloon row near St. Helens last August, wherein Borachio bit off an ear from one James Wallace, who was attempting to quiet the row. Borachio escaped and was traced to this county. Watts applied to Gov. Pennoyer for a requisition, but he was told that he (the governor) wanted to see the evidence in writing and pass upon its merits before complying. He was informed that a district judge had passed upon the case and found that the man was guilty, and finally Pennoyer granted the requisition.

THE OPERA CONCERTS

To-morrow and Tuesday will be the farewell appearances of Trebelli and Musin, at the New Market theater. There is no doubt that the houses will be even larger than on the occasion of their first visit. They have both achieved a genuine success and roused their audiences to such a pitch of enthusiasm as is seldom witnessed in Portland. The programmes are much more interesting, from the fact that they will conclude with scenes from grand opera in costume, giving Trebelli a chance to appear to much better advantage. Her forte is the lyric stage, and of all her impersonations, Azucena and Carmen have always been considered her greatest. In London, Paris, St. Petersburg and other art centers she has been endorsed as being the greatest in the world.

Musin will again be heard in a number of new pieces, in fact, both programmes present an entire change from that of last week's. We can readily understand the desire of the San Francisco public to have these artists play a return engagement, as it may be many years until another opportunity is afforded to hear the like of them.

THE LIGHTEST SENTENCE.

JAMES OF ALBINA GETS ONE YEAR FOR KILLING MRS. NEWTON.

Yesterday morning E W. James, convicted of manslaughter for accidentally shooting and killing Mrs. Julia A. Newton at Albina some time ago, was brought into department No. 2 circuit court to receive his sentence. The court asked the defendant the customary question as to whether he was ready for sentence, to which an affirmative reply was given. M. T. Mulkey, counsel for the prisoner, then addressed the court, saying

"I would like to say that no one regrets the unfortunate circumstance that has placed the defendant in his present situation more than he himself The killing was purely accidental, and that fact should weigh in his favor While in the minds of the jury he did not use the precaution he should in handling firearms, they have now, every one of them, signed a petition urging his pardon The verdict they rendered was more a matter of public policy than anything else. Under these circumstances I beg the privilege of suggesting that the lowest sentence be imposed upon him"

After reviewing the killing of Mrs. Newton briefly, Judge Stearns replied "The indictment did not charge nor was it claimed at the trial that the defendant tried to kill this woman He was criminally careless in the use of the gun which resulted in the death of that lady" He then recited sections of the criminal code which define the killing of a person under the circumstances by which Mrs Newton met her death a "state prison offense" Continuing, he said "This offense does not only come within the spirit but also the letter of the law. He cannot claim to be altogether an innocent man The careless use of weapons has here, as well as elsewhere, resulted in too many deaths, and that had something to do with the verdict There are certain mitigating circumstances so far as his punishment is concerned. There was no rage, hatred or malice to prompt him in the killing It was purely an accident Defendant has already been severely punished in his mind, independent of the action of the jury. I hear that he is an industrious, honest man, with a young wife and child depending upon his care and support, but the law must be enforced. What might be little or no punishment for some men to him it is no doubt very severe Therefore, in view of the foregoing facts and his good character, I am satisfied that his punishment will be great enough by imposing upon him the lowest sentence fixed by the law James, stand up. It is the judgment of this court that you be imprisoned in the penitentiary for the term of one year."

A strong effort will be made to have Gov. Pennoyer pardon the prisoner.

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

The union meeting at the First Baptist church last Friday evening, was one of the most interesting since the beginning of the evangelical services. Rev. Landon, of Calvary Presbyterian church, delivered the sermon instead of Rev. T E Clapp, who, it was previously announced, would preach. The effort of Mr. Landon was a most able and earnest one. The tarry after the meeting, in the vestry, was taken charge of by Rev. J Q A. Henry, who made a strong appeal to the unconverted to make a start in the Christian life. A response was made by six persons who, by rising, said they were determined to know the truth of Christianity.

The services will be continued at the Taylor street Methodist church during the coming week H.

TAKE IT.
W. PFUNDER'S
OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.
—CURES—
KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA,
PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES.
HEADACHE & COSTIVENESS

IN AID OF WORKING GIRLS.

A Safe and Respectable Boarding House to be Established—Co-operation of the Ladies' Relief Society Promised.

Early last winter a young women's night school was established in this city. Its object was to furnish working girls and women, whom circumstances had denied educational advantages in their youth, an opportunity to receive such instruction as the public schools furnish. It was an experiment, and its support was small. During the winter the school was open four nights a week, in Marquam's block (the old Central school building,) and instruction was imparted by several volunteer teachers of the public schools. The experiment showed that there were in Portland a number of earnest, honest, working young women who desired to improve their minds and to spend their evenings in some other way than in frivolity The attendance has averaged twenty-four nightly, the scholars being mostly shop girls and sewing girls The youngest was about 18, the oldest about 33, the average 24 or 25 years. The tuition was nominal, $1 for three months This night school was established principally through the efforts of Miss Emma J. Welty, who came from Boston to reside in Portland about a year ago. In the work she was ably assisted by Miss Cook, of this city. Miss Welty had large experience in Boston in organized work on behalf of young women, and the experience of the night school here varied not from experience with similar work elsewhere. Human nature is the same the world over.

The young women who attended the night school earned on an average about $25 a month. Their necessary expenses for board and washing were from $17 to $18 a month, leaving them only a small balance for clothing. Besides, their boarding houses, as a rule, afforded few of the comforts of a home, and this question presented itself to those interested in the young women Can we not, by an organized effort, establish a home for these women? A place that will actually be a home, furnish them food and lodging at a minimum of cost, a place of rest, and above all, of protection. Not a reformatory nor a charitable institution in any sense nor an asylum for fallen women, but a safe and respectable boarding house, with the comforts of a home, which the occupants will pay for After discussing the matter in all its bearings, it was decided to organize a "Women's Educational and Industrial Union" about the middle of this month.

Perhaps it will not have so cumbersome a name as given above, but "Women's Educational and Industrial Union" expresses well the object of the proposed organization. The plan was proposed to the advisory board of the Ladies' Relief Society, who gave it their unqualified approval Indeed the board were strongly inclined to "adopt" the women's home and make it a branch of the society's work, but on consultation with the board of trustees, who manage the finances, and with legal counsel, it was learned that the articles of incorporation of the Ladies' Relief Society and the disposition of its funds rendered such a step unadvisable, if not illegal, so the society as an organization cannot undertake to establish and support the proposed home However, the ladies will give the new organization the use, rent free, of the building at Fourteenth and F streets, formerly occupied as the Children's Home. The matter of the young women's home will be brought before the Relief Society at the annual meeting to be held next Tuesday, and it is thought that most of the members will join the new organization. The idea is to make the organization popular, and the dues low, say $1 a year, so that even comparatively poor people may contribute. It is expected that the women's home will be almost self sustaining, hence the principal support wanted from the public is moral support.

A meeting will be called about the middle of this month to effect an organization. Those who have taken the initiative in the movement express the opinion that there are at least thirty young women in Portland who would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of occupying such a home The organization will be absolutely non-sectarian and it expects to do for young women what the Young Men's Christian Association does for young men, with the addition of furnishing a home and ministering more to physical and mental needs than to spiritual It is intended, too, that the home shall furnish temporary shelter to women of good repute seeking employment here as strangers, a need that more than one friendless woman has experienced.

[illegible]

John J. Mitchell & Co, publishers of the men's colored fashion plates used by merchant tailors, thus talk of Spring Styles in their circular, just out. The information may be depended upon as reliable, and not idle newspaper gossip.

Nearly all the things spoken of may be seen in our large display window this week.

With the coming of Spring, furnishing goods have blossomed into as lovely colors and tints as the rarest flowers, and it is a delight to examine the beautiful goods now being offered for the adornment of masculinity. For several months there has been constantly developing, on the part of the public, a decided tendency to adorn the neck with colors as bright as can be dyed by carmine, the yellowest of chrome yellow, or the deepest of ultra marine, as well as toward the faintest of tints, relieved by shades almost the same.

IN TIES AND SCARFS

The Four-in-Hand is the most popular, while next in favor is its imitation, the made Four-in-Hand. These ties are from 2 to 2¼ inches in width, and are generally of light shades such as heliotrope, salmon pink, sky and other light shades of blue, etc. Stripes, checks and figures are about equally popular and attractive A striking contrast, however, to these shades are a fine line of ties affected by some of our heavy swells. These are of a dark color, generally a brown with large bright figures

FLAT AND PUFF SCARFS,

Because of the low cut of vests, are made narrower than last season so as to show the shirt to advantage at the sides Some, which are very beautiful, are being introduced in light shades and colors, but it is not thought that either the flat or puff scarf will be much worn.

IN COLLARS

There are but two styles which are much worn they are the straight standing, or the standing with the corners more or less turned The ends of standing collars are generally parallel, but there is a style shown with a V-shaped opening which is quite effective Those with turned corners vary from the collar with the ends just turned, to the collar the ends of which rest upon the knot of the tie

IN CUFFS

The linked is the favorite, the newest and most popular form having the corners rounded but the lapped cuff, with square corners, is also in considerable demand.

SHIRTS

In fancy colors will be considerably worn. Checks, stripes and many other designs are shown in great variety.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Are shown in plain linen with borders of solid yellow, checks, stripes or dots in color, or combinations of stripes, checks, dots and figures.

GLOVES

Show a tendency to lighter shades, which it is believed will increase as the season advances. Tan, in light, medium and dark shades, self-backed or with black stitching, is very popular. For full dress, pearl color, self-backed or stitched in black, is the correct thing.

A. ROBERTS,

The Leading Clothier,
Merchant Tailor and
Hatter of Oregon,
135 FIRST, CORNER ALDER.

FROM SALEM.

COMMISSIONER WAGGONER'S BOND.

SALEM, April 2.—George A. Waggoner, the newly appointed railroad commissioner, to-day presented his bond of $10,000 to the governor for approval. His sureties are J. W. Crawford, R. P Earhart and D. H. LaFollett. Senator Slater has not as yet filed his bond. The clerk of the board will probably be named on Monday.

HURT BY A VICIOUS HORSE

While W. H. Holmes was at the home of his brother, Hon. A. M Holmes, in Polk county today he was struck in the head by a horse which he was helping to hitch up, and knocked down The horse then trampled upon his face Mr Holmes's injuries are not so serious as at first feared, and he returned to this city to-day When hurt he was on his way to Zena, where he was to appear in the lawsuits against John D Belt. The cases were postponed until next Thursday

PORTLAND'S PROSPECTS

The Distributing Center for More Territory than Any Other City in the United States.

Embracing Over 1,000,000 Square Miles of Territory in Alaska, British Col, Montana, Idaho Washington and Oregon.

Has More People, More Wealth and Greater Resources than all of its Rivals Combined.

The Actual Terminus of Three Great Transcontinental Railway Lines.

Less than Forty Years of Age, and Ranks in Population as the 46th City in the Union.

In presenting the above facts to prospective purchasers we will venture to say that during the quarter of a century that Portland has occupied its present position as the trade center of the Northwest that there has not been a single investment judiciously made within her boundaries which has not realized the investor a handsome profit Although fortune after fortune has been made in Portland through the enhanced value of real estate, the opportunity for profitable investment is just as good to-day as it was twenty five years ago We have no property to give away nor do we know of any one who has, but we have several choice pieces of residence and business property which in some cases pays in rents alone as high as one per cent a month on the purchase price to say nothing of its prospective value, and if that is not a good investment, we fail to understand the meaning of the word

We will sell one or more beautiful lots, ranging in price from $1050 to $1350 each in a block bounded by Salmon, Main, Natella and Chapman streets in King's Western addition situated on the proposed Salmon street car line to City Park and just 250 feet south west of the present junction of Taylor and Fourteenth streets the latter to be extended during the present summer by bridging Tanner creek This property is situated at the southern terminus of said bridge and is from three to five feet above the regular street grade, thus affording perfect drainage and splendid view The viewer's report on the proposed extension of Fourteenth street has already been filed with the Auditor and when the work is completed it will make this property tributary to lots on the east side of the creek now selling for three and four thousand dollars each Title perfect Terms half cash, balance in two years at 10 per cent secured by a mortgage

$5200—LOT 50x100 ON EAST PARK ST., in a central location containing two good houses renting for $25 each, terms ½ cash, balance in two years at 10 per ct

TWO SPLENDID LOTS ON SIXTH ST IN A good business quarter can be had at a bargain

$16,000—LOT 25x100 FEET ON FRONT st. convenient to Stark st. ferry contains good two story brick and can be made to pay ten per cent on the investment to say nothing of its doubling in value within a few years. Terms one half cash balance in three years

$1900 WILL BUY A NICE LITTLE SIX room cottage with lot 30x75, street and sidewalk improved, and convenient to the business center Terms, one-half cash, balance on time

$2000—NICE LOT, 25x50, ON TENTH ST in a central location containing a good five room house, which rents readily for $20 a month also a good well on premises, street and sidewalk improved, title perfect, terms ½ cash balance in three years at ten per cent secured by a mortgage on the property

$5000 WILL BUY A CHOICE LOT IN THE heart of the city containing two good dwellings renting for an aggregate of $45 per month street and sidewalk improved the houses are insured for three years and in good repair Terms ½ cash, balance in one or two years at ten per cent

$12,000—A BEAUTIFUL 80 ACRE tract, two miles from Albina ferry situated convenient to the Vancouver road and particularly adapted for suburban property The timber alone can be made to pay two thirds of the purchase price

$8100—CHOICE LOT ON WEST PARK st., containing two handsome two story bay window houses, renting for $30 each.

$1200—FIVE ACRES GOOD LEVEL GARden land, three miles from Stark street ferry on Base Line road, terms, one half cash, balance by June 1 1888

$6500—CHOICE QUARTER BLOCK facing east in a good neighborhood five blocks from the postoffice and surrounded by the finest residences in Portland stands four feet above the grade, with street and sidewalk improved. Four modern design cottages can be built on the premises at a cost of $6000 which will rent readily for $30 per month each thus insuring 10 per cent interest on upwards of $14 000 Terms $5000 down balance in one or two years at 10 per cent secured by a mortgage

$3500 WILL BUY TWO BEAUTIFUL Lots, located in a desirable neighborhood in East Portland, and containing a good five-room house, with hot and cold water attachments and all modern conveniences, lots will be sold separate if desired

For particulars call on or address

[illegible]

Real Estate, Mining and Money Brokers,
127½ FIRST STREET
(Over Merchants' National Bank)

J. Selling Co.,
CORNER FIRST & TAYLOR STS.

SPECIAL LOTS
—AT—
SPECIAL PRICES.

150 Very Elegant Black Cashmere-finished JERSEYS; regular price $1—To-morrow 39c each.

KID GLOVES—Colors, all the desirable shades of Tan, Slate and Brown, as well as Black; sizes from 6 to 8; every pr warranted 4-Button at $1.15 pr pair.

25 prs FIGURED SWISS in all colors; worth 50c; To-morrow 25c.

All the Newest and Most Fashionable Fabrics for Summer in Lawns, India Linen, Nainsook, Swiss Seersuckers,
At Attractive Prices
—AT—

J. Selling Co.,
CORNER FIRST & TAYLOR STS.

THIEL'S DETECTIVE SERVICE
Established 1873.
G. H. THIEL, Proprietor.
General Detective Business Transacted for Corporations and Individuals.
ST. LOUIS—700 and 702 Olive street.
NEW YORK—82 and 84 Nassau street.
ST PAUL—German-American Bank Building.
DENVER—Tabor Block.
PORTLAND OFFICE—Room 12, Labbe Block.
M. C. SULLIVAN, Manager.

DRESS GOODS DEPT.
DRESS GOODS DEPT.
—OF—
[illegible]

Price List for This Week

The following quotations of American, English and French Dress Goods are guaranteed only for this week. They are lower than New York prices for many lines Those quoted are only a small proportion of our immense stock.

AMERICAN & ENGLISH DRESS GOODS

23-inch Mixed Brocades, per yard (New colors, fine texture.)	10c
23-inch Worsted Diagonals, all colors	10c
23-inch Manchester Cashmeres	12½c
23-inch Lace Etamines, light colors and black	16½
(Solid colors Brocades to match.)	
22-inch Nun's Veiling, light and medium tints	18
22-inch Crape Albatross, new shades	18
22-inch Mohair Glace, gray, etc	25
23-inch Double Faced Surahs	25c
24-inch Double-Faced Ottomans	25c
24-inch Basket Cloths (stripes to match)	30c
36-inch Manchester Cashmeres	22½
36 inch Soft English Cashmeres	30c
36-inch Flannel Suitings	32½c
44-inch All-Wool Cheviots	42½c

FRENCH DRESS GOODS:
(All Wool and Silk and Wool.)

44 inch Jersey Armures	50c
40 inch Checked and Flaked Heathers	60c
40 inch Foules (grays and browns only)	60c
42 inch Foules, fine quality	75c
40-inch Cashmere Bieges, choice	65c
44 inch Worsted Epingee (grays, etc.)	65c
44-inch extra fine Etamines, all shades	75c
42-inch fine and firm Diagonals	80c
54 inch Cloth Suitings, all shades	70c
42 inch Cashmere, Drap d'Ete (Mixed grays, fairys, browns, only, finest quality in this market.)	85c
42-inch Granite Cloth at (Our exclusive line, latest shades and black.)	$1 00
54-inch Scotch Cheviots, genuine (mixed colors and checks.)	$1 00

In addition Cashmeres, Crapes, Lace Effects, Lace Batists, Albatross, Plaids, Checks, Line Stripes, Silk-Mixed Cheviots, etc., and a magnificent variety of Exclusive Novelties and Pattern Suits, all our own importation.

Prices Within the Reach of All.

Our Assortment in Every Department the Largest to Select From. Our Prices Decidedly the Lowest.

[illegible]

185 AND 187 FIRST ST.
(Bet Yamhill and Taylor)
Through to 184 to 196 Second, and 29 to 35 Taylor streets.

CARPET and LACE CURTAIN DEP'T Our immense stock of all leading lines is worthy of your inspection. We ask you to compare our prices with those elsewhere.

[illegible]

The question "Which one of the many good Life Insurance Companies is the best?" is settled neither by the statements of agents (who are biased) nor by the size of the company (bulk does not always indicate merit), nor by the amount of new business secured,) as that may be obtained in foreign and undesirable localities and at large cost in expense and mortality), but

IT IS SETTLED

by the testimony of experience, and the insured are the ONLY DISINTERESTED WITNESSES

Every insurer should know the FACTS as revealed in the following and other statements to be published

Diocese of Iowa, Davenport, Feb. 1, 1887.

From a moral standpoint, it is certainly a duty every man owes to his family, no matter what his circumstances may be, to insure his life in some trustworthy company (not a co-operative makeshift) for as large an amount as he can afford. * * * To the poor, Life Insurance is a necessity, while to the rich it is a safeguard against possible contingencies, and furnishes ready money while the estate is being settled. * * * Having always been a firm believer in Life Insurance, and being insured in several of the leading companies, I have given the subject considerable investigation, and I am convinced that the mutual companies, in which there are no stockholders to share profits, are unquestionably the best.

My confidence in the Northwestern Mutual Life, of Milwaukee, is shown by the fact that I carry in it to the full limit ($30,000) allowed by the company on a single life. It is apparent to any one, who will stop to consider, that the location of this company gives it advantages possessed by no other. Its wise and conservative management, in not seeking business in foreign countries or in the Gulf states, is in agreeable contrast to the practices of some of the leading Eastern companies, and cannot be too strongly commended

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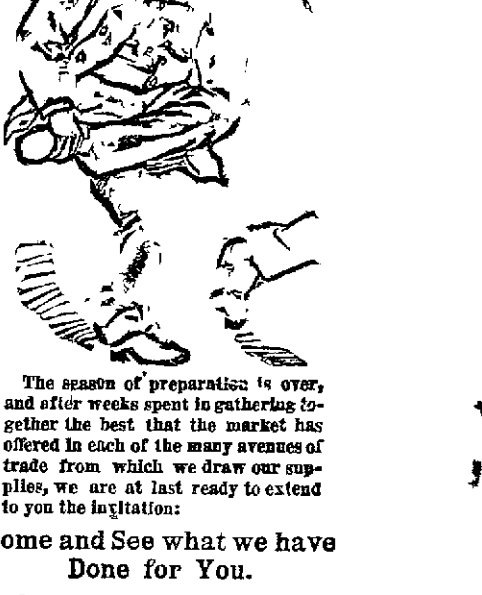

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APRIL—AN INVITATION.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

Come, browse with me along the lane,
With April freshness in your heart,
And April breezes in the brain
To blow the buds of thought apart.

The brook that stumbles o'er the stones
Is wid'ning all his silver scope,
And sings with April in his tones,
A tinkling song of youth and hope.

He runs to meet the glancing rill
Amid her cresses, cool and green;
Who lingers smiling, coy and still,
Half-veiled beneath a cowslip screen.

Just here the mountain current grows
With spicy odors rich as meth;
Just here the slender blood-root blows,
And shy arbutus wandereth.

When Autumn winds his mellow horn,
With pensive sweetness in its tone,
And leaves are flitting down, forlorn,
Then pace the thinning aisles alone.

But when the bluebird wins his mate,
And singing swells the thrasher's breast,
Then saunter down the lanes, elate,
Beside the friend that loves you best.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE, AUTHOR OF "AN APRIL HOAX," ETC.

(Written for the Sunday Oregonian.)

I am not likely ever to forget the first time I met Clement Wynkoop. Every detail of the meeting, though it has been five years since it occurred, is still vividly before me, and even now I seem to hear the brassy clanger of the tall, old-fashioned clock which stood in the bar-room of the Eagle hotel at Berryville striking the ten noisy notes, as together he and I entered the room that chill November night winking and blinking at the sudden change from gloom to glare. He was taller than I, and apparently younger. He did not look to be over thirty years old, and he was so slightly built as to warrant one in describing him as thin—but he was not awkward by any means, and his thinness seemed to add to, rather than detract from, a certain grace which appeared to be natural to him. He was not a handsome man; his cheeks were too hollow, his cheek bones too high, and his large black eyes too deeply set for that—and there was over all an expression as if mental or physical suffering had put its mark there—but his face gave indication of more than ordinary intellectuality. When the hotel register was pushed towards him, he took up a pen and in a small, cramped hand wrote his name, following it with the words: *The Times*. Directly beneath his signature I placed my own, Philip Holt, and added the name of the paper which I then represented, *The Tribune*. Until that moment we were total strangers. Both bound on the same errand, however—the reporting of a triple execution—it was not odd that we should thus meet; but it did seem somewhat strange to me that Wynkoop, though told that the house was packed to the roof, should object strenuously to sharing with me the only remaining room. I remember that it took a good deal of persuasion on the part of the proprietor of that somewhat ancient hostelry before he would yield an inch, and that I myself had to put in a word finally and assure him that, as he had registered first, it was I who would insist on making a night of it in the streets of the village, if he persisted in his determination not to fraternize. Then he apologized, and said that it was for my sake more than his own that he had objected. He was a somnambulist, he explained, and he had feared that he might disturb my rest by prowling about the room in his sleep.

When at length we were ensconced in our top-story apartment with its high-post bedstead at one end, with a window bare of any pretence of shade or curtain directly over it, a washstand at the other and a couple of green painted chairs between, we naturally fell to chatting. Each had many odd incidents of journalistic experience to relate, and, as a matter of course, our conversation included a resume of the executions we had witnessed. From these the rather threadbare question of repentance within the shadow of the gallows, whether real or imaginary, came up. At that time I was somewhat of an agnostic, and I was inclined to ridicule the idea that a murderer, who throughout his life had been defying the moral laws, could, when brought to face death, wipe out all his past and spring at one leap into Abraham's bosom.

"God is all powerful," said Wynkoop, and he spoke so reverently, and with such feeling, that I determined to test further his belief.

"If there be a God?" I suggested.

He looked at me sharply and I knew at once that I had touched a sensitive chord. His dark eyes twinkled excitedly in their deep recesses.

"You doubt God's existence?" he asked.

"I did not say so," I replied, "but there are many who do."

"And there are many who make an terrible—yes fatal mistake," he went on. "There is a God—a God whose power you cannot in the least comprehend. The same God who wrought miracles in Galilee 1800 years ago, and who is even now doing just as wondrous things. My dear Mr. Holt, the day of miracles is not past."

"Twelve months ago," he went on, "I was an atheist. To-day I am positive—absolutely certain, not only that there is a God, but that there is a God more powerful than you can conceive of."

He was so terribly in earnest that to dispute the question with him would have been madness. I merely asked him the reason for this now fixed belief.

"Ah! you are asking me now what I cannot tell you," he said, "but I know it."

This conversation impressed me more than I can tell, and more than I could then understand; nor was the impression less deep that another incident of that evening made upon me. Miles O'Reilly, an impulsive Irish reporter for the *Herald*, who had been in the place for a couple of days burst in upon us while we were chatting, and after shaking me vigorously by the hand, he turned to Wynkoop, evidently with the same purpose. For a couple of seconds, however, there was no response on the part of the *Times* man. I saw him hesitate about taking the proffered hand, and in that period of hesitation I conjured up a dozen reasons for it. Then I saw him take his left hand from his pocket and reach it out to O'Reilly. He excused the action by saying that he had cut the little finger of his right hand and that it was very painful. His right hand was still in his pocket. How strange! I thought. Not ten minutes ago I had been looking at that hand attentively. For some reason, I knew not what, my eyes had been drawn to it. All the time it was exposed, and it had been exposed frequently since our meeting, my gaze had been riveted upon it. I had noticed that it was very white—unnaturally white, it seemed to me—that it was very thin, and that the nails of the long, tapering bony fingers were livid. How odd, I thought, that I did not notice the cut. Had it been there I must surely have observed it.

"That hand of yours is in hard luck, Wynkoop," O'Reilly replied; "I remember at the Chicago convention you had a boil on it or something. How the deuce do you write?"

Wynkoop seemed rather nettled at this remark.

"I manage it," he said shortly.

It was well on to 2 o'clock in the morning before O'Reilly left us, and after that we were not long in getting between the sheets.

How long I had slept I do not know. I awoke suddenly, with a start. I was trembling from head to foot with a chill that seemed to threaten the rending of soul and body. Upon my breast lay something cold as ice, and my heart was growing numb under its chilling weight. For an instant I lay quite still trying to gather my scattered senses. My memory for the moment had deserted me. Where was I? I stretched my eyes open in an effort to prove to my own satisfaction that I was wide awake. Then it all came back to me with a rush.

I was at Berryville, and a strange man, whom I had never seen before that night, was my bedfellow. The room was so dark that I could distinguish nothing, but with the returning memory came also the same acutesensibility that told me that it was an icy hand that lay upon me. I could feel the long bony fingers pressing into my flesh with a chilling clutch. Never in my life had I experienced a sensation so horrible. For another minute—a minute that seemed like an eternity—I lay there unable to move. Then I gathered all my resolution and energy and rose upon my elbow, but that icy hand still grasped the muscles of my breast in a grip that was death-like in its firmness. To bring myself to take hold of it and throw it from me, I could not.

As I lifted my head from the pillow, the moon came out for a moment from under a cloud, and sent a stream of cold blue light in through the shadeless window, revealing—Oh, God! Even now the recollection of the ghastly sight chills my blood and thrills me with horror as I write—that I was in bed with a dead man. There beside me, lying upon his left side with his right arm stretched over me, his right hand grasping me in its death-clutch, lay Clement Wynkoop, to all appearances as lifeless as any corpse I ever saw. The flood of moonlight fell full upon his face. His deep set eyes were wide open, staring and glassy; his jaw had dropped, and the pallor of death was upon every feature. I gazed spell bound for a moment, and then a heavy cloud floated over the moon, and that horrible sight was lost in the darkness which once more enveloped everything.

I am not naturally a nervous man, but so sudden was the shock in this case that I trembled as though struck with ague. With a terrible effort I sat up; and, as I did so, the hand which had still been clinging to me lost its hold, and I heard the body roll over on its back with a ghastly sound that set my heart beating even faster than before. Recovering myself as best I could I crawled over the dead man and stood upon the floor. For a moment I stood there totally incapable of motion—absolutely paralyzed by fear. Then I staggered to the washstand, and with trembling fingers found a match, struck it and lighted a candle. Its feeble, flickering light only added to the uncanniness of the scene.

For a time I could not gain sufficient courage to go back and look at the dead man, but at length by dint of active reasoning—that after all death was only death in no matter what guise it came—I took up the light and returned to the bed. As I thought, the body was lying upon its back. I raised the candle and looked at the face.

Was I mad or dreaming?

Bewilderment in a moment had taken the place of fear. There lay my bed-fellow, his eyes and mouth closed, breathing regularly and sleeping apparently as peaceful as the most healthy of infants. There was not the slightest indication of death anywhere about him. In one sense of the word it was a relief and in another it was not. That I had seen him dead five minutes before was, in my mind, not open to dispute. I was satisfied that I could not have dreamed it, and I was equally satisfied that it was not imagination. Even yet I could feel the pressure of that dead hand upon my breast. Ah! I said to myself, I will touch that hand and see whether it is naturally warm, or whether it is still cold and death like. It still lay across his own breast where it had dropped when its hold upon me had relaxed. I reached out to take it, when the sleeping man moved. I stopped back, fearing that he would awaken. He did not, however, and I returned, still intent upon investigating the phenomenon that had so distressed me, only to find that the hand that I wished to touch had been placed beneath the covers, and to get at it without disturbing the sleeper was impossible.

After the experience I had just gone through I could not bring my mind to go to bed again. I accordingly dressed myself and, taking an old newspaper from my pocket, I sat down by the wash-stand, and read it through from first column to last, advertisements and all, stopping every now and then to wonder over the dead face I had seen and the dead clutch I had felt. When the gray light of early dawn made sickly the yellow light of the second candle I had burned, I was still far from the solution of the mystery, nor did Wynkoop himself do anything toward solving it, when, upon his waking, I told him in somewhat modified terms of the fright I had had. At first he seemed startled and then distressed, but finally regained his composure.

"It was the prospect of seeing a triple execution," he said, as he stooped down to see to part his hair in the all-awry looking-glass which hung much too low for him. "You are not up to it, I am afraid. You were dreaming. Hold, dreaming, that was it. As the modest old lady remarked, you had the night horse."

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

With his finger pointing to these words in the book of books, Clement Wynkoop, cold in death, was discovered one morning six months after our first meeting, sitting in an arm-chair in the parlor of a magnificent suite of apartments in an up-town hotel in New York city. A packet of papers found in the room, and addressed to me, contained the following letter and extracts from the unfortunate man's journal.

The letter was dated midnight.

"I do not know why I should have selected you," it began, "as the person to whom to commit, before I go hence, the secret that for the last year and a half, I have carried as the Spartan boy carried the wolf. I am impelled to write, however—impelled by an indescribable something that tells me I cannot die until I have made a full and free confession to man as well as to God of my crime and my punishment. And with the impulse to write comes also the impulse to address that confession to you. This must be my apology. Perhaps the fact that you already know something of my affliction—for you will remember it when I recall certain incidents of our first meeting at Berryville six months ago—has had something to do with my selection of a legatee. I beg of you do not make public the facts of my sin and suffering under two years from to-night. By that time my faults will perhaps, have been in a measure forgotten, and men will be apt to think more kindly of me and give me a larger share of their sympathy than if the story were given when my short-comings and idiosyncrasies were fresh in their memories to mitigate the pathos of the tale. Some day I wish you to tell it. I wish it told, because possibly, it may save others from a fate as horrible as mine.

"In a few hours I shall have passed the veil which hides the other world from this. You will find me sitting here in this chair, and the newspapers—yours and mine and the others—will record another suicide. People will want to know why I died. Tell them because of physical suffering which had grown unbearable—that will look well in print. That is all that the coroner's jury need know for the purpose of a verdict.

"I have resolved that my last hour shall be a bright one. I do not want to go out of my misery in gloom and darkness. My life has been gloomy enough, God knows. It's last moments shall be as bright as I can make them. I have chosen and paid liberally for the best room in the hotel. I have lighted every gas jet in the apartment. I have fruit beside me of which I shall eat before I die. I have wine too, and with the wine I shall drink my release. I have it here before me as I write. A little phial containing a dozen drops or less of Scheele's hydrocianicacid. It is an easy death they say. My heart beats will grow slower and slower, more feeble and more feeble, until they have ceased altogether, and I shall have passed away from all the toil, the weariness, the regret, the mortification, and the agony of this life into the—What? A few hours will tell. Speculation is vain. Before I go I shall burn every paper I possess—every trace of my past life will be gone except what is contained in the pages from my journal that I shall select and leave in a packet with this letter for you. Don't judge me too harshly. Think of me kindly sometimes. I have thrown open the windows and raised the shades to the top. I feel the cool midnight air fanning my face for the last time. In an hour all will be over."

The letter broke of thus. There was no formal ending, just as there had been no formal beginning.

The enclosed extracts from the journal were as follows:

CHICAGO, December 26, 1879.—Hard work yesterday attending Christmas celebrations. When it was all over Potter, Stevenson, I and some others spent the rest of the night at Gibbon's place. Metaphysics and religion, the subjects of conversation. As usual I laughed at the idea of celebrating the birth of a humbug. Poor little Potter is a superstitious little fool with reverence largely developed. He was horrorstricken at the way I talked, and I rather believe he thought I was boasting, but I was not. I offered to bet him a month's pay he could not prove that there was any reality in the God he believed in.

"Prove to me that there is not a God," he said.

"Your God is all powerful, is he not?" I asked.

"To be sure," he replied.

"If he is all powerful," I added, "let him strike me dead, I defy Him!"

Little Potter turned pale at what he termed my "damnable blasphemy." I laughed at him, for there was no sign of that alleged All-powerful Being's existence. I still stood erect and smiling. Potter said his God would not deign to notice such a threat. My challenge was beneath the consideration of the Supreme Ruler. Did I think that I could call down His visible wrath at my own sweet will? It was presumption. Poor little Potter!

January, 3, 1880.—A week has passed during which time I have not had the courage to write. Even now I do not know how to tell the story. I am ashamed to confess it. Am I paralyzed or am I dying by inches? Can it be that there is a God, and that he heard my threat? I despise myself for being so weak as to believe it; and yet I am undergoing an experience that is as horrible as it is unusual. On the morning following the night of my boast before the boys at Gibbons', I awoke with a strange pricking sensation in my right arm, as if the circulation had been stopped and had suddenly started again. The next morning my arm was numb. The circulation had apparently stopped and had not gone on again. Nor has it since been resumed. My arm and hand had grown colder and colder and both are a deathly gray white, like the arm and hand of a dead man, while my finger nails are livid. Curiously enough though, there is no sign of decomposition, and my hand still retains its power. Though all feeling is gone I can grasp my pencil tightly in my fingers and I can write as well as ever. Where will all this end? That is the question. There is something hideously unnatural about it, and I am afraid for that reason to consult a physician. I have rubbed that arm and hand until the skin has peeled off and yet there has not been the slightest sensation, nor the faintest sign of circulation. From shoulder to finger tips it is *dead*, DEAD, DEAD!

January 5th.—Heaven help me, or I shall go mad! When I wrote before I had no idea of the horror of this thing that has seized upon me! That it is the curse of a God or a devil I have no longer the slightest doubt. Ever since my hand grew so marvelously cold I have refrained from shaking hands with anyone for fear the unnaturalness of it would be remarked and I should be questioned. To-day my old uncle from St. Louis called at the office to see me. I had not met him for a month of Sundays, and, as he was always a favorite uncle of mine, I had grasped his hand before I thought what I was doing. He sprang back with a cry that sent a thrill through me. The utmost horror was pictured in every feature. I dropped the hand I was holding, but it was some minutes before he could recover himself enough to speak. Then he told me of the strange thing he had seen. As I took his hand, he said, and he felt its icy pressure my face suddenly became the face of a dead man. My eyes stared glassily, and my skin looked bloodless and cold, while my parted lips were purple.

"I could have sworn death had suddenly come to you, as you stood there," he said. "Oh, my boy! you cannot imagine the shock you gave me!"

Ah! yes. I know it now. That same vision will haunt everyone whom I touch. I am a leper. The time will come when men will flee from me as they would from a plague. After all there is a God—a terrible, awful God—all powerful, all hearing, all seeing. Have I not proof of it? Is not this God's recompense?

October 5th.—I am going east. There is a suspicion here that there is a mystery about me, and I cannot abide it. If any man should discover my secret and make it public, I think I would kill him.

NEW YORK, November 11th.—I met a man at Berryville yesterday named Holt. He is on the *Tribune*. Had to sleep with him because hotel was crowded. During the night my hand fell upon him and awoke him, and the usual result followed. I turned it off in the morning by telling him he had been dreaming. If he had insisted that it was not a dream, and had guessed the truth, God knows what I would have done.

December 26th.—Just a year has passed since I was stricken with this living death. It seems like a century. And now the worst is coming. O, God! is this just? I reported a Christmas sermon yesterday, the burden of which was that there is forgiveness for all who ask it. Christ was born to save the worst of us. And yet I cannot ask it. This is a part of my punishment. Is it that I have committed the unpardonable sin? The thought drives me mad! Will relief never come!

January 1, 1881.—I have been making New Year's calls, with my arm in a sling. I was compelled to resort to that as a means of avoiding shaking hands with my right hand. Cartwright, of *The Post*, who is a literary chap, and somewhat of a society man, wanted me to join him in his New Year's calling, and to oblige him and for the sake of diversion I did so. Perhaps it is the most unfortunate step I have ever taken. At one house I met a most charming little woman, as pretty as a picture and as gentle as a tame dove. Margaret Willoughby she is called. We had the pleasantest of pleasant chats, and when I left her she invited me to call again. Shall I go? My reason bids me not to; my heart tells me I cannot keep away.

January 21st.—I have seen Miss Willoughby again. I met her at the theater, and she asked why I had not called. I must go. Surely there can be harm in admiring her and spending a pleasant hour in her company.

March 15th.—Margaret grows more and more charming. I have begun to write a romance in which she will be the heroine and a man afflicted as I am the hero. It will be a strange story surely. When it is finished I will read it to her. I think she is fond of me. Indeed, I am sure of it. My romance shall be my proposal. If she is willing to accept me knowing what I am I shall be happy. Can it be possible a great joy awaits me? I am afraid to hope.

April 22d.—The romance is written. Not an hour ago I put the word "Finis" on the last page. To-morrow I will read it to her. O, Margaret, my beloved, you will not fail me! I am sure of it!

April 26th.—Hard work at the office prevented me from seeing Margaret until this afternoon, when I read the romance to its close. When I looked at her there were tears in her eyes.

"I do not wonder she loved him," she said, "he had suffered so much, and he loved her so fondly."

"And could you love me so if I had suffered so much, and loved you so fondly?" I asked.

Is it to be wondered at that I am happy? Have I not kissed her lips? Has she not told me that she is mine for ever, that nothing under heaven can part us? I will strap that dead arm to my side and forget that it exists. I will learn to use my left hand altogether. I have been practicing with it of late, and I shall soon be able to do without my right well enough.

May 10th.—The darkness of midnight has come at noonday. The cup of joy has been dashed from the lips that had but touched its contents. God's wrath is greater than I dreamed. His punishment more than I can bear. O, Heaven, that I should have to bear this! My brain is aflame. My conscience is prodding me with sharp sticks. Death, no matter what it brings, cannot be worse than this living hell. To find happiness but to lose it, is the worst torment. How it came about I know not. I was so sure that hand of mine should never touch her; and yet, O God, it was Thy vengeance that directed it—its icy clasp against my will fell upon the soft whiteness of her rounded arm. She shrank from me, gazed at me for a second, and then fell back with a piercing cry—a cry such as I never heard before and such as I pray Heaven never to hear again—a cry in which all the awful horror of the sight before her seemed to echo and re-echo—a cry that tore my heart to shreds and filled me with the very agony of despair. When she recovered from her faint her reason had fled. She was raving mad. To touch her sent her into a paroxysm of fear. The mere sight of me—I, who loved her so much, who would have given my life for her a hundred times over, who would have gone through fire and flood rather than the least harm should have come to her—was the signal for shrieks of the wildest alarm. I cannot write more. The thought of it is maddening, the writing of it torture. From that hour to this those shrieks have rung in my ears, that look of fear has been before my eyes. Remorse has filled my soul. Sleep has fled from me. Another day of this and I should be as mad as she. I feel it, I know it. Death alone can prevent it.—[Copyrighted. All rights reserved.

An Offense Against the Common Law.

New York Post Feb. 28.

The boycott system suffered two knock-down blows last week. In the United States circuit court sitting in this city Judge Brown handed down a decision in the action of the Old Dominion Steamship company against the leaders of the Ocean association of the longshoremen's union to recover $20,000 damages sustained by the company through the attempt of the defendants to boycott the company in its business as a common carrier because it would not accede to their demands in the matter of the strike among the company's employes. The defendants had moved to vacate the order of arrest on various grounds, which Judge Brown considered and overruled in detail. The important feature of the decision is contained in these words, than which nothing could be more explicit: "All associations designed to interfere with the perfect freedom of employers in the proper management and control of their lawful business, or to dictate in any particular the terms upon which their business shall be conducted by means of threats of injury or loss, by interference with their property or traffic, or with their lawful employment of other persons, or designed to abridge any of these rights, are illegal combinations or associations, and all acts done in furtherance of such intentions by such means and accompanied by damage are actionable."

On the same day the supreme court of the state of Connecticut rendered a decision establishing the same principle, in the test case of the New Haven *Journal and Courier* against four members of Typographical Union No. 47 of that city. Last spring a strike was started in the composing room of the newspaper, and the union attempted to ruin its business as a means of bringing the proprietors to terms. The four chief offenders were arrested and prosecuted for conspiracy. The case was first tried in the city court, and four printers were pronounced guilty by Judge Pickett. An appeal was taken to the superior court, where the case was retried, the jury sustaining the verdict of the lower court in the cases of three of the defendants and acquitting the fourth. An appeal from the verdict of the jury, alleging that the finding was not in accordance with the facts, and basing the allegation on the charge of the judge, was made to the supreme court of errors, which on Friday, without a division, confirmed the verdict of the superior court, pronouncing "the boycott" an offense against the common law. There is no reason to doubt that the principles of these decisions will be reaffirmed by the courts throughout the country, and they involve the utter collapse of the boycott. Yet only a year ago a great many timid people appeared to suppose that there was no use in trying to invoke the aid of the law in this matter.

A Mugwump Estimate of Sherman.

Boston Herald (Mug.).

That John Sherman is the best equipped man for the presidency that the republican party contains, if equipment is found in knowledge of public affairs and experience in connection with them, will be generally conceded by fair-minded men.

One of the hardest sort of people was asked to subscribe to some worthy object. "I can't," he replied; "I must be just before I am generous." "Well," said the one who made the request, "let me know just before you are generous, and I'll try you again."—Texas Siftings.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.
WOODARD, CLARKE & CO., Agents.

SPRING IN THE HIGH SIERRAS.

BY ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

Dead and cold the sweet world lay
Beneath her shroud of snow:
And my brother and I we mourned the day;
For O, we loved her so!

We wandered forth 'neath the gloomy skies,
Her sad death-wail to sing;
And my brother he cried, with weeping eyes,
"God has forgot the spring!"

Brown and bare on the bank near by
Stood the willow branches dead;
And I wept to think of the summer sky,
And the glories past and fled.

When, lo! a marvel met mine eye
In all that frozen scene;
There in the branches, dead and dry,
Were the bursting buds of green.

And O, we laughed, my brother and I,
And straightway 'gan to sing;
We sang for joy 'neath the gloomy sky—
He'd not forgot the spring:

"Sweet world, awake! arise!
Cast off thy shroud of snow,
And greet with joy this glad surprise;
Thou art but sleeping, this we know.

"Sweet world, awake! arise!
Beneath this awful gloom
The kiss of spring is on thine eyes,
The willow is in bloom."

GIUSEPPINA

A LOMBARD EPISODE. BY OSCAR VAVASSEUR.

(Written for The Sunday Oregonian.)

A confusion of sunny hair, framing an oval face, full of poetry—innocent expression my tutor termed it, perhaps more properly—large, ingenuous eyes which seemed to have drawn their color from her native sky, and a form as perfect almost as Milo's sculptured dream. Such was the peasant girl I met in a Lombard village near Pavia five years ago.

Though the recollection of the blonde beauties of St. Petersburg was still fresh in my memory, though I had worshipped the black hair, fair skins and damask cheeks of the Viennese belles a month before, and had just escaped by flight from the spells of the dark flashing eyes of Andalusia's ravishing daughters, I was struck with this simple lass. Perhaps it was because of my partiality for blondes that she stood singular among a hundred sunbrowned daughters of the south. One of her parents—which, I do not remember, if I ever learned—was a German, and hence her complexion. This penchant may have been partially the cause for my admiration, for in the water color portrait before me I fail to find sufficient beauty to awake a feeling of interest. Yet I never considered her features artistically correct. It was that remarkable expression which I have mentioned before, her superb figure and her native elegance of manner and deportment, that fascinated me.

Our landlord's son had driven us over to a fair in another village, a few miles from where we were stopping, and she was standing in front of one of the quaint booths laughing at the buffoonery of some mountebanks when I first saw her.

My tutor laughed when I pointed her out to him.

"You forget Count W——'s daughter," he said, "you told her on your knees that she was—"

I put my hand over his mouth and prevented his further recalling that sweet but foolish dream of callow youth.

It was customary for my traveling companion to become sarcastic on such occasions. Fancy a young *man*—emphasize the last word—I was 18, cumbered with an Old Man of the Sea for a tutelary deity, who insists on catechizing him on moral philosophy or ancient history at the point where compliment imperceptibly passes to sentiment in conversation with a lady. Add to that the peculiar susceptibility of the victim and you can readily conceive how terrible must be the torture in having such a mentor.

"Whatever I said to Mlle. W——," I said, "cannot alter the fact that the girl before me is exceptionally pretty."

The professor, as he loved to be called, was rapidly becoming purple in the face, as I still held his mouth closed. For the same reason he could not speak, and so winked three times, like old Nortier, to signify his assent to my declaration, on which I withdrew my hand

"You mean Giuseppina, the pale girl," asked Giacomo, our driver.

"Yes," I replied,

"All foreigners think her pretty, but— "

He shrugged his shoulders to signify that he did not agree with their taste, a trick that he had probably learned from some French tourist.

"You know her, then?" I queried, not heeding the deprecatory action, and anxious to speak with the girl from mere curiosity that I might be able to judge of her character.

"Oh, yes; she is my cousin. See, that is my sister Angiola, her with the velvet bodice, that is speaking with her."

"And can you bring me to her?"

Before Giacomo could reply the professor, somewhat alarmed, broke in, and addressing me, said:

"There are some very fine ruins in this neighborhood that show us in what manner the masters of Como lived. We must see them to-day, and we had better take this opportunity and drive there now."

"I am not particularly interested in antique beauty to-day," I replied; "my caprice just now leads my admiration toward youthful living loveliness. I decline to go."

This defiant speech astonished the professor.

"You must—" he began.

I leaped from from the vehicle.

"If I must I am interested to know who shall compel me," I said. "Angiola shall make me acquainted with this Giuseppina, and I shall be answerable for my own actions."

Since the attempt had been made to thwart me I was determined on meeting the girl, not caring whether the result should repay me for my trouble, but in order that I might assert the independence of my manhood. The good old man had been charged to prevent me getting into mischief during the two years I was given to travel on the continent—from foolish or disreputable *affaires d'amour*, he was especially directed to protect me, but the weak, kindhearted tutor saw it was useless to contend with his refractory pupil. He was passionately fond of antiquities, and really longed to see those relics of ancient Lombard magnificence, and so far did he forget his solemn duty that he abandoned his precious charge—an empty vessel, you say—and went off without me.

Half an hour later I was strolling among the booths and pressing through the crowds with Giuseppina on my arm. Angiola, sensible girl that she was, soon saw that her company was not required and did not intrude herself on us. How proud the simple maiden was, how her bosom heaved and her voice thrilled as she spoke blushingly to her friends as they passed her.

She lingered near one of the stalls where the gewgaws displayed were of a more costly and magnificent character than elsewhere. I presented her with earrings and breastpin. Prudence forbade me adding a finger ring. Then her eye rested on an ornamental dagger with a hilt of pearl and ivory and blade of finely tempered steel—such a one as Lombard girls still wear in their garters. Her look betrayed her unspoken desire, and I purchased the pretty weapon for her. Her eyes danced with delight as she received it. I felt it to be a strange present, but it was more valuable and more acceptable than the trinkets which preceded it. As she stooped to thrust it inside her garter the bloom again mantled her cheek and suffused her throat. To my mind she was then the personification of maidenly innocence and beauty.

Ten minutes afterwards one of Giuseppina's friends spoke to her. I thought Marietta the prettiest of the dark damsels I had seen, and said so.

"Will you not come with us?" I asked of her. An indescribable look settled on Giuseppina's countenance.

"I shall be very glad," my new friend said, delighted at the invitation. She would have linked her arm in that of Giuseppina, but the latter made an impatient gesture, seeing which I offered Marietta my right arm, and she took it in hers.

I thought Giuseppina must be ill, she was so pale, and suggested that we should sit down in one of the booths. She refused me, and as I could not draw her into conversation beyond monosyllabic replies to my questions, I talked with Marietta, who chatted entertainingly. The latter lived in the village where I was stopping, and I suggested that she should accompany me in, as Giacomo had promised to stop for me at an appointed place, and there would be still an unoccupied seat which she could have.

Then Giuseppina remembered she was going on a visit to her cousins. There was but one seat at my disposal, and Marietta had accepted my invitation. I thought of engaging another vehicle, but my fair friend would not allow it, and gloomily said she would find a conveyance. A moment later she pretended to recognize some one at a distance, and leaving me disappeared in the crowd.

I was waiting for supper in the sitting room which had been placed at the disposal of the professor and me when a timid knock came to the door. I told the visitor to come in and Giuseppina entered. How changed she was since I had seen her a few hours before. The expression of gentle womanliness which had captivated me was gone from her face, now of a cadaverous hue. Her eyes flashed beneath her knitted brows and her bloodless lips were firmly set. I noticed that she carried the dagger, which I had given her, in the figured velvet belt around her waist.

She carefully closed the door after her.

"Why did you give your arm to Marietta?" she asked suddenly.

"Is she not your friend?" I returned.

"She was my friend, but I hate her now."

The manner in which this was hissed from between her set teeth and the look which accompanied her words, left no doubt as to the intensity of the feeling.

I was embarrassed, for I did not comprehend yet the girl's meaning.

"I am truly sorry," I said apologetically, "that I should have placed you in a false position, but there seemed to be nothing amiss when you spoke to each other, or I should not have invited her to accompany us."

"Why did you call her pretty in my presence? Why did you turn from me to praise her? and why did she dare speak to you?"

"Surely," I began, "you cannot blame me?"

"Oh, no; I do not blame you."

The old look came back, softer and brighter than before, but it was but a momentary transition, for the expression of ineffable hatred returned, and she cried with fiendish vehemence:

"But I hate her—I hate her *to death!*"

Her hand nervously played about the ornamental hilt of the dagger, but while the action was afterward forcibly recalled to my memory in connection with that never-to-be-forgotten scene, it did not impress me at the time.

"Oh, don't be foolish," I said in a conciliatory tone. "I don't know how she may have offended you before, but you cannot blame her for the little episode of to-day. It was my fault, not hers."

"But you do not like her so well as you like me?"

All rancor had left her naturally soft voice, the primary expression again illumined her countenance and there was something plaintive in her sweet smile as she anxiously awaited my answer.

"Of course not," I replied, hoping to complete her happiness.

She threw her arms about me and laying her head on my shoulder relieved her emotion in tears. I was stroking her hair when a footstep at the door caused her to start. The professor entered with a bouquet, composed of common white and red roses and a few tulips, in his hand.

"That young girl, Marietta, who rode over with us to-day sent you these," he said, arranging them in a vase.

Giuseppina uttered a vindictive cry and flew from the room. Supper was brought a moment later, and as I sat down to eat I felt inclined to laugh at the girl's grievance.

I sat on the piazza of our inn, which gloried in the title of Hotel della Lombardie, watching the magnified golden sun descend behind the blue mountains on the Piedmontese border which formed the horizon. The dazzling sheen cast by the gorgeous disk on the Ticino, which the glisten rendered visible in the distance, seemed borne along on the narrow stream until it became lost in the shade of the luxuriant foliage on either bank. The professor was packing up, as, having rusticated long enough, we were to start for Pavia, the city of a hundred towers, in the morning. I was dreaming—dreaming of home as my eyes absorbed the beauty of the scene before me.

I was startled by hearing my name pronounced in an eager undertone and looked around. Before me stood Giuseppina, but so terribly changed as to be scarcely recognizable. Her hair was disheveled and fell about her face; her features were pale and distorted and bore an expression of mingled pain and terror; her eyes were staring and bloodshot, and her clothing was disordered.

She dropped on her knees before me and seizing my hand covered it with kisses and tears.

"Oh, signor," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to have found you. She will never trouble us again."

I raised her tenderly up, believing that the poor girl's nerves had been overworked and that she was the victim of hysteria. Kindness, I thought, might ease her mental agony, so I gently brushed back her clustering hair with my hand and imprinted a kiss on her forehead. She smiled faintly and the light returning to her countenance was like that of the sun penetrating a storm cloud.

"You are so good, so very good to me," she murmured; "you did not love her, but she will never trouble us again."

"My dear Giuseppina," I said, gently, "I do not understand you. Whom do you speak of? Whom do you say I never loved?"

"Marietta."

"Why, my child," I laughed, but willing still to humor her, "you know I have not loved any one for a month."

She drew away from me with a startled cry, then threw herself back in my arms, and, looking up in my face with a bright smile, said: "But you love me now; and I love you and shall always love you, and Marietta shall not come between us again."

Her words came like a revelation, though I did not comprehend their full purport.

"What nonsense is this?" I cried, throwing her roughly off me; "you cannot think that I love you because I spoke to you at the fair and tried to please you."

She dropped on her knees and buried her face in her hands.

"And I hated her—hated her to death for you."

The words were uttered between bitter sobs. The phrase which she now had used several times in my hearing I thought to be an idiomatic expression used to denote intense hatred."

"Well, you see how foolish you have been," I said. "Better go and become friends again with Marietta."

"Friends! How? SHE IS DEAD!"

I rushed to her side and caught her by the arm.

"Dead?" I cried, horror stricken. "Dead, and you have killed her?"

"Yes, I hated her to death *for you*, FOR YOU; because I loved you and she came between us."

I could hear the buzz of many voices in the street, as the villagers were excited over something. The professor rushed breathlessly on the piazza.

"Marietta, the girl whom you brought home from the fair last, has been murdered. A dagger was driven to her heart."

A cry of horror escaped him as he pointed towards the girl at my feet.

"Look, look, at Giuseppina!"

Even as he spoke she fell heavily in a faint. A fourth person had come on the piazza and rushed to the side of Giuseppina. As I looked down I was startled to see Marietta kneeling over the prostrate form. She was pale and her face bore an expression of suffering. The professor brought some water and in a few minutes, through our united efforts, Giuseppina was restored to consciousness. She sighed heavily as she opened her eyes and uttered a cry of fear when they rested on Marietta.

"Do not be alarmed," said the latter tenderly, "it was only a flesh wound in my breast. It will soon be well again."

Giuseppina hesitated a moment, and then as the tears surged from her eyes, threw her arms around Marietta's neck. The professor went to the end of the piazza and picked up a glittering object, which he handed to me. It was the dagger I had given the Lombard maid. When the professor had cried out she had raised her arm to bury the weapon in her bosom. At that moment Marietta entered just in time to strike it from her hand, and then she swooned.

I was standing with the dagger in my hand when a trumpet blast recalled me from a reverie into which I had fallen. The diligence was ready to start. I hurried mechanically to take my seat without saying good-bye to the girls. I could not if I had tried.—[Copyrighted. All rights reserved.

A Little Out of Focus.

Chicago News.

Encouraged by the success of Editor Grady in exploiting at public dinners the revived fraternal feeling of the "new South," Comptroller Trenholm recently indulged in something that way, and speaking to Gen. Sherman, who was present, said: "Hard and stern as that march was, I am glad you did it." Of course the poor old man meant that Sherman's march brought the war to a close sooner than otherwise would have happened, but his remark was an unfortunate one, for it has drawn upon him the anathemas of the entire southern press. The Aiken *Recorder*, the editor of which fought under Trenholm during the war, vents his feelings as follows: "It is painful to believe that the brave and meritorious soldier of former days has been converting into a dirt-eating recalcitrant in piping times of peace. Rejoicing over his official mess of pottage, he is reported to have tickled the vanity and self-esteem of Sherman—the inveterate liar and notorious incendiary, the man who made war, like a thief and a coward, upon defenseless women and children and upon helpless old age—by the following disgusting piece of lickspittleism: 'Harsh and stern as that march was, I am glad you did it.'" Which would go to show that Grady's picture of the sentiment of the "new South" may be slightly overdrawn.

A Quick Recovery.
It gives us great pleasure to state that the merchant who was reported being at the point of death from an attack of Pneumonia, has entirely recovered by the use of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. Naturally he feels grateful for the benefits derived from using this remedy, for the lungs and throat; and in giving publicity to this statement we are actuated by motives of public benefaction, trusting that others may be benefited in a similar manner.

Facing the Inevitable.

Macon (Ga.) Telegraph (Dem.).

The day must soon come to us in which we must divide.

NEW PHASES OF PROHIBITION.

Chicago Tribune.

Two suggestions in relation to the liquor-selling question are exciting attention in Iowa—one that drug stores shall be forbidden to sell liquors for any purpose whatever, and the other that the state shall assume a monopoly of the sale and manufacture and dispense alcohol only for the necessities of medicine, etc. The adoption of either of these plans would rend the present prohibition parties into pieces, and yet in the states having the most rigorous prohibitory laws it is contended on all sides that something further must be done, and the system of coercive suppression strengthened in some way in order to prevent men from drinking. Only the most extreme fanatics would prohibit the use of liquor in treating disease or prohibit drug stores from selling it for such purposes. No state in the Union would adopt a law which would be in effect the establishment of a state pharmacy of medicine, and prescribing by act of the legislature the non-alcoholic method of curing the ailments of citizens. On the other hand, the manufacture and sale of intoxicants by the state would certainly be opposed by prohibitionists, who regard even the infliction of a tax penalty on the traffic as entering into a partnership with wrongdoing and "compromising with an evil."

So far as the personal liberty of the citizen is concerned the state might as well prescribe a system of religion as a system of medicine. If the state permits the sale of liquor only on the prescription of a physician it virtually undertakes to compel the citizen by force of law to submit to a kind of medical treatment which he might consider wrong and by which he or his family might think life endangered, as for instance in the frequent Iowa complaint of "snake-bite" in a case where no doctor was within reach or only one of the non-alcoholic school could be found. Accordingly even the stringent law of Iowa permits a patient to make a diagnosis of his own malady and prescribe for himself, and hence the extraordinary demand in that state for liquor for alleged medicinal purposes. Except in some of the larger towns the traffic has simply been diverted from the saloons to the drug stores and other concealed channels, and while the consumption of liquor is somewhat restricted it still goes on freely, every drinker being his own doctor and practically answerable only to his own conscience for the character of his prescriptions. The prohibitionists denounce the drug stores bitterly, but they are unable to suggest any practicable rule for discriminating between legitimate and illegitimate sales unless the state shall assume a monopoly of the traffic or forbid the use of alcoholic liquors for any purpose.

The dilemma of the Iowa prohibitionists attests the illogical character of their experiment. They have attempted to stop sales of liquor when the real purpose was to prevent its consumption; they have sought to clog the channel while the source of the stream was left free—to allow the drinker full personal liberty to drink and buy while the seller is inhibited from dispensing except for purposes the legitimacy of which must be determined primarily by the purchaser, who is conceded to be the most competent and in many cases the only judge. Such a wretchedly planned law must necessarily foster abuse, trickery, and fraud and supply the means for its own violation. Nor can such a system be improved until prohibitionists abandon their policy of striking at the sale when the real purpose is to abridge the personal liberty of the drinker. There is no way out of the muddle except by direct efforts to coerce the drinkers, and such attempts must necessarily fail where the liquor consumers are strong enough to wield any considerable political or physical force. Opposed to futile, inconsistent, unavailing methods of coercion is the Moody-Murphy plan of personal reform, which strikes at the source of the evil in the most effective manner. As fast as the drinkers themselves are converted the traffic is destroyed.

Do prohibitionists ever stop to ask why it is that in this rum-cursed country about one-half of the population is distinguished for extraordinary sobriety? Have not women as much natural appetite as men for alcoholic beverages, and where they yield to the temptation are they not usually immoderate drinkers? Have women as a class been saved by a prohibitory law which has not extended its protection to men? Is not their immunity owing to the fact that liquor-drinking among women has been classed as peculiarly disreputable and opposed by fashion, custom, and the general moral sense of the community? The great and successful temperance movements have followed the same line and achieved success by making drinking and drunkenness disreputable among men, and inducing its victims to free themselves from their slavery. Vast progress has been made since the Washingtonian movement in eradicating drunkenness, but it has been accomplished not by the exertions of a constabulary, but by establishing among men (chiefly in the business, professional, and especially agricultural classes) something of the same standard of temperance which has long prevailed among women, and sustaining it by methods which may yet prove as effective in one case as in the other. The hope of suppressing the drink curse in the cities lies in that direction, and every experiment shows how little dependence can be put on coercive statutes aimed at the seller, while the drinker is left free to gratify his thirst for liquor by every means in his power. The great mass of the farming class are church-members and lead moral, orderly, sober lives. And among them the habit of inebriety is looked upon as disgraceful as well as wicked. What can be done to infuse a similar sentiment towards drunkenness in the cities? Force won't do it.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

A Very Interesting Statement Concerning a Much Disputed Matter.

From the Century.

His weak as well as his strong qualities have been indicated. He never learned the technicalities, what some would call the tricks, of the profession. The sleight of plea and demurrer, the legerdemain by which justice is balked and a weak case is made to gain an unfair advantage, was too subtle and shifty for his strong and straightforward intelligence. He met these manoeuvres sufficiently well, when practiced by others, but he never could get in the way of handling them for himself. On the wrong side he was always weak. He knew this himself, and avoided such cases when he could consistently with the rules of his profession. He would often persuade a fair-minded litigant of the injustice of his case and induce him to give it up. His partner, Mr. Herndon, relates a speech in point which Lincoln once made to a man who offered him an objectionable case: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way." Sometimes, after he had entered upon a criminal case, the conviction that his client was guilty would affect him with a sort of panic. On one occasion he turned suddenly to his associate and said, "Swett, the man is guilty; you defend him, I can't," and so gave up his share of a large fee. The same thing happened at another time when he was engaged, with Judge S. C. Parks in defending a man accused of larceny. He said, "If you can say anything for the man, do it, I can't; if I attempt it, the jury will see I think he is guilty, and convict him." Once he was prosecuting a civil suit, in the course of which evidence was introduced showing his client was attempting a fraud. Lincoln rose and went to his hotel in deep disgust. The judge sent for him; he refused to come. "Tell the judge," he said, "my hands are dirty; I came over to wash them." We are aware that these stories detract something from the character of the lawyer; but this inflexible, inconvenient, and fastidious morality was to be of vast service hereafter to his country and the world.

The Nemesis which waits upon men of extraordinary wit or humor has not neglected Mr. Lincoln, and the young lawyers of Illinois, have an endless store of jokes and pleasantries in his name; some of them as old as Howleglass or Rabelais. But the fact is that with all his stories and jests, his frank and companionable humor, his gift of easy accessibility and welcome, he was, even while he traveled the Eighth Circuit, a man of grave and serious temper and of an unusual innate dignity and reserve. He had few or no special intimates, and there was a line beyond which no one ever thought of passing. Besides, he was too strong a man in the court-room to be regarded with any thing but respect in a community in which legal ability was the only especial mark of distinction. Few of his forensic speeches have been preserved, but his contemporaries all agree as to their singular ability and power. He seemed absolutely at home in a court-room; his great stature did not encumber him there; it seemed like a natural symbol of superiority. His bearing and gesticulation had no awkwardness about them; they were simply striking and original. He assumed at the start a frank and friendly relation with the jury which was extremely effective. He usually began, as the phrase ran, by "giving away his case"; by allowing to the opposite side every possible advantage that they could honestly and justly claim. Then he would present his own side of the case, with a clearness, a candor, an adroitness of statement which at once flattered and convinced the jury, and made even the bystanders his partisans. Sometimes he disturbed the court with laughter by his humorous or apt illustrations; he excited the audience by that florid and exuberant rhetoric which he knew well enough how and when to indulge in; but his more usual and more successful manner was to rely upon a clear, strong, lucid statement, keeping the facts in proper subordination and bringing forward in a way which fastened the attention of court and jury alike, the essential point on which he claimed a decision. "Indeed," says one of his colleagues, "his statement often rendered argument unnecessary, and often the court would stop him and say, 'If that is the case, we will hear the other side.'"

Whatever doubt might be entertained as to whether he was the ablest lawyer on the circuit, there was never any dissent from the opinion that he was the one most cordially and universally liked. If he did not himself enjoy his full share of the happiness of life, he certainly diffused more of it among his fellows than is in the power of most men. His arrival was a little festival in the county-seat where his pursuits led him to pass so much of his time. Several eye-witnesses have described these scenes in terms which would seem exaggerated if they were not so fully confirmed. The bench and bar would gather at the tavern where he was expected, to give him a cordial welcome; says one writer, "he brought light with him." This is not hard to understand. Whatever his cares, he never inflicted them upon others. He talked singularly well, but never about himself. He was full of wit which never wounded, of humor which mellowed the harshness of that new and raw life of the prairies. He never asked for [illegible] but was always ready to give it. He received everybody's confidence, and gave his own in return. He took no mean advantages in court or in conversation; was satisfied with the respect and kindliness which he everywhere met; sought no preferment; never had to decline them. He did not accumulate wealth; as Judge Davis said, "he seemed never to care for it." He had a good income from his profession, though the fees he received would bring a smile to the well-paid lips of the great attorneys of to-day. The largest he ever got was one of five thousand dollars from the Illinois Central railway, and he had to bring suit to compel them to pay it. He spent what he received in the education of his children, in the care of his family, and in a plain and generous way of living.

A NORTHERNER "FROM 'WAY BACK."

WAGNER, Grant Co., Or., March [illegible]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

In THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN of March [illegible] I notice a clipping from the Louisville Courier-*Journal* headed "The South and the Pensions." Let us examine a few of its statements: "There is nothing left of the war except the annual tax wrested from the impoverished South to pay pensions to the soldiers of the rich and prosperous North." Then there must have been some wonderful changes in the South quite lately. It has been but a short time since the outrages growing out of the animosities of the war were still being perpetrated in the South to such an extent that the United States senate felt called upon to investigate the matter. And when anything is said about it in the North it is answered in the oft reiterated language of Legree, "After all what a fuss over a dead nigger." You know full well that these outrages are what had cemented the solid South, and solid for the very purpose of perpetuating the animosities of the war and defeating the ends of justice and equality. And yet you have the effrontery to say "there is nothing left of the war," etc. Again: "Let the North pause and ask itself, in all seriousness and conscience, whether or it is not time that the tribute should cease." Let us ask the South if it is not time that the "tribute" of blood and fraud which they have collected for the last fifty years should not stop. We of the North think so, and shall continue to labor and, if need be, to fight for that result. Again, "Not a Southern soldier receives a dollar of these taxes; not a Southern home for soldiers gets a penny of them." Of course not. No nation pays a bounty to those who rebel against it and prove false to the hand that pampered them. You surely are not so idiotic as to expect it. Again, "Yet the South is full of poverty not merely wasted by unjust and unequal taxation, but pressed by a fiscal policy which make its burdens still harder to bear and debts still harder to pay." The constitution of our common country provides (Article 1, [illegible]) that no such thing should occur and, if your state laws are founded in reason and executed with justice, you will soon have no such complaints to make. Again, "Is it right, is it fair, under any kind of political pressure, to increase or even to keep this burden upon us?" It was your refusal to obey the laws of our common country that has placed this burden on you the aggressors of the South and not we of the loyal North. Again, "If the South is a vassal let us know it and cease the mockery of equality." If you of the South would make yourselves the equal of the North by adopting the usages of our more advanced civilization you would then realize what has long been apparent to the Northern mind, that you are slaves to your own prejudices. Come out of your caverns of darkness into the broad light of republican day, and you will emancipate yourselves. Again: "But if we are equal in the Union, let the robbery stop where it is." It does not sound well for men who have robbed and plundered men of their lives and votes, as you of the South have to say anything about "robbery." Besides you are now robbed for the purpose of paying soldiers' pensions, you are the cause of it all, of the same robbery on the people of the North, who bear the unjust burden you have placed upon them without complaint. When you were forced back into the Union you came back to the constitution that the North lived under and maintained against your attempts to destroy. The North lives up to the same United States laws that you of the South do and did do so much more faithfully than you do. If a man of southern opinions is allowed to express and vote them in the North, and if his vote is not honestly counted the laws of the northern states will punish the fraud. But a man of northern sentiments is either killed, intimidated or defrauded out of such rights in the South. Yet you accuse us of "waving the bloody shirt." In the name of common sense, have we not a right to "wave the bloody shirt" so long as you bloody it? Besides, you claim the right to "wave the bloody shirt" of treason even at this late day, and adding insult to injury you answer our complaints with a sneer. When the armies of 1865 disbanded, the North was willing to quit and did quit, but how has it been on your side? The North went to the very extreme of magnanimity in its kindness and sympathy for the South. It knew that the masses of the Southern people had been misled, it knows that the masses are still misled at the South. But what can one people do for another without that other's consent? What became of the effort to enlighten the people of the South? If there is any truth in history the schoolhouse was burned and the schoolmaster shot, and your state laws would not punish so infamous a crime. Shame on you! You seem also to have lost sight of the fact that the government by allowing a man to do as he pleases, by that very act appeals to the nobility of soul that he possesses in his right, to set a good example before the rising generation, to instruct them in the use of their privileges so that they will not abuse them as you have done. The doctrine of slavery, rebellion and iniquity will not bear the light of advancing civilization and the sooner the South finds it out the better it will be for that benighted land. In conclusion, remember that we of the North deplore the evils among you of the South greatly, and knowing that they are caused by lack and dread of knowledge, we pity you in as great measure as we blame you. With malice toward none, with charity for all, we will still do our part to assist the South [illegible] from its lethargy and help shake off its chains [illegible] a part of this, the best [illegible]

[illegible] C. MASSIE.

WHISKY AND THE McCOY POSTOFFICE.

McCoy, Or., March 21.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Permit me to correct a statement appearing in your Salem items yesterday.

The cause of the complaints lodged against John D. Belt is for selling whisky in violation of law, many of the crimes charged having been committed before the clandestine effort to move the postoffice and bring it to the [illegible] port of illicit whisky business came to my knowledge. At the request of a number of McCoy citizens [illegible] of the postoffice at McCoy I wrote [illegible] against combining the postoffice and the whisky business, which was [illegible] signed [illegible] forwarded to the postoffice department at Washington. Among the names [illegible] members [illegible] F. S. Smith, [illegible] Bowman, S. W. Fletcher, [illegible] Cook, P. C. Sears, [illegible] and A. [illegible] Taylor. There was also a petition signed by some three-fourths of the patrons of the postoffice at McCoy, which was also disregarded by the department, through the efforts, so I am informed, of A. H. Mitchell.

JAMES K. [illegible]

For Coughs and Colds.
Try our "Pectoral Balsam" [illegible] and reliable cough [illegible] Skidmore & Co., Druggists [illegible]

JAY GOULD MORALIZES.

He Remembers His Joyous Boyhood and [illegible]—A Touching Interview.

He Recalls His Riches and Grows Sad—Only [illegible] Lodgings and Habiliments—What He Contends With.

New York Times.

It is very distressing to be rich. [illegible] Some folks may not believe this, but Mr. Jay Gould insists that it is so, and Mr. Gould is supposed to know a thing or two about being rich.

Recently Mr. Gould sat on a sofa in the Windsor hotel and tried to make a newspaper reporter contented. If Mr. Gould did not succeed that was merely because the newspaper reporter happened to be narrow-minded, not that Mr. Gould's philosophy was weak-kneed.

"After all," quoth Mr. Gould, "after all what does any man get in this world except something to eat and something to wear and somewhere to live?"

His conundrum unanswered by his hearer, Mr. Gould answered it himself.

"The poor man ought to be the happiest man," went on the millionaire. "Wealth brings cares without compensation. A man gets rich and then he's a slave. Very mistaken ideas exist on this subject."

With so much premised Mr. Gould proceeded to tell in a genial way of the days that once he himself knew and now was too rich to know any more.

"Ah," he said, "I often recur to the days when I was a boy up in Delaware county. I was a pretty happy lad. There wasn't much wear and tear in life then. How good it would feel just to get out and drive the cattle home from pasture once more! And how delicious it would be to stoop down by the old cow to do the morning's milking, and just squirt a stream of her fresh milk in between my lips as I used to. That was nectar. That's what gave me appetite for breakfast!"

Mr. Gould's eyes glistened. Boyhood memories were evidently much to his taste.

"A boy on a farm ought to be one of the happiest beings alive," he added. "He may care to go out in the busier world, and he may make more money elsewhere and in other ways, but he'll never be a jot happier anywhere or anyhow—not a jot; it isn't in human possibility to be happier. Of course, though, nobody is ever contented. I remember how it was with myself. One of my boy friends was Sam Dimmick, who lives up at Kingston-on-the-Hudson. His father, Col. Dimmick, was one of the well-to-do men up in Delaware county in those times, and I remember that I used to wish and wish and wish that something would happen that would enable me to get as rich as he was. He seemed like a Croesus to me. And I left the farm."

The reporter thought of one or two people he had heard about who would have been just as happy if Mr. Gould had not left the farm, and others who were willing to see him go back; but this impudent idea was unuttered, and the reminiscent millionaire, continuing, told about one experience that used to attach to his hobbledehoy times that was not altogether happy.

"Going to church," he explained, "contributed this one bit of sadness. We used to start from home early every Sunday morning," he said, "and ride over to the little yellow meeting house where the country round worshipped. At 10 o'clock the proceedings began. They were real proceedings, too. I can see the tall old elder yet as he loomed up in the pulpit and went at his sermon. Eleven o'clock came, and the elder was just getting under way; 12 o'clock arrived, and he was only becoming warmed up. At 12:30 we adjourned. All over? Oh, no. We were only on a half-hour's furlough. The sermon stopped in the middle to let us eat the lunches that we had to bring along. After the lunch the dominie plunged ahead unchecked till well on toward evening. How hard those board benches in the yellow meeting-house used to get! How very tired even some of the most pious ones used to grow! Often and often, I remember, the elder would come to a sudden halt, look down despairingly on his devoted flock and ejaculate: 'Wake up! wake up! Why every soul of you is asleep.' That would help for a little while, perhaps, but I tell you it was pretty trying sometimes for even the best of folks.

"About the only time, I think, when I was real genuinely interested at church in those times and under those circumstances was one Sunday when we were all safely tucked in for the eternal sermon there came a smash and a crash against one side of the church, and the boards there gave way and splinters went flying. We were listening to something about the wrath to come, and most of us for a time rather suspected it had really arrived. The trouble was that certain horses, left loosely hitched outside, had become weary and were entering a protest against the elder's long-windedness by punching their wagon-pole straight through the side of the meeting-house. I really felt under a sort of personal obligation to those old horses, and I guess I wasn't alone in that feeling either. I'd give a good deal, I assure you, to go through that lively day again."

Milk and churches! Both seem texts for jubilation. Mr. Gould laughed and was gleeful. He looked as if he spoke truth in every syllable as he remarked: "Those old days and their experiences were better than cash—a good deal better."

Then once more this magnate, the owner of a score of railroads, an assortment of legislatures, a judge or two, and [illegible] of that sort, once more he preached his [illegible] drum.

"After all, what does any man, however rich he may be, get in this world except [illegible] board and his clothes and a place to live?"

Mr. Gould cited some of the distresses of his own fate. "I am absolutely out of business," he declared (and he [illegible] pertinent chestnut bell). "I am out of business now. I've got all I can do to attend to my own private affairs. I've nothing any more to do with the stock market. I'm acquiring no new properties, railways or anything else. All the gossip you hear to the contrary is untrue. Why, as it is, I am kept on the drive now from early in the morning till late at night, with [illegible] day in and day out. The income I've made has enslaved me. With fortune success cares and responsibilities [illegible] go close together, and there's no escaping the embarrassments and troubles. A rich man ought to be judged pretty generously. He has a good deal more to contend with than people who aren't rich generally suppose."

"I think I could find a citizen or two who would be willing to relieve you," suggested the reporter.

Mr. Gould did not ask for their addresses. He only repeated: "Food and clothes and a place to sleep—that's all a man gets in his world, I don't care how rich he is. The boy on the farm, the man who isn't driven to death, to look for property that is in his name, they are the happiest [illegible] ought to be."

"Suppose we change [illegible]" ventured the reporter.

Mr. Gould began a remark, but right in the middle of his first word into the Windsor's corridor strode broker J. [illegible] Moore. Mr. Gould's eyes lighted on him and Mr. Gould grasped his hand. John [illegible] Moore is a gentleman every inch of him, but there is one reporter in this town who may go to his grave bowed down by the thought that but for Mr. Moore's appearance he might have made a comfortable swap with Jay Gould. As it was, Mr. Gould seemed to make a sudden resolution to bear up under the burden of his millions himself. Still, rich as he is, burdened by hard cares as he is, overworked as he is, still Mr. Gould

AY GOULD MORALIZES.

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[illegible] may not believe this; but Mr. [illegible] insists that it is so, and Mr. [illegible] supposed to know a thing or two [illegible] being rich.

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[illegible]," he said, "I often recur to the days [illegible] I was a boy up in Delaware county. [illegible] a pretty happy lad. There wasn't [illegible] wear and tear in life then. How good [illegible] feel just to go out and drive the [illegible] home from pasture once more! And [illegible] it would be to stoop down by [illegible] to do the morning's milking [illegible] squirt a stream of her fresh, hot [illegible] between my lips as I used to do! [illegible] was nectar. That's what gave an [illegible] for breakfast!"

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"Going to church," he explained, "contained this one bit of sadness. We used to [illegible] from home early every Sunday morning," he said, "and ride over to the little [illegible] meeting house where the country [illegible] worshipped. At 10 o'clock the proceedings began. They were real proceedings, too. I can see the tall old elder yet as he stood up in the pulpit and went at his sermon. Eleven o'clock came, and the elder was just getting under way; 12 o'clock arrived and he was only becoming warmed up. At 12:30 we adjourned. All over? Oh, no. We were given a half-hour's furlough. The sermon stopped in the middle to let us eat the [illegible] that we had to bring along. After that the dominie plunged ahead until well on toward evening. How hard those board benches in the yellow meeting-house used to get! How very tired some of the most pious ones used to get! Often and often, I remember, the elder would come to a sudden halt, look down despairingly on his devoted flock and exclaim: 'Wake up! wake up! Why, several of you is asleep.' That would [illegible] a little while, perhaps, but I tell you it was pretty trying sometimes on even the best of folks.

"About the only time, I think, when I was genuinely interested at church in those times and under those circumstances was one Sunday when we were all safely settled in for the eternal sermon there came a [illegible] and a crash against one side of the [illegible], and the boards there gave way and splinters went flying. We were listening to something about the wrath to come, and [illegible] for a time rather suspected it had [illegible] arrived. The trouble was that our [illegible], left loosely hitched outside, had become weary and were entering a protest against the elder's long-windedness by [illegible] their wagon-pole straight through the side of the meeting-house. I really felt [illegible] a sort of personal obligation to the horses, and I guess I wasn't alone in the feeling either. I'd give a good deal, I [illegible] you, to go through that lively day [illegible]."

[illegible] and churches! Both seem texts for [illegible]. Mr. Gould laughed and was [illegible]. He looked as if he spoke truth in [illegible] as he remarked: "Those old [illegible] their experiences were better than [illegible] good deal better."

[illegible] more this magnate, the owner [illegible] of railroads, an assortment of [illegible], a judge or two, and luxuries of [illegible], once more he produced his conundrum:

"After all, what does any man, however [illegible] he may be, get in this world except his [illegible], his clothes and a place to live?" [illegible] Gould cited some of the distresses of [illegible] fate. "I am absolutely out of business," he declared (and he heard no [illegible] chestnut bell). "I am out of business. I've got all I can do to attend [illegible] two private affairs. I've nothing [illegible] to do with the stock market, and [illegible] buying no new properties, railways [illegible] anything else. All the gossip you hear [illegible] contrary is untrue. Why, as it is, I [illegible] on the drive now from early in [illegible] morning till late at night, without any [illegible], day in and day out. The money [illegible] has enslaved me. With financial [illegible] and responsibilities and trusts [illegible] so close together, and there's [illegible] the embarrassments and troubles. A rich man ought to be judged [illegible] generously. He has a good deal [illegible] to be pitied with than people who aren't [illegible] generally suppose."

"[illegible] I could find a citizen or two who [illegible] willing to relieve you," suggested [illegible].

[illegible] Gould did not ask for their addresses. He only repeated: "Food and [illegible] and a place to sleep—that's all a man [illegible] in this world. I don't care how rich he [illegible]. The boy on the farm, the man who isn't [illegible] to look for property that is [illegible], they are the happiest—or [illegible]."

"[illegible] we change?" ventured the reporter.

[illegible] Gould began a remark, but right in [illegible] middle of his first word into the [illegible] corridor strode broker J. G. [illegible]. Mr. Gould's eyes lighted on him, [illegible] Mr. Gould grasped his hand. John G. [illegible] is a gentleman every inch of him, [illegible] reporter in this town who [illegible] his grave bowed down by the [illegible] that for Mr. Moore's appearance [illegible] have made a comfortable swap [illegible]. As it was, Mr. Gould [illegible] make a sudden resolution to bear [illegible] burden of his millions himself. [illegible], hardened by hard cash [illegible] as he is, still Mr. Gould does meet with kindness in some quarters. Every mail brings him assurances of some correspondent's regard along with the correspondent's expressed willingness to help spend the burdening millions.

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED HUMORIST.

Robert J. Burdette, in Lippincott's Magazine.

When I sit down and think—I do think sometimes—I seldom think of anything humorous; my thoughts, with rare exceptions, are serious—indeed, rather somber in their tendency. Of late years especially, I am aware of a constant struggle against melancholy. But when I look away from myself, I see a world full of ludicrous situations, comical incongruities, humorous incident; and often I find myself laughing at people and things, while those around me see nothing but commonplace surroundings. This sometimes wretched faculty of seeing the humorous or ludicrous side of everything was born with me, I think. Oftimes it got me into trouble when I was a boy, in school and in church and in society. So I write usually of what I have really seen, dressing the incident in a good deal of spangle and high complexion, of course, to make it appear well before the footlights. And yet I don't like to laugh at people. I don't think the people about whom I write ever recognize themselves in my sketches. I know I don't want them to. I'd rather laugh with a man a hundred times than laugh at him once. For that matter, I figure as the center-piece in the most ridiculous light in many of my personal sketches. But all that goes for nothing. It never hurts you to pinch yourself, you know.

As Mrs. Burdette's health failed, I did more and more of my work at home, soon withdrawing entirely from desk-work in the *Hawkeye* office, and writing altogether at home. "Her Little Serene Highness" was at this time quite helpless, suffering every moment, in every joint, rheumatic pain, acute and terrible. But in these years of her suffering helplessness, more than ever is visible her collaboration in my work. All manuscript was read to her before it went to the paper. She added a thought here and there, suggested a change of word or phrase, and, so tenderly that in her trembling hand the usually dreaded and remorseless "blue pencil" became a wand of blessing, struck out entire sentences and pet paragraphs. How well she knew "what not to print"! Blessed indeed is the man who writes with such a critic looking over his shoulder—a wife who loves and prizes her husband's reputation far above his own vanity or reckless [illegible]. At times she wove into our work whole pages of her own, and in some instances she wrote one-half of a long sketch or letter; and I think only ourselves could see where the sketch was joined. One day, as I was gathering up the "copy" which represented the morning's work, she slipped into the leaves, with comically feigned timidity, a little poem, which, she said, she ventured to lay before the great editor, and would like a copy of the paper containing it if published. It was "Robin's Nest," a tender little story of her own life. It was her only published poem; although after she fell asleep I found several fragments of her verses, written with pain-stricken fingers that could scarcely hold the pen.

In the winter of 1877 I wrote a lecture about two hours long, and went out and said it without hesitation, manuscript, or remorse. The writing of that lecture, "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache," was a comical piece of business. Dr. Charles Beardsley, then editor-in-chief of the *Hawkeye*, said to me one day, "Why don't you write a lecture?" Straightway I went home and told Her Little Serene Highness what he said. Her face lit up like a ray of sunshine. "Ah," she exclaimed, "Dr. Beardsley is as wise as he is good. I've been waiting for this for years." I was afraid to lecture; but Her Little Serenity coaxed and petted and argued in her womanly way, and at last the lecture was completed. She calmly sent her little blue pencil cruising over its blotted pages, and, after making many prizes and sinking many a gallant rhetorical three-decker, she sent me out. I am afraid I didn't go out very grandly. I was badly frightened. I had no voice, no elocutionary training, no presence, no attitude, no gesture; my pronunciation was faulty, and my grammar uncertain; I had nothing but my lecture and my wife. How could I fail?

The critics were kind; they were more than kind. Indeed, they have always dealt very gently with me. Possibly—I think probably—because I am scarcely worthy of the envenomed steel, but possibly because the critic is not so lurid as he is painted. Certainly I have every reason to feel grateful to him for his forbearance, because he has in silence passed over faults that are so glaring I can even see them myself, and has often given me praise where censure was due. And if ever he shall see fit to withhold the honey-comb of pleasant words, and hand me the bitterest gourd that ever stung the palate, I will chew it with all meekness and content, for the sake of the many sweets I have already eaten from his hand. * * *

Always with fear and trembling do I face an audience. This is due partly to a keen consciousness of my own limitations, and partly to that indescribable something which terrifies most public speakers. They go before an audience as before a jury. This feeling passes away in a few moments, however, especially with a warm-hearted audience. Still, I have grown very tired of lecturing,—almost as tired as my audiences, perhaps. Nine winters of lecturing at night and writing newspaper sketches on the railway trains by day, have given me all I want of it, and I am anxious to leave the platform and return to the desk. I am tired of the railroads, tired of the restaurants, tired of the hotels, tired of scrapple, tired of spare rooms, tired of late hours and early trains, and so nervous and apprehensive about the lecture every night that I had rather run away from an engagement than fill one, any time. I think I would like to be a hermit, and spend the rest of my days in some quiet old monastery like Vassar College or Taylor Hall.

I drifted away from the *Hawkeye* to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the only journal with which I am now connected. Six years ago we came to Philadelphia to secure medical treatment for Mrs. Burdette, and shortly afterwards made our home in Ardmore. Here, wearied with the long struggle with pain and helplessness, Her Little Serene Highness fell asleep; and as I close this paper, I miss the loving collaboration that with so much of grace and delicacy would have better prepared these pages for the reader. The first throb of literary ambition, my earlier and later successes, so far as I have been successful, whatever words of mine men may be pleased to remember most pleasantly, whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life, whatever inspiration I ever had or have that enters into my work and makes it more worthy of acceptance, I owe to the gentlest, best, and wisest of critics and collaborators, a loving, devoted wife. And if ever I should win one of the prizes which men sometimes give to those who amuse them, the wreath should be placed, not on the head of the jester who laughs and sings, but on the brows of her who inspired the mirth and the song.

LIES ANALYZED.

When you rest you can lie, but when you are at work it is better to tell the truth.—[Whitehall Times.

A lyre five feet high has been found by Dr. Schliemann. He is going to have it study law.—[Tid-Bits.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well, but if you want falsehood in any quantity you must go to the tombstones.—[Life.

If Ananias had lived nowadays his prevaricative ability would never have handed his name down to posterity—[New Haven News.

The cock crowed when Peter lied. Liars have become so numerous nowadays that a cast-iron chestnut bell has been substituted for the rooster.—[St. Paul Herald.

LAST LITERARY WORK.

A Paper on "Cackling" Written by the Late Henry Ward Beecher.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

The following is the latest production from the pen of the Plymouth pastor. It will probably prove to be his last final contribution to literature. It was written during the earlier part of the week:

CACKLING.

Some words in the English language are susceptible of many shades of meaning, but cackling is a word confined to one animal and to one functional condition. The barnyard fowl has, so far as we are informed, the sole prerogative of sounding out over all the neighborhood the arrival of a new egg! She is no braggart, boasting of what she is going to do. Indeed, her performances are meditated in profound secrecy. Let no one notice me, she seems to say, while stealing noiselessly under the currant bushes or along a shaded thicket. Is she searching for a choice morsel? It would seem so. A feather falling through the air makes no more noise than she, hovering darkly about sheltered spots, stealing toward the mow with artful pretense of looking for a worm. Her nest? It is curious to see what a selection of places she makes. It sometimes is behind a pile of wood, or beneath the edge of a haystack, or in some abandoned old wagon, or among the trumpery of a woodhouse chamber, or under a barn, not far into darkness even, or in a hole, but just where light melts into twilight.

Although laying an egg is a daily operation, it is none the less a serious and meditative fact. On the nest she ponders! The very secret of living organization is beneath her. Science has proclaimed above omnia. She does not know this but she feels it. Nature is working mightily within her.

But no sooner is the nest richer by an egg than a new act in the drama of life is set. No more secrecy. No more silence or reserve. All the world must know the good deed done! If the nest is on high the hen flies down with a queer outcry, between a scream and a cackle, but as her foot touches ground the proclamation begins in regular form: "I have done it." "I have done it." "Laid an egg!" "Laid an egg!" Far off the tidings roll. The distant barnyards sympathize and send back congratulations. But at home! Who can tell the joy which fills every feathered bosom? The stately rooster expands his throat, cackle answers cackle, now the rooster, now the hen, and it is difficult to understand which of the two laid the egg. After a while the silence is restored until another hen comes out crying "I, too, too," and the unwearied rooster sings base to her soprano. Thus it goes on through the morning. Few birds lay their eggs except in the early part of the day.

These barnyard cries remain in our memories, associated with the coming on of spring, with bright days, after the snow has gone away. The crowing of a cock is associated with the idea of morning—the cackling of hens with mid-forenoon.

It is noticeable that birds do not announce their achievements. They go off from their nests as silently as they can go. Do ducks, monkeys, quails or pheasants, grouse of every name, publish their achievements?

Nor do we know of any animal that makes known the birth of its offspring. A calf or colt is born and no word said about it. The fox, the wolf, regard the fact as enough. The lion, perhaps, reflects that the birth of its whelp will be known soon enough. Man alone cackles—not at the birth of his offspring, but at his deeds and attainments, with often this difference: that a hen cackles when an egg is laid, while men often cackle most when least has been performed.

When one has said a smart thing nothing will do but he must tell of it; when one has performed a feat of running, skating, batting, his household must speedily know it. The mother must sweetly cackle all the wonderful things that daily are developed in the baby. When two or three mothers get together the whole air resounds with the wonderful deeds of wonderful babies. Men cackle over their festivities, candidates cackle before their constituents, ministers cackle of their churches and churches cackle of their ministers; merchants cackle in advertisements; newspapers cackle ad nauseam—of their subscribers, of their enterprise, of their various superiorities over all other newspapers. Indeed, by the natural operation of the law of evolution, cackling has developed into a profession, and reporters are trained to await at the nests of events and publish to all the world what eggs the second world has laid every twenty-four hours.

Our cackle is ended and we fly off from the nest with modest consciousness of the value of one egg.

A STORY OF TWEED.

How Sunset Cox Gained a Political Footing in New York.

An Albany correspondent of the Brooklyn *Union* tells a good story of how Sunset Cox obtained a footing in politics in New York City. It was in the days when Tweed was the political autocrat of the city, and before the boss broke away from the restraining grip of Peter B. Sweeney and became involved in the robberies that afterwards made him so famous.

"Mr. Cox," says the correspondent, "was comparatively unknown in politics, at least among those who hovered about headquarters, and least of all to the boss himself. He was desirous of regaining a seat in congress, however; but having very few friends of influence, he was at a loss how to secure a nomination. On consultation with friends he ascertained that there was but one way to work it—to go and see the boss. And go he did. That powerful official was seated in his New York office, planning out the details of the coming campaign, when a neatly-dressed young man knocked rather timidly at his door. The sergeant-at-arms opened it, and perceiving the intruder, gruffly asked, 'What do yer want?'

"'I desire to see the Hon. William M. Tweed, if he is at liberty,' meekly remarked the visitor.

"'Well, he's engaged; but who wants to see him?' growled out the sentinel, apparently impressed with the stranger's earnestness.

"'Please tell him, sir, that Samuel S. Cox would like a few moments' private conversation with him,' replied the visitor, for the first time revealing his identity.

"'Wel, wait there and I'll ask if he will see you!' and the door was slammed in the face of the anxious aspirant for office.

"Pretty soon the sentinel returned, and roughly remarking, 'Mr. Tweed will see you,' ushered him into a luxuriously furnished apartment. Seated upon soft cushioned sofa was the bulky form of Mr. Tweed. Mr. Cox, his knees almost knocking together with fear and awe, could scarcely make known his errand before the boss pleasantly asked, 'Well, young man, what can I do for you?'

"Recovering somewhat his equilibrium, Sunset piped out, 'I want to go to congress.'

"It was said in such a plaintive tone that the boss' heart was touched. He could not restrain his risibilities, however; so great, indeed, was his amusement that he nearly laughed himself off the sofa. At last, having partially recovered the boss cocked his eye at his visitor and asked: 'So you want to go to congress, do you? Well, you're modest, to say the least. Didn't you once represent an Ohio district in congress? What did you do in the house at that time?'

"'Why,' replied Cox, hesitatingly; 'why, I made them laugh.'

"This answer again aroused the boss' sense of the humorous and the fit of laughter that followed shook the building.

"Well, to cut a long story short, Sunset Cox dates his political career in New York state from that moment. He was slated, nominated and elected by a big majority from the district which he now represents. After hearing this story told I one day asked of Mr. Cox if there was any truth in it. He smiled good naturedly, winked slyly and finally replied, 'Well, John, confidentially, there is a good deal more truth than fiction in it, after all. But things have changed much since then,' he added."

THE COURTS.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT NO. 1.

Annie E. Rutherford vs. R. H. Thompson et al; plaintiff's time for settling bill of exceptions extended to include November 9th, 1887.

McDowell, Price & Co. vs. Astoria Packing Company; motion to vacate judgment denied; execution stayed.

State ex rel. John Kiernan vs. Joseph Holladay and others; demurrer to answer of George W. Weidler sustained.

John Keller vs. E. Bay; motion for new trial denied; judgment on verdict.

Fred Kittner vs. Watson, Wright & Co.; judgment on verdict.

John Angel vs. W. Jackson; same.

Thomas H. Elliott vs. L. P. W. Quimby; same.

Chamberlin & Whidden vs. H. J. Corbett; dismissed.

D. E. Budd vs. Multnomah Street Railway Company; continued one day.

Leander Holmes vs. Minnie Brazee; time for moving for new trial extended thirty days.

Portland & Willamette Railway Company vs. W. J. Abernethy and others; motion to strike out parts of answer denied; motion to make answer more definite and certain allowed; defendant allowed one week to amend answer.

J. T. Bowles vs. Benjamin Sunderland; motion for new trial submitted.

S. S. White vs. Multnomah county; demurrer to complaint submitted.

Oregon and Washington Mortgage Savings bank vs. board of equalization; motion to affirm decision of board affirmed.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT, NO. 2.

Nellie S. Willis vs. Seth Willis; decree of divorce.

Mary A. Wagner vs. Henry Wagner; same.

W. W. Root vs. Mattie Root; referred to W S. Newbury.

State of Oregon vs. E. W. James; sentenced to the penitentiary for one year.

State of Oregon vs. Ellis Roberts and R. A. Byrnys; Monday to plead. W. T. Hume appointed to defend R. A. Byrnys. Trial of Roberts on indictment number three set for Tuesday, April 12.

M. C. Butler vs. Joseph Pacquet et al.; plaintiff allowed twenty days to file bill of exceptions.

POLICE COURT.

Wm. Sargent, drunk, will be sent to the hospital; Con. Murphy, simple drunk, $2; Daniel Newton, aggravated drunk, ten days.

STANTON'S DEFALCATION.

NEW YORK, April 2.—The office of George K. Sistare & Son, Broad street brokers, has been notified that their Detroit agent, Alexander M. Stanton, left for parts unknown on Monday last. An accountant has been sent to Detroit and is now examining the books of Mr. Stanton. From all indications it seems there is a shortage of $80,000. The firm say that it is singular that the loss is so small, considering Stanton's opportunities. The defalcation seems to be in such shape that Robert L. Stanton, a Detroit millionaire and brother of the defaulter, is bound for nearly the entire amount. Alexander Stanton and his family held a high position in Detroit society, and his wife is said to be completely prostrated by her husband's act. The agent of Sistare & Son has been unable to obtain an interview with her.

MANNING'S HEALTH IMPROVED.

NEW YORK, April 2.—Sub-Treasurer Canda, of this city, cabled ex-Treasurer Jordan, at London, yesterday asking him if reports regarding Secretary Manning's illness were correct. Canda has received the following reply: "Deny report emphatically. Greatly improved since his arrival."

CABLE REPAIRED.

NEW YORK, April 2.—The Commercial Cable Company has repaired one of its cables and is now accepting business for all points.

THE BULGARIAN REVOLUTION.

REGIMENTS REVOLT.

BUCHAREST, April 2.—It is rumored here that an outbreak has occurred at Rustchuck and that the Bulgarian war minister has been attacked, and two regiments have revolted at Kirkindel. The officers have been placed under arrest, but that the men, after a fight with the local troops, have fled to the mountains.

ONTARIO.

FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED.

ST. THOMAS, April 2.—An unclaimed corpse lies at the American Express Company's office here addressed to P. D. McKeller. It arrived by express from Cincinnati yesterday. No such person as P. D. McKeller is known in this city, and the authorities are becoming suspicious of foul play.

THE HOTELS.

INTERNATIONAL.

J M Moore, Bic Springs
F L Luffy, Vermont
A J Ripercoski, Hope, Ar
Adam Rubin, St Paul
P Blamgote, do
The Bishop, Dakota
Jas Sanderson, Minneso
M Kouth, do
E W Kratze, do
B Miller, Bloomington
Wm Kirby, Kalama
J P Scott, do
Ole C Eberhart, Laurent
Dan Ryan, do
Robert Walker, Danville
C W Lusby, do
A Watts, Lawrence
A Bowen, do
John McCastern, Cala
M Kennedy, do
M Ahern, do
D H Poor y & w, Cello
Jos Cavernagh, do
Jas Smith & w, Columbs
H F Hugsley, Albany
A Britt, do
W W Stelle, Helena
S S Cook, Fisher's, W T
C Wilson, Walla Walla
W G Fordice, Adair, Ioa
H N Echiot, do
H Bleeg, Sweden
B F Winert, w & 2 ch, Scandia, Ks
T J Cottrell, Scandia, Ks
W E Marquam & w, Bloomington
H H Rose, Heppner
W D Mulkey, Pleasant Hi
F Anderson, Indiana
A Anderson, Scappoose
Dr C Smith, Hillsboro
S M Culver, Dalles
John Schenk, do
C H Perkins, do
Larry McCane, w & 4 ch, Iowa
Jos Callahan & w, Iowa
J A Sawyer, do
H T Hull & w, West S de
H P Pugley & son, do
J F Therny, do
Wm Robbins, do

THE GILMAN.

Chas Welushelt, San Fr
Theo Mansfield, do
H R Cootb, do
F G Rosevelt, do
Jas N Allison, U S A
P B Dooley, Seattle
E H Conners, Chicago
M F Sprague, Chicago
R G Willis, Oakland
J L Runcie, U S A
H D Rollinson, Eugene
Thomas Prindle, Indpnct
Sam G Coyle, St Paul
N B Ustec, do
F D Hobbs, Lincoln, Neb
W S Sterling, Bellevue, I
Frank W Hetch, N Y
A H Blakesley, St Helens
Miss B Blakesley, do
D W Yeargain, do
I Decker, do
J W McElroy, do
Lon T Ayers, Gervais
R D Cooper, Island City
F H Smiley, Dayton, W T
F K Irving, Dallas
J F Weston, Seattle

HOLTON HOUSE.

S W Smith, Independence
C C Haley, San Francisco
M H Livingston, do
G McCuroy, do
Thos Keogh, do
M L Tichner, do
W H Brown, do
J A Porter, Forest Grove
G H West, Woodland
A Liebers & son, Colfax
E J Laoenlun, Albany
S Ritzenstein & w, OreCy
H A Wright, Chicago
J C Owens, Eugene
Jas Hoffman, do
D C Bruce, do
D McCurdy, Ashland
W A Owen, Central Point
F C Baker, Salem
H C Andrews, do
M G Latte, do
S Blyot, Ritzville
Hough Frazer, Vancouver
S Betman, Olympia
W W Williams, Indiana

MERCHANT.

A W Evers, Nevada
J H Morris w f & ch, Ind
W C Bates, Tacoma
M Upper, Tacoma
Mrs Dr Norris, Orgn City
H J McInnis, Butte
J Thornton, Ontario
J Riddle, Grants Pass
B Church, Tacoma
F H Andrews, Tacoma
I S Johnson, Dayton
F E Caldwell & f, Astoria
M C Pennington, Chicago
G I Hamlin, St Paul
F B Turpin, Olympia
H B Austin, Vermont
J D Hackett, Kansas
H N Cobb, New York
E McLallin, California
W H Jamison, Roseburg
Jno Brundage, Corvallis
H Kettler, Olio
H J Russell, Eng and
B Dearing, Salida

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The most Powerful Healing Ointment ever Discovered.

Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Sores.
Henry's Carbolic Salve allays Burns.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals Pimples.
Henry's Carbolic Salve cures Piles.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals Cuts.

Ask for Henry's—Take No Other.

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Price 25 cts., mail prepaid 30 cts.

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Write for Illuminated Book.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps, by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

NO OPIATES, NO POISON.

A SAFE MEDICINE.

A Mother's Voice—Colds, Coughs and Sore Throat—Cured.

95 Aisquith St., Baltimore, Md.

For the benefit of those, who, like myself have not only suffered themselves, but having large families, always have one or more suffering with colds, coughs or sore throats, I most willingly and cheerfully recommend the Red Star Cough Cure. No family should—at this time of year particularly—be without it, for I have found nothing in many years of experience which so promptly cures and gives relief in the cases mentioned, which are so common, and which, if not attended to at once, often lead to more serious complaints. My family is large and we are never without your Cough Cure and its efficacy in the past makes me feel that I owe a duty to mankind to inform them through you of the benefits we have derived from it, without any of the unpleasant effects experienced from other cough medicines.

MRS. M. POLLOCK.

Notre Dame Sisters—For Chest and Sore Throat.

Govanstown, Md.

We have used the Red Star Cough Cure, and in several cases have found it beneficial in alleviating coughs, oppression on the chest and irritation of the throat.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

No Opiates—A Remarkable Test.

Loveland, Ohio.

I have used your Red Star Cough Cure, and use it now whenever I have use for it. For ten years I was a slave to the opium habit, and did your Cough Cure contain opiates, I would not dare use it. This alone is positive proof that it is free from opiates. It is all you claim for it.

H. C. WILSON,
Mngr. Maplewood Opium Institute.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

All persons using St. Jacobs Oil or Red Star Cough Cure, will by sending a two-cent stamp and a history of their case, receive ADVICE FREE.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pains and Aches.

Fifty Cents. At Druggists and Dealers.

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[illegible]

The Woful Curse of Life, the common cause of Weakness and Early Decay of Mind, Nerves, and Body, Producing Sexual Decay, Lost Power, Brain, Night Losses, Falling Fits, Weak Memory, Pimples, Clammy Hands, Weak Eyes, Insanity, Torpor, Bashfulness, Paralysis, Wasting and Smallness of Organs, Varicocele, &c.

Perfect, Lasting Cure and Full Vigor, Full Strength, Potency and Development of Parts, with new Brain and Nerve Power, or we forfeit $1000. We use only the wonderful

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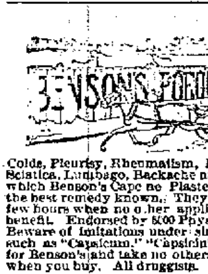
CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

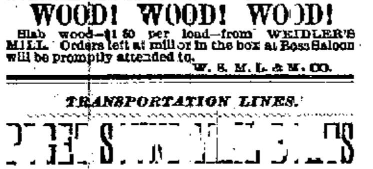


when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

Not a Liquid or Snuff.

A Quick Relief and Positive Cure.

HAY-FEVER



Colds, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache and other ailments, for which Benson's Capcine Plasters are admitted to be the best remedy known. They relieve and cure in a few hours when no other application is of the least benefit. Endorsed by 5000 Physicians and Druggists. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Capsicin" or "Capsicine." Ask for Benson's and take no others. Examine carefully when you buy. All druggists.

SEABURY & JOHNSON, Propr's, New York.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

Slab wood—$1.50 per load—from WEIDLER'S MILL. Orders left at mill or in the box at Boss Saloon will be promptly attended to.

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[illegible]

Washington Steamboat Transportation Co.

TACOMA, SEATTLE & PORT TOWNSEND.

Leave Tacoma upon arrival Portland train for Seattle, Madison, Gamble, Ludlow and Townsend, going through direct. Returning, leave Port Townsend every day (except Sunday) at 1 P. M.

Close connection with company's steamers for Whatcom and Skagit.

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The STR. "A. B. FIELD" will make regular trips weather permitting.

Between Astoria, Tillamook Bay and Nestucca.

Freight shipped per O. R. & N. Co. in care of STR. "FIELD" will receive prompt attention. Passengers taken from Astoria. [illegible] & CO.

For Astoria—Fast Time.

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LEAVES ALDER STREET TUESDAY & THURSDAY at 6 A. M.—Or Sunday at 9 A. M. Returning, leaves Astoria, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 A. M.

Close connections at Kalama to the Sound, and at Astoria with the Gen. Miles for Ilwaco, Oysterville and Gray's Harbor.

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PENDLETON.......Master

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Capt. Jas. T. Gray, leave Portland at 3 P. M. and Vancouver at 6 A. M. daily, Sundays excepted. For freight or passage apply on board at foot of Morrison street.

TOWING between 10 A. M. and 3 P. M.

NEW ROUTE

Portland & Willamette Valley.

Between Portland and Airlie—80 miles.

LEAVE		LEAVE	
Portland	10:30 A M / [illegible] P M	Airlie	6:35 A M
Lafayette	1:55 P M / [illegible] P M	Monmouth	6:55 A M
Sheridan	4:17 P M / [illegible]	Dallas	10:10 A M
Dallas	6:24 P M / [illegible]	Sheridan	12:10 P M
Monmouth	[illegible]	Lafayette	[illegible]
Airlie (arrive)	[illegible] P M	Portland (arrive)	6:15 P M

Between Portland and Coburg—123 miles.

LEAVE		LEAVE	
Portland	10:30 A. M.	Coburg	6:15 A. M.
Silverton	4:16 P. M.	Brownsville	8:01 A. M.
West Scio	7:38 P. M.	Lengs	8:39 A. M.
Lengs	[illegible] P. M.	West Scio	9:25 A. M.
Brownsville	9:12 P. M.	Silverton	2:50 P. M.
Coburg (arrive)	10:25 P. M.	Portland (arrive)	6:17 P. M.

TICKETS for sale at office and Depot, foot of Jefferson st., and at O. & C. and S. P. Co's office, 2d and Pine sts.

General Offices N. W. cor. First and Pine.

WM. REID, Pres't P. & W. V. Ry.
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Cashier..........R. L. DURHAM
Assistant Cashier..........H. C. WORTMAN

SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFER, sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, Omaha, St. Paul, San Francisco and all principal places throughout the northwest.

EXCHANGE sold on principal cities in Europe and on Hong Kong.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter.

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Reserve..........400,000

Head Office, 28 Cornhill, London.

Branches—Portland, San Francisco, Victoria.

This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business. Loans made, Bills Discounted and Commercial Credits granted. Deposits received on current account, subject to check; also on special certificate.

FREDK TOWNSEND Manager.

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Designated Depositary and Financial Agent of the United States.

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Vice President..........H. W. CORBETT
Cashier..........G. E. WITHINGTON
Assistant Cashier..........H. J. CORBETT

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SIGHT and TIME BILLS drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hong-Kong.

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61 First street, Portland, Or.

Rates of Interest on Deposits.

Three months 4 per cent.
Six months, 5 "
Nine months, 5½ "
One Year 6 "

LOANED ON MORTGAGES

$7,697,721 in 11 Years.

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Solicited, and every information and facility for examination will be furnished by applying to

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London and San Francisco Bank.

LIMITED.

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This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business; makes loans; discounts bills, and issues commercial and travellers' credits, available in any city in the world.

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THE

Portland National Bank.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

ACCOUNTS kept, subject to check.

SELLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and New York.

MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.

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GEN. RUFUS INGALLS..........Vice-President
D. F. SHERMAN..........Cashier

FRANK DEKUM, President. | W. K. SMITH, Vice Pres't. | H. C. STRATTON, Cashier.

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PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

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S. W. cor. Second and Washington sts.

THE

SOLICITORS' COMPANY

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Capital..........$500,000

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MONEY TO LOAN in amounts to suit, on improved farm and city property in Oregon and Washington Territory.

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On 3 months certificates 4 per cent.
On 6 months certificates 5 per cent.
On 12 months certificates 6 per cent.

Directors:

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Judge E. D. Shattuck, H. W. Monastes,
Sylvester Farrell, Dr. W. H. Saylor,
Hon. Richard Williams, Dr. S. J. Barber,
Van B. DeLashmutt, I. F. Powers,
O. B. Dodd.

Merchants National Bank,

PORTLAND, OR.

TRANSACTS GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

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Vice President..........J. LOEWENBERG
Cashier..........J. A. MACKUM

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OREGON FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO

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PRINCIPAL OFFICE—31 Stark St.

Union Insurance Company

FIRE AND MARINE.

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital $ - - $750,000.

AGENCY OREGON DIVISION.
No. 9 Stark St.
JAMES S. REED, Agent.

THE THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital..........$2,860,000
Reserve fund, (in addition)..........$375,000
Deposit in Oregon..........$10,000

Agency in Portland at No. 6 First Street.

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Corner Third and Ash Streets.

W. W. SPAULDING

(Successor to J. S. Keller & Co.)

CORNER FIRST AND MADISON STS.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fresh and Cured Meats.

A. H. JOHNSON,

CENTRAL MARKET.

Wholesale Butcher and Packer

Special attention paid to supplying ships.

Highest cash price paid for all kinds of fat stock.

O'SHEA BROS.,

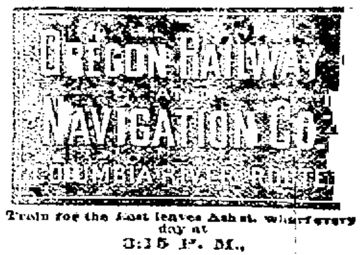
Wholesale Butchers & Packers

And Retail Dealers in all kinds of Meats.

Special attention given to supplying ships.

Stalls 22, 26 and 24 Central Market, Portland.

RAILWAYS AND STEAMBOATS.



Train for the East leaves Ash st. wharf every day at

3:15 P. M.,

With Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to Council Bluffs St. Paul, Walla Walla and Dayton without change. Train from the East arrives at 10:15 A. M. every day.

SAN FRANCISCO LINE

FROM PORTLAND. Leaving at 12 Midnight, as follows:	FROM SAN FRANCISCO. Leaving Spear st. wharf at 10 A.M., as follows:
Oregon, Tuesday....Mar. 1	State, Thursday....Mar. 3
Columbia, Friday....Mar. 4	Oregon, Tuesday....Mar. 8
State, Wednesday....Mar. 9	Columbia, Sunday....Mar. 13
Oregon, Monday....Mar. 14	State, Friday....Mar. 18
Columbia, Saturday....Mar. 19	Oregon, Wednesday....Mar. 23
State, Thursday....Mar. 24	Columbia, Monday....Mar. 28
Oregon, Tuesday....Mar. 29	State, Sunday....April 3
Columbia, Monday....April 4	Oregon, Friday....April 8

The company reserves the right to change steamers or sailing days.

TO ASTORIA.

U. S. Mail Steamer leaves Ash st. daily, except Sunday, at 6 A. M., for Astoria.

TO DALLES AND CASCADES.

Leave Ash street at 7 A. M., except Sunday.

TO OREGON CITY, DAYTON AND CORVALLIS.

Steamer leaves Portland at 7 A. M., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, for Dayton and way points. Returning, leave Dayton at 6 A. M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Corvallis steamers leave Portland at 6 A. M. Monday and Thursday. Returning, arrive at Portland 3 P. M. Wednesday and Saturday.

TICKET OFFICE, ASH STREET WHARF.

A. L. MAXWELL, Ticket Agent.
JNO. J. BYRNE, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA

VIA

Oregon & California R. R.

and Connections.

Fare to San Francisco $32; to Sacramento $30

Close connections made at Ashland with stages of the California, Oregon and Idaho Stage Company.

(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.)

East Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND ASHLAND

Mail Train.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	8:00 A. M.	Ashland	4:30 A. M.
Ashland	5:15 P. M.	Portland	3:45 P. M.

Albany Express Train.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	4:00 P. M.	Lebanon	9:20 P. M.
Lebanon	4:05 A. M.	Portland	10:05 A. M.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars

Daily between Portland and Ashland.

The O. & C. R. R. Ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East Side Div. from foot of F St.

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS

Mail Train.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	7:30 A. M.	Corvallis	12:25 P. M.
Corvallis	1:30 P. M.	Portland	6:15 P. M.

At Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific R. R. for Yaquina Bay.

Express Train.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	4:50 P. M.	McMinnville	8:00 P. M.
McMinnville	5:45 A. M.	Portland	9:00 A. M.

Local tickets for sale and baggage checked at company's up-town office, cor. Pine and Second streets. Tickets for principal points in California can only be procured at company's office.

Corner F and Front Sts., Portland, Or.

Freight will not be received for shipment after five P. M. on either the East or West Side Divisions.

R. KOEHLER, Manager. E. P. ROGERS, G. F. & Pass. Agent.

GREAT OVERLAND ROUTE.

Northern Pacific Railroad

Shortest Line to Chicago & the East.

The Shortest Line to Council Bluffs, St. Joseph Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Burlington, Quincy, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and all points south and southeast,

VIA

ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

Is the ONLY Line Running
Passenger Trains,
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars,
Palace Dining Cars (meals 75c),
Luxurious Day Coaches,
Emigrant Sleepers (free of charge),
From Washington and Oregon Points

To The East

VIA ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

SEE THAT YOUR TICKETS READ

Via the Northern Pacific R. R. and avoid change of cars.

Leave Portland at 3 P. M. daily; arrive at Minneapolis or St. Paul at noon, fourth day.

PACIFIC DIVISION.

Train leaves Front and G daily at 11:00 A. M.; arrive New Tacoma 6:15 P. M., connecting with Co's boats for all points on Puget Sound.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul.
A. D. CHARLTON, Gen'l West'n Pass. Agent,
No. 2 Washington st., Portland.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

SHORTEST, QUICKEST,

AND IN EVERY RESPECT

THE BEST ROUTE.

—TO—

Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Halifax, Portland, Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, and All Points East and Southeast,

Finest Dining & Sleeping-Car Route in the World!

Private Drawing Rooms, Luxurious Smoking Rooms, and Elegant Bath Rooms attached to all Sleepers.

New and Elegant Second-class Sleepers from Port Moody to Montreal, Free of Charge!

Courteous Employes, Splendid Passenger Equipments, Three Thousand Miles of Smooth Steel Rail Track, Ballasted Along its Entire Length!

An Ever-Changing Panorama of Grand and Magnificent Scenery!

The Canadian Pacific Railway is the Only Line to the East from Portland via Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, and All Puget Sound Points.

Sleeping-Car accommodations reserved in advance.

RAPID TRANSIT!—LOWEST RATES!

For full information or tickets call on or address

C. G. McCORD, Passenger and Freight Agt.,
No. 6 Washington st., Portland, Or.
D. E. BROWN, District Passenger and Freight Agent, Port Moody.

The journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic by this new transcontinental line is one of uninterrupted magnificence from start to finish. Mountains, lakes, rivers! Passing through the most magnificent canyons in the world! Twenty miles along a glacier front. The Rocky Mountains! The Selkirks and the Gold Range!—Eclipse in Grandeur and Sublimity that of the Alps of Switzerland!

REGON ACIFIC AILROAD
NLY OPULAR OUTE
VER ICTURESQUE ANGES

Fast Time! Sure Connection! New Equipment!

225 MILES SHORTER!

20 HOURS' LESS TIME!

Accommodations unsurpassed for Comfort and Safety!—Fares and Freights much LESS than by any other route between all points in the Willamette Valley and San Francisco!

ONLY ROUTE VIA

YAQUINA BAY!

—TO—

SAN FRANCISCO.

DAILY PASSENGER TRAINS

(Except Sundays)

Leave Yaquina	6:20 A.M.	Leave Albany	12:40 P.M.
Arrive Corvallis	10:38 A.M.	Arrive Corvallis	1:22 P.M.
Arrive Albany	11:20 A.M.	Arrive Yaquina	5:45 P.M.

Oregon and California trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

THE OREGON DEVELOPMENT CO'S STEAMSHIPS

—SAIL—

FROM YAQUINA.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO.
Willamette, Mon., April 4	Yaquina City, Sat., April 2
Yaquina City, Fri., " 8	Willamette, Sat., " [illegible]
Willamette, Thurs., " 14	Yaquina City, Wed., " 13
Yaquina City, Wed., " 20	Willamette, Wed., " [illegible]
Willamette, Mon., " 25	Yaquina City, Wed., " [illegible]
Yaquina City, Tues., May 3	Willamette, Wed., May [illegible]

The Company reserves the right to change sailing dates.

Fares between Corvallis and San Francisco: Rail and Cabin $14—Rail and Steerage $9.65

For further information apply to

CHAS. C. HOGUE, A. G. F. & P. Agt., Corvallis.

THE EAST.

The Kissane Mystery Still Further Considered.

TESTIMONY IN THE HADDOCK CASE

Interstate Commissioners Give a Hearing to Southern Railroad Men—Railroad Blockade in New Brunswick—News Notes.

THE MYSTERIOUS KISSANE.

His Probable Connection with an Army of Fillibusters in Nicaragua.

NEW YORK, April 2.—As the mystery surrounding the present identity of the once notorious Wm. Kissane deepens, public curiosity as to the name under which he has achieved a fortune and respectability in San Francisco grows apace. A gray-bearded sailor who has seen many adventures in South America told a *World* reporter about Kissane's career in Nicaragua, which probably contains a true clue to Kissane's present name. "In the summer of 1856," he said, "I was one of Wm. Walker's army of filibusters in Nicaragua and was stationed at Granada. A man who gave his name as William Rogers came down on a steamer from New York and joined Walker's little army. In the fall of 1856 Walker assumed the government of Nicaragua and organized his cabinet. He made Rogers assistant secretary of hacienda, in which his duties were those of secretary of the treasury. He was a great help to Walker, and without him I think the filibuster's scheme would have collapsed much sooner. When Walker was finally [illegible] Commander Davies, of the [illegible] Rogers was with him. He was released [illegible] San Francisco. The last I heard from him was [illegible] 18[illegible], when an old [illegible] Rogers was living somewhere [illegible] in a fine style, having made [illegible] in the state [illegible] and I presume his identity has [illegible] to this day."

[illegible]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—The Californian *Demokrat* (German) [illegible] says: "We are informed that the [illegible] and much wanted Wm. Kissane is [illegible] owner, William K. Rogers, of [illegible] county, California."

HADDOCK MURDER.

A Plot [illegible] to Convict Leavitt of the [illegible]

SIOUX CITY, [illegible]—The defense in the [illegible] with the [illegible] positively that an hour [illegible] the murder they saw Leavitt on Fourth street [illegible] light pants. Other witnesses testified [illegible] having made remarks regarding Haddock the day of the murder. The testimony, however, is not wholly confined to Leavitt, as a part of it has been directed against the character and utterances of Bismark. Joseph Spry testified that he saw Leavitt on the night of the [illegible], and he wanted to borrow a revolver. The prosecution then placed the verdict of the coroner's jury in evidence, but the defense objected and their objection was sustained. Jailer James Crookshank testified that Leavitt visited the jail November 27 and called on Bismark in one of the cells, and said to him:

"Give me your wife's address and I will send her some money and we will see that she is all right till you get out. You know, Bismark, that I did not kill Haddock."

Bismark said: "You say John Arensdorf shot as well as me?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," Leavitt said. "We will come out all right if you stick to the story I told you."

POSITIVE TESTIMONY.

SIOUX CITY, April 2.—The tenth day of the Haddock murder trial opened with a diminished attendance. The strain, excitement and anxiety is wearing on the audience, as well as lawyers and court attendants. George W. Smith swears positively that Leavitt fired the shot that killed Haddock. This was expected by everybody, as his story has been public for months. He lived at the Columbia house the night of the murder, and occupied rooms on the second floor, looking down on the scene of the tragedy. He was sitting at an open window on that night, partly undressed. There were four persons on the street when the shot was fired. There were two persons close together. They were about the middle of the street crossing. They were four feet apart. "I saw the man who fired the shot. He was north and a little behind the other, about four feet away. The man who shot had on a light straw hat, rubber coat and light pants. He turned and ran across Fourth street and north on Water street. I did not see him beyond the blacksmith shop. The man who was shot staggered and fell."

"Is this the straw hat supposed to have been worn by Leavitt?"

"The hat I saw on the man looked brighter than that, with broader brim. I know John Arensdorf well. The man who fired the shot was not John Arensdorf. I am positive as to that. I have seen Leavitt. From Leavitt's form, motion, etc., I think he was the man who fired the shot. There was light enough to see them, and recognize them."

INTERSTATE COMMISSIONERS.

A Full Review of the First Case for their Consideration.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The interstate commerce commission began active work at 11 o'clock this morning. At that time ex-Gov. Rufus B. Bullock, Mr. R. S. Spalding and Mr. S. P. Woodson, a committee appointed by the Atlanta chamber of commerce to co-operate with the Southern Railway & Steamship Association in seeking such liberal interpretation, or modification, of operation of the interstate commerce act as may be deemed necessary for the protection of the manufacturing and commercial interests of the [illegible] other Southern societies, were granted a hearing. Gov. Bullock, speaking for his associates and himself, thanked the commission for the opportunity afforded, and read the following paper:

To the Honorable the Interstate Commerce Commission—*Gentlemen*—We, the undersigned committee appointed by the Atlanta chamber of commerce for that purpose respectfully represent to your honorable body that the territory covered by the Southern Railway & Steamship Association is comparatively sparsely populated and that the trade centers, or distributive cities within that territory are widely separated and therefore a rule which would apply to lines in populous sections of the country would be disastrous to us. The rates [illegible] freight now in force by said association in the territory south of the Potomac and Ohio and east of the Mississippi rivers are the result of ten years of experiment, modified by the orders of railroad commissioners in the several states and by appeals [illegible] commercial bodies [illegible] represent [illegible] the interests of shippers. Your petitioners further represent that the rates [illegible] in the tariff of the Southern Railway & Steamship Association [illegible] to our shippers generally and under it [illegible] established centres for the purchase and [illegible] of commodities have been [illegible] We are informed by the railway managers that [illegible] provided by the interstate commerce [illegible] roads will be compelled to largely increase their rates on the 5th inst. This will destroy the whole system of rates upon which [illegible] manufactories, industries have been [illegible] and [illegible] trade centers [illegible] which wholesale dealers have established their extended business.

[illegible]

We [illegible] respectfully petition your honorable [illegible] [illegible] east of the Mississippi [illegible] apply to [illegible] We also [illegible] to the accompanying comparative statement which we have prepared of present rates [illegible] will understand [illegible]

[illegible] comparative statement [illegible] by the fact that [illegible] Atlanta, Montgomery [illegible] Chattanooga will [illegible] to Macon [illegible] to Atlanta from $10 [illegible] from $10 to $1[illegible]

The chairman of the commission, Judge Cooley, remarked [illegible] that he understood the application which had been made by the railroad companies was for permission to charge less for long than for short hauls. Gov. Bullock replied [illegible] affirmatively. At present [illegible] queried the chairman, railroads are charging less for long than for short distances. Gov. Bullock said this was the case where it was necessary to meet the circumstances of water transportation. The chairman asked the opinion of the committee with respect to the authority of the commission to make an order asked of them. Gov. Bullock replied that, as they read the provision of the fourth section, they understood the commission had authority. The railroads, he added, had informed them that unless they made their rates at once they would be liable to penalties under the law. Contracts had been made by merchants for delivery three months hence, based upon rates which prevailed at the time. Now to suddenly raise the rates would prove disastrous.

A brief colloquy, during which, in reply to queries by Col. Walker and Morrison, the position of the commission in respect to some details, was elaborated, which ended the hearings. The whole proceeding was an informality, the hearing being granted at this time as a favor to gentlemen who had come from a distance to present their case. No formal consideration of this question or any other will be taken before the 5th inst., on which date the law goes into effect.

STATEMENT OF TRANSPORTATION MEN.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon a hearing was given to representatives of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association. They were fifteen or twenty in number. Milton H. Smith, vice-president of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, was selected as spokesman of the delegation and addressed the commission. He said they were present to apply for authority to charge less for the transportation of property between competitive points by lines of the members of the association than between intermediate points. He said that the association was only one of several which had come into existence through the rapid developments of the transportation system during the last twenty years. At first little effort was made by railroad lines for co-operation. Shippers were in the habit of shipping to forwarding houses when the shipment passed beyond terminals of the first road. Out of this condition grew the fast freight lines formed by forwarders, who, by making special arrangements, were able to secure rates below those which the shipper would be compelled to pay to roads if they dealt individually. Then the roads began the through traffic system, and frequent conferences between the agents of various lines became necessary, which conferences finally resulted in associations, of which the Southern Railway and Steamship Association was one. He read the articles of the association.

Mr. Smith produced a map of the territory covered by the association and pointed out the water [illegible] which our [illegible] and penetrated it [illegible] of transportation on these waters [illegible] The first railroad were built to connect [illegible] points with water. Rates were in all cases greater for [illegible] short hauls. It was found that [illegible] transportation was cheaper than rail hauls, but for distances of twenty [illegible] miles or more [illegible]

TRANSPORTATION AT PROFITABLE RATES.

Was cleared. When agricultural centers were [illegible] it was found that upon the same [illegible] of large bulk the [illegible] rates were [illegible] that [illegible] be profitably made. The [illegible] gave railroad people their first lesson in [illegible] transportation. [illegible] they could compete with water [illegible] never before [illegible] presented the question of receiving less for long than short hauls. The discovery [illegible] a paradox. Mr. Smith contended that at the rates fixed by the Louisville & Nashville company were not in violation of congress. If prohibited from charging less for a longer distance [illegible] conditions are substantially similar, then he argued they were authorized to charge less for longer than shorter distances, which conditions are substantially dissimilar provided rates to and from non-competing points are just and reasonable. In some of his arguments other large corporations did not agree with him, but held that under no conditions could any greater charge be made for short than for longer hauls unless authorized by the commission. Mr. Smith said his company had received notices from all the great lines north that from and after the 5th inst. existing traffic arrangements must cease. This was due, he explained, to the difference in the interpretation of the law. These roads based their action upon a refusal to the Louisville & Nashville to issue [illegible] rates below its through rates, holding that they would be [illegible] as participants in any penalties incurred [illegible] Mr. Smith set forth at considerable length the circumstances which led the northern trunk lines to make such a construction of the law. They were not subject to such an extent to water competition, and their interpretation was only one, an interpretation which would benefit them, but bankrupt us. Smith did not believe there was any reason for the present agitation. Surely carriers were not to be punished for the violation of a law which they could not understand. It was clear now that the commissioners should have been organized, and should have heard these questions and decided them earlier. If [illegible] changes were enforced at once, [illegible] stress would at least be threatened.

Gen. Alexander, president of the Central Georgia road, set forth the reasons which led [illegible] lower rates from New York to Macon and Montgomery, than to Mobile and New Orleans. The latter points were reached by competitors who were entirely independent of the commission. Not more than two or three of the lines composing the association were paying. His own line was one of the paying ones, but did not pay exorbitantly. If compelled to reduce intermediate rates below all [illegible] New Orleans his company would lose $10 in local traffic for every $5 gained in through traffic.

Edgar A. Johnson, general counsel for East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia railway, said it was very evident the commission could not investigate the questions presented and to be presented between now and April 5, yet it was equally evident that unless relief were granted, all commerce between the North and South must end on the 5th, since the northern roads would not risk the penalties which might be incurred by following any other than their own interpretation of the law.

Percy Fink, vice president of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia railway, said a rigid construction of the long and short hauls provision meant bankruptcy. This provision, he was sure, was a concession to the popular clamor and abstract sentiment. Congress had found it necessary to put it in, but also found it necessary to empower the commission to suspend it. What kind of a schedule were roads to file between now and the 5th of April? If they put up through rates to a level with local rates, they would lose their traffic, and that meant bankruptcy. If they put down local rates, they could never get them back, and that, too, meant bankruptcy.

Several hours were spent by the commission to-day in opening letters, and giving hasty informal glances at the contents, after which they were passed to Acting Secretary Major Jones, for briefing and classification. A majority of them, not including applications for clerkships, consisted of requests for interpretation of special points of the law, not a few asking about points which the language of the measure explains plainly and in full. The commission adjourned at 4 P. M.

RAILWAY BLOCKADE.

Passengers on the Inter Colonial Railway in New Brunswick Suffer Great Hardships.

ST. JOHN, N. B., April 2.—A dispatch from Moncton contains news of stalled trains on the northern division of the Inter Colonial railway. A break has been made from St. Flavien to Campbellton, and two blocked trains between these points are working their way out through a tunnel of snow. Fully 1500 passengers including 700 emigrants are halted on the route. The railway authorities are straining every nerve to get food to the passengers and to 1000 workmen who were trying to dig them out. One train arrived at River Du Loup, another at St. Luce, and another at St. Flavien. Sir Charles and Lady Tupper being passengers on the former. All northern mail since last Thursday from Prince Edwards Island, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, is at St. Flavien. Seven mail clerks are guarding them. Fully half of the conductors, baggagemasters and express managers on the line are hemmed in at this point. A dispatch from New Castle, five hours ride from Moncton, says: The Quebec night train the first that has passed New Brunswick [illegible] since [illegible] It has worked its way through [illegible] been delayed by the storm of this week. This was [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] only by the superhuman efforts of 1500 men who worked night and day.

Tuesday the travelers were so exhausted that [illegible] the engineer started with a special train and all the men he could collect to the scene. He arrived at Campbellton and pushed through to St. Flavien, and last night about [illegible] o'clock he broke the blockade. The people have no idea what amount of snow there is on the New Brunswick border. In order to clear the track five terraces were made from the rails to the summit of the bank. Each line of men threw snow to the terrace above them. In many places the snow drifts were thirty feet in depth. During their week's sojourn in the drifts the passengers endured great hardships although the railway authorities did all they could to make them comfortable. Fortunately for the women and children many sleepers were stowed in with [illegible] No scruples were observed about taking coal from the cars on the sidings to supply them with fuel. The main line has been opened and a channel cut through the snow at enormous labor and expense, and yet the work is but half done. Every branch is blocked and every car on the sidings is snowed under. It will take more than a week to get the road in any kind of running order.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a great remedy for rheumatism. It has cured many severe cases.

PACIFIC COAST.

Steamer Mexico Wrecked and Probably a Total Loss.

HARRY WILKES BEATS HIS RECORD.

He Trots a Mile in 2 13 1-2—Arab Wins the 2 18 Class—Chinamen Offer a Reward for King Kalakaua's Head.

THE MEXICO LOST.

Wrecked Thursday Night on Betts Reef, near Victoria.

SEATTLE, April 2.—The steamship Mexico struck a sunken rock on Bett's chain reef, at 12 o'clock Thursday night, during thick weather. Capt. Dan Morrison was pilot. The ship was coal laden from Nanaimo, B. C., to Port Townsend and Seattle. She is probably a total loss. No lives were lost. Only the crew and a few longshoremen were aboard, some of whom have just arrived here on the steamer George E. Starr from Victoria.

HARRY WILKES WINS.

He Passes under the Wire in 2 13 [illegible] A wild Q[illegible] Excitement.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—An immense crowd witnessed Harry Wilkes' attempt to beat his own record of 2 14¾, for a purse of $2300 at the Bay District track this afternoon. The track was fast, weather perfect and horse in first-rate fettle. All the conditions were favorable to the horse, but still the betting was in favor of time at the rate of 5 to 3 and 4 to 1. The odds were up to Wilkes appearing high in flesh. Van Ness only gave two minutes' warning at a slow jog before scoring, and passed the wire twice before nodding for the word, when he went away at a moderate pace. Wilkes' wonderful strides [illegible] very few expected him to be successful. He rounded the first turn in the first quarter in 34¼, straight [illegible] his back and commenced to move like a piece of machinery. He made the second quarter in 33¼, on lower turn in 31 [illegible] the crowd commenced to cheer, and then a most groaned as the gallant little horse made a slight bobble. The move was so slight that only experts detected it, and in a flash Wilkes was himself again and moving at a 2 09 gait. He weakened once, but Van Ness's cheery [illegible] straightened him out instantly, and [illegible] completed the last quarter in 33¼, [illegible] As he flashed under the wire a wild cheer went up for several minutes. The audience was wild with delight, even heavy losers in betting joining in the general rejoicing. An enthusiastic lady attempted to decorate the equine hero with a handsome floral collar when Harry displayed a fondness for flower diet and [illegible] of the tribute. The actual time is undisputed, as hundreds of watches were held. It is the fastest mile ever trotted on the Bay District track, and the general opinion is that Wilkes could pull two seconds off it if pushed. He made it very easily and is pronounced the best horse in America to-day.

ARAB WINS THE 2 18 STAKES.

Only Arab, Charlie Hinton and J. Q. started in the 2 18 class at the Bay District to-day, and everything was in the former's hands from the start to the finish. In pools he commanded $50 to $18 for the other two combined. Hinton won the first heat in a jog in 2 23¼, Arab second and J. Q. nearly distanced, through a series of breaks. Arab won the next three straight heats and the race in 2 20¼, 2 20¾ and 2 23¼. Arab was not pushed in either heat, both Charlie Hilton and J. Q. destroying whatever chances their speed gave them by breaking badly whenever they came anywhere near Arab. The slightest effort on his part was sufficient to carry them off their feet.

Between the heats Problem and Alert were sold at auction. The former was knocked down to Burnetta, of Chicago, for $3 00, and Alert to John Armstrong, of Detroit, Mich., for $3800.

FROM SEATTLE.

INQUIRY INTO THE SPAFFORD CASE.

SEATTLE, April 2.—Drs. P. B. Miller and H. M. Hall, Coroner Root and Sheriff Cochrane went to [illegible] yesterday to make an examination of the body of Mrs. Spafford, whose death, under peculiar circumstances, occurred last Saturday morning. Evidence given by the neighbors was that carbolic acid, aqua ammonia and chloroform had been given in doses, either of which would have proved fatal, the woman being in a delicate condition. The stomach, intestines and other organs were brought to Seattle for careful examination. There has, as yet, been no evidence adduced that would lead to the belief that the woman died from other than natural causes.

NOTES.

Articles of incorporation were filed to-day in the auditor's office by Messrs. A[illegible] & Phillips, under the name of the A[illegible] & Phillips Foundry Company, capital stock $2 000, divided into 1 0[illegible] shares.

Burglars entered the house of Mrs. Rounds, on Eighth and P[illegible] streets, last night, and ransacked the house generally. Mrs. Rounds received some money Tuesday evening while on [illegible] street, and it is supposed that the parties who entered her house last night saw her receiving it, and thought perhaps they might get it.

This morning a stranger by the name of Carlson started up the incline to the coal bunkers, and when about half way up the engine which is used to run up cars came pulling up with a loaded car. Carlson stepped down on the edge of the trestle and sat down in order to be out of the way. The car passed him all right, but the steps to the cab extended farther out, and Mr. Carlson was struck in the side, knocking him off the trestle. He fell head first to the framework below, a distance of ten or fifteen feet, striking his head. Fortunately no serious damage was sustained from either the fall or the engine.

CALIFORNIA.

REWARD OF $5000 FOR KING KALAKAUA'S HEAD.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—Captain McCullough, who arrived a few days ago in command of the brig William G. Irwin, from the Sandwich Islands, relates a remarkable story of Chinese enmity against King Kalakaua. He states that a certain Chinese firm paid a bribe of $70,000 to a native officer holding a high position to secure his influence in obtaining the exclusive right to sell opium in the Hawaiian kingdom, and that the Chinese firm in question failed to secure the prize. They then demanded a return of the bribe, which was refused. Mr. McCullough further states the Chinese have decided not to submit to what they consider an outrage, and when he left the walls of Honolulu were covered with handbills in Chinese offering a reward of $5000 for the head of King Kalakaua. It is said the guards have been doubled about the palace.

TRAIN WRECKED.

AUBURN, Cal., April 2.—Overland passenger train No. 2, going west, was thrown from the track in a cut three miles above Auburn this morning, caused by a broken wheel on the engine. George Williams, of Newfoundland, a tramp riding between the baggage and express cars, had his leg broken. Fireman Armstrong was thrown through the cab window and injured in the left hand and on the head. Two mail [illegible] passengers were bruised and scratched. Engineer [illegible] was injured in the back and his head [illegible] bruised. The railroad company sent Drs. [illegible] and Rooney to attend to the injured. The mail and express cars were badly wrecked. The baggage car was wedged between the banks [illegible] The sleepers and coaches were uninjured, and the passengers were hardly aware of the accident. The wreck is being rapidly cleared.

[illegible]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—Dr. James [illegible] who exploded a bomb in the Grand [illegible] during a Patti concert, and who [illegible] with a deadly weapon, this morning sentenced to two years' in [illegible]

[illegible] POSTPONED.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—The sentence of Alexander Goldenson, convicted of the murder of the school girl Mamie Kelly, was this morning postponed until next Saturday, in order to give defendant's counsel time to prepare a motion for new trial.

EASTERN NEWS ITEMS.

STARVING TO DEATH IN TEXAS.

GALVESTON, April 2.—A special to the *News* from Austin says: State Senator Woodward, of [illegible] county, has received a statement from Navarro county, sworn to by four responsible citizens and endorsed by the county judge, sheriff and county clerk giving the names of nineteen families in that county whom affiants declare are in a condition of starvation, occasioned by drouth. The number of persons in each family is stated, showing a total number of 105 persons. The papers state that these families are unable to procure sufficient food and are now resorting in some cases to eating carcasses of cattle which had died from starvation. The signers of the statement appeal for aid from the legislature, but as nothing more can be expected from that source it is left for the generous and more fortunate of other counties to render such aid as they can. The statement represents a deplorable state of affairs, and concluded by saying that whatever is done should be done at once.

ANOTHER YACHT RACE.

NEW YORK, April 2.—Oliver Iselin has arranged a match for his new yacht Titania, which will be launched in May, and which was designed to defend America's cup in case the size of the Thistle should place her in the second class. Titania's rival will be Archibald Rogers's cutter Bedouin. The prize for which they will contend is of novel description. In arranging for the race Mr. Rogers remarked that he had already a lot of cups, and intimated that this time he would like something new to add to his collection. "How would a silver pint pot full of gold dollars answer for stakes?" asked Iselin. The proposal was promptly accepted. The race will be twenty miles to windward, outside of Sandy Hook, and will probably take place late in June. The exact date has not yet been fixed upon.

RAILROAD RECEIVER.

CHICAGO, April 1.—The appointment as receiver for the Wabash railway lines east of the Mississippi river to succeed Judge Cooley was offered to S. A. Callaway, general manager of the Union Pacific railroad. General Manager Swayne, Gen. Geo. W. Smith and W. G. Beale held a lengthy consultation and reported to Judge Gresham that all parties in interest had agreed upon Callaway as eminently fitted for the position. Judge Gresham at once consented to make the appointment, and Callaway was telegraphed to at Omaha. He replied, signifying his willingness to accept, but was afraid he could not do so at once. As Judge Cooley has to be in Washington Monday at the interstate commission, it is necessary that the new receiver should qualify without delay. Telegrams were again sent to Callaway, but at adjournment of court no answer had been received.

FIGHTING TEXANS.

GALVESTON, April 2.—A special to the *News* from San Augustine, in East Texas, near [illegible] says: A terrible fight occurred Friday morning ten miles below Hemphill, Sabine county, between Capt. Scott and his little company of state rangers, on one side, and old Willis Conner and his sons, on the other. Three of the Conner family and one ranger named Rogers, were instantly killed, and Capt. Scott and another of his men were badly if not fatally wounded. One of the Conner boys escaped, but the rangers are in pursuit. The Conner's brought on the fight by firing from an ambush upon the rangers, who were hunting them for thieves. A doctor of this city has been sent for by the rangers to attend the wounded.

A BURGLAR CAUGHT.

NEW YORK, April 2.—John Talbot, the burglar who robbed Jones's dry goods store in Brooklyn, and also stole $[illegible],000 in bonds from A. H. Miller of Philadelphia, was to-day in the Tombs police court turned over to Brooklyn officers, to be taken to that city for trial. He was arraigned in the Kings county court of sessions on indictments jointly with "Patsy" Carroll for burglary in the third degree and grand larceny in breaking into Jones's dry goods store, also on an indictment charging him with escaping from the custody of an officer. Talbot pleaded not guilty. His trial was set down for Wednesday.

A CHURCH ROBBER.

NEWBURYPORT, April 2.—Burglars entered St. Paul's Episcopal church last night and stole the [illegible] communion service and other pieces of silver valued at several hundred dollars. One piece of great historical value was given to Rev. Samuel Myers by King William and Queen Mary for the use of their majesties' chapel in New England in 1691. This was originally given to Kings chapel, Boston, but later came into the possession of St. Paul's church. An attempt was made to break the safe in the Catholic church, but after breaking the lock the burglars desisted, leaving the place in great confusion.

TRAIN DITCHED.

GALVESTON, April 2.—A special from San Antonio, Texas, to the *News* says: Friday night, while Assistant General Manager Kruttschnitt and party were traveling over the Southern Pacific railroad on a tour of inspection in a special car, the train which carried them was ditched east of this city. The accident was caused by a broken wheel. The car occupied by the railroad men was turned upside down. Mr. Kruttschnitt and Mr. Adams sustained severe cuts about the head, and a brakeman was severely if not fatally injured.

CHICAGO REFORMING.

CHICAGO, April 2.—Judge Tully rendered a decision this morning on the question of reducing the expenses in the various county departments, brought up in the recent petition of County Attorney Bliss, while acting on the theory that a reduction would be desirable. The judge ordered reductions in a number of departments, which include fifteen bailiffs of the criminal court and about an equal number of clerks and employes in most of the other departments. These reductions will not take effect till July.

THE POSTAL THIEF CONFESSES.

NEW YORK, April 2.—W. A. Clarke, the post office clerk arrested for stealing a $10,000 registered package from Portland, Oregon, to this city, confessed to-day that he had stolen the package containing $10,000 in currency sent to the Charleston sufferers in December 1886. The money was sent by the Park National Bank, of this city, to the First National Bank of Charleston, South Carolina. Clarke also admitted that he was interested in a gambling house in this city.

NEW NAME FOR STEALING.

DETROIT, April 2.—The shortage in the account of A. M. Stanton, of the firm of Historea [illegible] Sons, who has disappeared, is now placed at $[illegible],000. Stanton's friends insist he is all right. The best legal opinion is that Stanton, being a partner in the firm, and owning an undivided interest, he could not steal or embezzle from [illegible] self, and in the eyes of the law he has simply overdrawn his account.

THE PURCHASE MADE.

NEW YORK, April 2.—Negotiations between H. H. Porter and President Stevens of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railway, were consummated to-day by a sale of all the stock but [illegible] shares to B. P. Flower & Co. Flower & Co. made the purchase for H. H. Porter and associates who are identified with the Indiana Coal Co. Richard M. Hoe was made president of the new organization.

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The following debt statement was issued to-day: Interest bearing debt, principal $1,16[illegible],721,112, interest $11,713,[illegible]; total $1,174,[illegible]. Debt on which interest has ceased, principal $6,925,[illegible]; interest, [illegible]8,717; total, $7,124,[illegible]. Debt bearing no interest, $586,76[illegible]. Total debt, principal, $1,[illegible]; interest, $11,911,[illegible]; total, $1,7[illegible]. Cash items, available for reduction of debt, $268,123,071, less reserve held for redemption of United States notes $100,00[illegible]. Debt less cash in treasury, April 1, 1887, 1[illegible],[illegible]3,558; decrease of debt during month of March, $12,808,467; unavailable for reduction of debt, $[illegible]; cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general accounts, $[illegible]

MONEY FOR THE COMMISSION.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The secretary of the interior recently submitted to the first comptroller of the treasury for an opinion on the question as to whether any expenses of the interstate commerce commission can be paid out of the contingent fund of the interior department. The first comptroller has informed him that the contingent fund can not be used for the purpose indicated, that the appropriation of $10[illegible] made in section 23 of the act creating the commission is the money that is now payable for the expenses of office rents, clerk hire, transportation, stationery, and everything else. He says that this amount will probably be sufficient to meet contingencies, when, if it is necessary, the deficiency of the appropriation can be secured.

PENSION CERTIFICATES.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—During the month of March last the pension bureau issued 10,313 pension certificates, of which 1412 were original, and [illegible]48 increased pensions.

RUSSIA.

AFTER THE CZAR.

LONDON, April 2.—A dispatch from Vienna to the *Times* says: While the czar was walking on a terrace overlooking the lawn at Gatchina palace a shot was fired from behind a bush. The bullet whistled close to the czar's ear. A second shot was fired from behind another bush, but without effect. A sentinel near fired upon the first assassin, and is reported to have killed him on the spot. The second assassin tried to escape, but was arrested. He proved to be an officer of the army.

BOMB THROWERS HANGED.

BERLIN, April 2.—Three persons who were concerned in the attempt to assassinate the czar by means of bombs in St. Petersburg, on March 13, were hanged Thursday morning. Twenty more officers in various branches of the service have been arrested in connection with the attempt made against the life of the czar in the park of Gatchina palace on Thursday last.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

NO NEWS OF THE EAGLE.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., April 2.—A party of sealers went from the shore on the west coast of Newfoundland on a sealing expedition, and the ice moved seaward carrying the men with it. Two bodies have been recovered from the ice. The men had been frozen to death.

No further particulars have been received concerning the steamer Eagle disaster. The steamer Aurora has been dispatched to the scene, and hopes are entertained that some of the Eagle crew are still alive.

GREAT HOTEL BURNED

The Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, Totally Destroyed.

LOSS, ONE MILLION AND A HALF

The 350 Guests Escape Uninjured—Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Valuables Lost—Seeking Refuge in San Francisco.

HOTEL DEL MONTE BURNED.

Finest Summer Resort Building in America Destroyed by Fire.

MONTEREY, April 2.—The Hotel del Monte was burned to the ground last night. The fire was discovered about 11 P. M. under the basement in the battery room. The alarm was given at once, and the gas cut off from the main tank. The building had water pipes all through it arranged in such a manner that in case of fire the building could be flooded from top to bottom. No sooner was the fire discovered than the water was turned on, but all efforts to save the building were in vain. The alarm was given in town soon. Ten minutes afterwards the Monterey fire department was on the premises, and had two streams on the building. The water pressure was poor, and at times it could not throw a stream higher than ten feet. The firemen worked hard, and several times they were driven back by the flames. The Hotel del Monte fire department did good work, but, being a wooden building, it was not half an hour before the main part was completely in flames. In the meanwhile men worked hard removing what furniture they could. There were about 350 guests in the hotel, and such scenes as was witnessed when the alarm was given, will never be forgotten by those present. People went wild in trying to escape. Men and women could be seen running out from all directions in their night clothes, calling for some one to save them. They were taken to the club house and provided with blankets, and wagons were procured and they were brought into town, where willing hands were ready to receive them. They are all stopping around town in hotels and private houses, and as far as heard from

[illegible]

It was reported that [illegible] one of the chambermaids had perished, but later reports has found it to be untrue. Considerable of the furniture, carpets and other articles were saved, but everything is damaged to a great extent. The guests had no time even to dress themselves, and thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds and jewelry were consumed.

The Hotel del Monte had just passed into the management of George S. Schoenwald, late of the Palace. Three hours after the alarm was given the entire building had burned to the ground, and all that could be seen were the brick chimneys standing erect, and to-day the Hotel del Monte is a mass of ruins. The water pipes through the house were bursted and it was impossible to get a stream of water on any part of the building. Had it not been for the water pipes through the hotel bursting, the firemen could have saved part of the building, as they would have had a good pressure from the hydrant. It is estimated that $1,500,000 will not cover the loss, as the insurance was very small. A special train came down from San Francisco to convey the guests to that city. The safe has not been opened, and contains considerable money. Several rumors are afloat. Some claim that the hotel was set on fire by some one employed in the building, and others claim it was an accident.

The hotel belonged to the Southern Pacific Railway Company, and was considered the handsomest watering place hotel in America. It cost $[illegible] and was not insured. Charles Crocker, vice president of the Southern Pacific, was seen early this morning and said the hotel would be rebuilt, as it had proved a very profitable investment.

RECEPTION OF THE GUESTS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—Immediately on the receipt of the news of the burning of the Hotel del Monte at Monterey this morning the Southern Pacific Railroad Company made prompt arrangements to bring the unfortunate guests to this city. The first train load arrived at 11 30 A. M. and numbered about 150. The scene presented in richly furnished coaches of ladies with disheveled hair, frightened look and scantily clad, was a peculiar one. Another train load arrived an hour later, bringing the remainder of the guests who desired to come. Many interested friends and relatives were at the depot to witness their arrival. Some carried bundles containing necessary articles of wearing apparel with which to envelope the forms of those who had been compelled to leave the hotel without ceremony, while others were present to assure themselves that their relatives and friends had escaped unharmed. When the train pulled into the station there was a rush for the platforms of the cars and as the half-clad passengers stepped off they found themselves in the arms of the anxious watchers, some of whom were hysterical in their congratulations. For about five minutes there was a general [illegible] and shaking and the tired tourists were then hurried to waiting hacks and busses to be taken to hotels. A number [illegible] sought refuge at the Palace hotel, but as that building is already crowded to its utmost capacity, the unfortunates found it impossible in many cases to arrange for rooms, and were obliged to seek quarters in other hotels and boarding places in the city. A majority of the ladies were wrapped in blankets with veils or scarfs about their heads, and slippers on their feet. Those guests who had lost all their money by the fire were notified to-day by the manager of the Palace hotel that they might draw on him for such funds as were necessary to provide them with clothing, and this evening they are feeling more comfortable.

FULL DETAILS.

MONTEREY, Cal., April 2.—The fire was first noticed in the lavatory, by J. C. Marshall of Philadelphia. The clerk was quickly informed of the fact. He called up a number of servants, who, thinking they could check the fire without much trouble and fearing a panic might be caused by the sudden alarm, went to work to extinguish the fire without rousing the guests. There was no building in the world better provided with means of extinguishing fire than was the Hotel del Monte. Hose was placed in every corridor, and fire extinguishers in every hall way, and a magnificent system of water works built by the company at a cost of nearly half a million dollars, was capable of throwing a stream to the height of 100 feet. Besides this, over $[illegible] had been expended on water appliances within the building, until, as was believed, nothing had been left undone to secure the building and guests from loss or accident by fire. In order to secure an ample supply of water, Charles Crocker three years ago purchased the ranch which includes Carmelo river, and erected an immense reservoir and mains at a cost of $[illegible]. The force of water was so great that if a full head was turned on it would have torn down an ordinary sized building. The clerk and his assistants turned on the water, when they were horrified to find that the force was so weak as barely to give forth a sprinkle. They rushed to turn on an additional stream, with similar result, showing [illegible] was afterward more fully realized that the water works had been tampered with. The hallways began to fill with smoke, and the employes of the house found the fire spreading, though they could not locate it. It soon became evident that they could not control the [illegible] and an alarm was given, servants rushing through the halls and calling on guests to get up and

[illegible]

For the house was burning down. Soon the hotel became a scene of the wildest confusion. Servants rushing down the corridors to awake guests found that the smoke was becoming denser and denser, and were almost frantic in their appeals to the guests to come out. Men, women and children dashed from rooms, clad only in their night clothes and such wraps as they could snatch from the beds. A few halted to secure their jewels and money but the black smoke came rolling along the halls, warned them to waste no time in getting out. Down the broad stairways rushed the frightened guests, only to be confronted with a heavy volume of smoke and burst of flame on the lower floor.

They had to dash through the smoke and flame to find a place of safety. Many ladies could not summon up courage to face the ordeal, and fled shrieking to windows of the floor above, where their cries for help almost drove their friends frantic. In the meantime the hook and ladder company connected with the hotel was at work and ladders were run up to the second and third stories, down which servants carried women and children who were afraid to face the smoke and flame on the lower floor. The clerk, who was the first notified of the fire, made most strenuous efforts with his brigade to put out the flames but water could not be got. Manager Schoenwald, who only resumed charge yesterday, seeing that the hotel could not be saved gave orders that all hands devote themselves to seeing that all guests were taken out, and to saving as much of the furniture and clothing as possible. Soon servants began to throw from the windows beds and bedding, and such articles as would not be smashed by the fall.

THE WORK OF AN INCENDIARY.

The fire was discovered fifteen minutes before the alarm was given, and five minutes later the last guest was out of the house. The horror of the night was made worse by pitchy darkness, for soon after the fire broke out the gas main burst and the hotel was plunged in gloom. The frightened guests huddled together on the lawn, and beneath the shelter of the trees. The bowling alley and saloon, which are about 100 yards from the hotel, were given up to the use of ladies and children, and all mattresses and bedding that were saved, was placed there for their use. Most of the luggage of the guests was in the last part of the building to catch fire, and nearly all of that was saved, but most of the luggage in the main building was lost. Nearly all the things in the safe were saved, and all kinds of bric-a-brac and valuables are scattered about on the lawn. The male guests worked hard to save what they could, but the heat soon became so intense that they were driven away from the building. There was no wind blowing, or the bowling alley and stables would have caught. In less than half an hour the huge building was enveloped in flames, and within three hours was totally consumed, the only vestige remaining being the brick chimneys. The total loss, including losses of guests, will probably reach a million and a half dollars. The only guest who was at all injured was Capt. Scott, a Boston capitalist, who burned his hands in a too rapid descent on the rope from the window of the room he occupied. From the fact that the water pipes had been tampered with, and that immediately after the first outbreak of the fire the flames were noticed in another part of the building it is firmly believed it was the work of an incendiary. The matter will be strictly investigated.

Col. Fred Crocker confirms the statement made in the morning, of the company's intention to rebuild the hotel. The new building will be similar in style to the one destroyed, but very much larger and one story higher. Architects are already at work on plans, and every effort will be made to have it finished within six months. The destruction of the hotel is looked upon as a calamity to the entire state.

ENGLAND.

ENGLISH LAND BILLS.

LONDON, April 2.—Lord [illegible] omitted two important clauses in his exposition of land bills in the house of lords Thursday. One of these provides in the future that judicial rents be reckoned from the date of application instead of the date of judgment of the land court. The other provides that tenants in arrears asking that judicial rents be fixed shall all have their arrears estimated on the same basis.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

LONDON, April 2.—The *Times* publishes a dispatch from Sofia which says the attempt that was made at Rustchuk yesterday by three Bulgarian refugees to assassinate the prefect of Rustchuk was part of a cowardly intrigue. The prefect, whose name was Mantuff, had been entrusted with the secrets of a conspiracy. They feared betrayal and decided to remove him.

LONDON RACES.

LONDON, April 2.—The Leicestershire spring handicap of 1200 sovereigns for three year olds and upward, one mile, was run at Leicester to-day, and was won by a neck by Col. O. J. Crow[illegible] six year old horse Kinsky, M. Cannon's four year-old filly Fab second, and F. L[illegible]'s four year old filly Low Down, third. Time, 1 41 1-5. Thirteen horses started.

OPPOSITION INTENSIFIED.

LONDON, April 2.—The text of the coercion bill, now that it has been made public, intensifies the opposition to the measure. The Parnellites express themselves sanguine that in an appeal to the country the government will be overthrown.

ITALY.

THE POPE.

ROME, April 2.—A second audience given by the pope to Americans was held to-day. Those favored with cards include Mrs. Bowdin and daughter, Miss Streater, Thos. Crowley, Mr. Merry and family, Jennings German, Major Huntington, Franklin McVeagh, Mr. Spooner and family, Mrs. Clark and daughter, Mrs. Bigelow and daughter, Mrs. McPherson and family, Mrs. Saunderson and Miss Parsons.

The report is denied that Signor Galimberti, while in Berlin, sounded the German government in regard to the project for papal mediation between Germany and France.

BARGAIN SALE.

—FOR—

This Week Only!

—AT—

E. Meyer & Co's

60 pcs Lace Bunting, 12 1-2c per yard; worth 25c.

[illegible] pcs Seersuckers 5c per yd, Sold everywhere for 10c.

[illegible] doz all-wool Black Jerseys, All sizes, at $1 25; worth $1 75.

Ladies' Full Finished Hose, all shades; worth 35c; for This Week Only at 25c.

"Our Own" Corsets, Worth 75c—now 38c.

A Full Line of Lawns, All Colors, at 5c per yd.

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY!

Send for Samples and Catalogue.

E. Meyer & Co.

Cor. First and Yamhill Sts.

TAKE [illegible] Pills

The first dose often astonishes the invalid, giving elasticity of mind and Bouyancy of Body to which he was before a stranger. They give appetite, GOOD DIGESTION, regular bowels and solid flesh. [illegible] sugar coated. Price, 25cts. per [illegible] Sold Everywhere.

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THE CLOTHIER, HATTER AND MERCHANT TAILOR

Corner of Second and Morrison sts.

HARD AT WORK

Getting our Spring stock in order, but we are ready to begin our

GREAT

Spring Sale

Ready-made Suits in elegant designs from $12 to $25. These suits are the cheapest ever brought to the city.

Spring Overcoats

Perfectly elegant [illegible] prices within the [illegible]

Suits to Order.

Now, right here we want to say a word to all. We make no cheap shoddy work or misfitting garments, but for fine fits and work call and see our choice selections. We make suits to order from $[illegible] to $60; Pants to order from $[illegible] to $16. For the [illegible] and fit we guarantee our prices defy competition.

We invite you to call and see us. No trouble to show our goods.

Boys' Clothing.

In this department our aim shall be LOW PRICES for fine goods, and we shall try to outsell every one. Our selection cannot be excelled.

MIKADO HAT $1

Colors: Blue, Black, Brown and Nutria. Sent by mail 5c extra.

THE CRUSHER, $2.50 each.

A very fine Soft Hat, in Black, Brown or Nutria. Sent by express [illegible] 25c extra.

THE [illegible] FLOCK.

Colors: [illegible] and Pearl. Price $[illegible] 5c extra.

THE [illegible] BLOCK

Are of the latest and very fine. Price $[illegible] in Black, Brown or Pearl. [illegible] 25c extra.

[illegible]

KOEHLER [illegible] HATTER [illegible] & MORRISON STS.

VOL. 27—NO. 8390.

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Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 7 North [illegible]

Importers and Whole[illegible]

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POMMERY SEC CHAMPAGNE,

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NICOLL TH[illegible]

The Grandest Display of Choices [illegible]

Fine All-Wool Suits to [illegible]

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Only White Labor and [illegible]

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BANKS.

[illegible]ank of British Columbia.

Incorporated by Royal Charter.

[illegible] Capital $1,850,000

[illegible] 400,000

Head Office 28 Cornhill, London.

Branches—Portland, San Francisco, Victoria [illegible]

[illegible]

FRED'K TOWNSEND, Manager.

First National Bank

OF PORTLAND.

Designated Depositary and Financial Agent of the United States.

[illegible] HENRY FAILING

[illegible] H. W. CORBETT

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LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.

SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, San Francisco and the principal points in the Northwest.

SIGHT and TIME BILLS drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hong Kong.

COLLECTIONS made on favorable terms at all accessible points.

OREGON & WASHINGTON Mortgage Savings Bank

1 First street, Portland, Or.

Rates of Interest on Deposits,

Three months 4 per cent.

Six months, 5 [illegible]

Nine months, 5½ [illegible]

One Year [illegible]

LOANED ON MORTGAGES $7,597,721 in 11 Years.

CORRESPONDENCE

Solicited, and every information and facility for examination will be furnished by applying to

WILLIAM REID, President.

CITY, COUNTY AND SCHOOL BONDS WANTED

Ladd & Tilton, Bankers,

Transact a General Banking Business.

INTEREST allowed on Time Deposits.

COLLECTIONS made at all points on favorable terms.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.

SIGHT EXCHANGE and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco, and various points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia.

EXCHANGE sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort and Hongkong.

Portland National Bank.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

ACCOUNTS kept, subject to check.

SIGHT EXCHANGE on San Francisco, and New York.

MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.

[illegible] Pres'dent

[illegible] Vice President

[illegible] Cashier

London and San Francisco Bank, LIMITED.

Capital and Reserve $2,300,000

Head Office, 22 Old Broad st., London.

This bank transacts a General Banking Business, makes loans, discounts bills, and issues commercial and travelers' credits available in any city in the world.

Portland Branch, 48 First St.

W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

THE SOLICITORS' COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA

Capital $300,000

MORTGAGE LOANS.

[illegible]

J. CARROLL McCAFFREY,

Resident Manager,

[illegible] Portland, Oregon.

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Merchants National Bank,

PORTLAND, OR.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

[illegible]

Commercial National Bank OF PORTLAND.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

[illegible]

SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, Omaha, San Francisco and all principal places [illegible]

Exchange sold on principal cities in Europe and [illegible]

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

[illegible] THE BEST GLASS OF BEER IN THE [illegible] go to Frank Keller, First and Ash streets.